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THE  
ANGLER IN WALES,

OR  
DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SPORTSMEN.

By THOMAS MEDWIN, Esq.

LATE OF THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS,  
AUTHOR OF "THE CONVERSATIONS OF LORD BYRON."

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE  
ANGLER IN WALES.

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EIGHTEENTH DAY.

Metaphysical Discussions.—Vision of Cawnpore.—Appearance after death.—Kantism.—Poetry of the Welsh Bards.—Translation.

Tal y Llyn, 18th June.

I AM determined to dedicate this morning to Humphrey; indeed my conscience rather reproaches me for having neglected the old Druid.

I found Julian by his bedside, and they were so deeply engaged in metaphysical discussions, that they seemed for some time to be scarcely sensible of my clayship. I will endeavour to “make note” of their tenets, though many of them escaped me through their mysticity.

Julian expressed himself in substance thus :  
 “ The soul is an intermediate agent between spirit and matter, and establishes a communication with the two. The knowledge of intelligences\* separated from clay, is different indeed from that they possessed during their imprisonment in it, and may be contrasted with the superior sight of a man to that of an insect : thus spirits have as distinct a view of the future as we have of the present and the past ; no longer see objects ‘ as through a glass darkly,’ but with eyes cleared of the film of our miscreations.

“ Why their agency should be permitted in human affairs we cannot know. But what do

\* Burnet seems to have entertained a belief not very dissimilar, as to the existence of these intelligences :—  
 “ Facile credo, plures esse naturas invisibiles quàm visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit ? et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera ? Quid agunt ? Quæ loca habitant ? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo tanquam in tabulâ majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari : ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem à nocte distinguamus.”  
 —*Archæol. Phil.* p. 68.—E.

we know ? In the researches of physical science, the most vigorous minds have always felt their insufficiency to account for the wonders of nature. In what course have we penetrated, where we can say that there is nothing more to disclose?—in what direction have we looked, and found nothing left to wonder at, nothing appalling to our imperfect conceptions ? The nebulous stars and clouds we see stud the heavens, may easily be conceived to be systems as beautiful as ours, and as extensive, and there may be myriads of such systems. How insignificant appear the discoveries of a Newton and a Laplace, in the immensity of such conceptions ! and what have they even taught us of our own little system—of our own little ball or speck of a world ? We have been able to scan a few of the secondary causes which produce the phenomena of nature, and think we are thus prepared to form some feeble notion of the First Great Cause ; but because we cannot scan them all, because our bounded faculties cannot fathom what we call nature's secrets, not hid from us but from the weakness of our conceptions, are we presumptuously to say there is nothing beyond ?

“ Again, it is not in the wonders of infinite

space that we are to contemplate the Deity, for what is space in the ken of Omnipotence? May not all that geology teaches of our earth be compared to the dust on the egg-shell?—Have the researches of the naturalist reached their ultimatum? Sir Humphrey Davy has developed a few of what appear to be the elements of matter, and yet the metals may be hydrates, and their bases may not be conjectured. Every material substance we see or touch seems, as it were, a combination of particles, a collection of laminæ emanating from some first material principle. Thus we have calcum, a metal which itself may be a hydrate; we have lime, an oxide of that metal, and the sulphate of the earth, which is a stone called gypsum; but can our analysis or combination go further?

“Swammerdam, Butler, and Huber have searched into the economy of bees and ants. All is order and beauty. There are symptoms of intelligence in the latter beyond the instinct we ascribe to all animals but ourselves. We do not understand the phenomena of our own faculties. We know not the organic construction of our own brain, appearing to us a confused mass of matter, (whatever the phreno-



logist may say): can we dissect the brain of the ant, or trace the cause of its animal and intellectual faculties? Can we yet enter into the outward and aggregate economy of minute insects? The microscope enables us to discern worlds of living animalculæ, yet notwithstanding all its oxyhydrogen improvements, there are some which we can only contemplate *en masse*.

“Can we suppose that they are destitute of plan or design, because they are apparently so?—Are they not the nebulæ, as it were, that bound our conceptions of minuteness, and fill up, as it were, the minimum of space?—Are these several orders of existence but confusion? The commonwealth of ants may seem so to ordinary eyes, but not to those of M. Huber, and it is the bold presumption of impotent vanity that leads to the denial of what surpasses our powers of perception and analysis.—Spirits thus”——

“‘All hail to Behme, and Swedenburg, and St. Martin,’ and their world of spirits,” I ejaculated. “I anticipate that you are about to raise one!”

“To deny that they exist, one might as well deny that the soul is immortal. The eye is so organised that it can only see itself in a mirror.

No more can our soul see itself but by reflection. The feeling of our existence is only developed in like manner by means of the external phenomena and appearances that present themselves to it. It is only by a similar analogy that we can argue respecting spirits and their qualities. I contend that the soul, when separated from the body, must have ideas—thought being the very essence of the soul; for, in ceasing to think, it would cease to exist. It thus retains consciousness, and the memory of former events, and at least a portion of its affections, and these are shown by its occasionally entering into communication with those it has left and loves below. All tradition is in favour of such communication. It has been believed in by all nations, and found a place in all religions. Socrates's monitor; Brutus's ghost; the visions that appeared to Nicolai; those of the Arabian prophet; the phantom that visited Olivarez the Spanish minister; Shelley's spectre of his own 'double,' that preceded and was prophetic of his death; Cardan's remarkable dream of his son's execution—are irreconcilable by any arguments deduced from reason."

"Ferriar, in his admirable treatise on Appari-

tions," I remarked, " attributes some of these to the fears or irritable nerves of such visionaries, and it was probably his work that suggested to Sir Walter Scott his *Essay on Dæmonology*. I think he quotes that author, as he ought, with due respect."

" Ferriar was a physician, and it is evident, though he set out by affecting to disbelieve in a spiritual world, that he was forced by the staggering nature of facts, to give credence to it against his will. For myself, I firmly believe that spirits do enter into relation with us, and will recount to you a vision that made an impression on me, that can never wear away.

" I was orderly officer at Cawnpore during the hot winds of 18—, and lying at midnight on my couch, panting with the suffocating heat of an atmosphere almost unfit to breathe, when a train of sombre ideas led me without any clue by which I could detect the thread of them, to England, of which I had scarcely thought for some years. The moon was shining brightly on the wall by my bedside, and my eyes were fixed on it, as it were, magnetically. I can compare the state I was in only to a sort of trance, or what for want of a better word is termed somnambu-

lism ; and my mind was so completely absorbed in itself, that the body seemed an inert mass of matter. How long I lay thus, I know not ; but all at once a shadow passed between me and the moonlight. It was at first indistinct, but grew thicker by degrees, and at last assumed a shape, and the proportions of a man. My whole being was riveted on the figure ; it seemed to gaze on me with an unearthly gaze, and a melancholy expression. Could it be ? — yes. Those features—that brow full of intelligence—that hair grown thin and grey—years could not erase them from my memory ; it was my father stood before me. I started up and endeavoured to press him in my arms ; he disappeared, but the dream haunted me for months, and brought with it a presage of evil. This was too soon confirmed, for a vessel brought intelligence that he, to whom I owed my being, was no more. The hour of his death tallied exactly with the vision, and I do not doubt that the spirit appeared to me at the very moment of his dissolution.” \*

\* Such apparitions raised under violent commotions of the mind are at once false and true—delusive and real. Not indeed the appendages of the dead, but the attendants of the living in peculiar states of the animal system. Shadowy

“ Did not Taliessin,” observed Humphrey, “ (as, you told me, Plato relates of Pamphilus, a Phærian, and as happened to Epimenides the Cretan, who lay in a state of deliquium for seventy-five years,) appear to several persons after his death, and reveal not only heavenly but earthly things? Are not his writings alone sufficient proof of their celestial origin? were not spirits themselves once obedient to his spells? have they not been transmitted by oral tradition from Druid to Druid? Souls are in eternal circulation from this world to the next, and from the next to this; that is to say, what we call death is an entrance into the one, and life is an issuing from thence to return to the other.”

“ ‘ Sueno è Sueno,’ I laughingly exclaimed; ‘ dreams are but the dreams of other dreams,’ as Calderon says.”

“ Death and life,” rejoined Julian, “ are like space and time, mere names, and have no other

indeed and visionary, but still true and natural products attached to mind and matter acting under unnatural combinations.

So says Walter Whiter, who wrote a treatise to prove death a *disease*, and curable like any other.—ED.

identity than what our limited senses and faculties give them, being mere creations of the brain, as colours are of the eye. Listen to what a celebrated German metaphysician says. Look at the flower—how it hastens into blossom; it draws to itself sap and light, and all the elements which it prepares, in order to assist its growth, to furnish the vital juices and produce blossom. Blossom succeeds and disappears. It has now spent all its power, its love and life, in order to become a mother, and leave behind images of itself and to propagate its kind; its energies are now exhausted and consumed in the restless service of Nature, and it may be said that from the commencement of life it has been working its own destruction.

“ But what else is destroyed than a form it can no longer retain, and which, after it has reached the highest degree of beauty and perfection of which it is susceptible, again hastens to decay? But it does not undergo this change in order, as an already dead being, that it may make way for vigorous healthful successors; no! this would be a gloomy reflection; but rather, as a living being in the full enjoyment of the pleasures of existence. It was the author of this being, and propagated it under a form of the most perfect beauty in the

ever-blooming garden of Time in which itself likewise flourishes; for it does not die with the form in which it appears,—the power of the root continues; it will awake from the sleep of Winter, and again shoot forth in renewed vernal and youthful beauty, with the daughters of its existence, now friends and sisters by its virgin side.

“ There is no such thing as death in the creation; it is a hastening away of that which cannot remain; that is, the operation of an ever-youthful, unextinguishable, imperishable power, which from its very nature cannot remain a moment inactive, but is always co-operating in the most admirable manner in its own existence, and that of as many others as it is capable of producing. Can a more beautiful law of wisdom and goodness be imagined, than this system of transformation, by which everything hastens with quick career to renewed youthful vigour, and is consequently subject to progressive alteration from one moment to another.”

Julian, shortly after this dreamy elucidation of his dreams, left us, and I will confess that Humphrey rather contrived to change my opinion as to the Welsh poetry, by his quotations from the works of their old bards. Davyd ap Gwyllim is certainly a divine poet. He flourish-

ed in the thirteenth century, and leaves a regret that so few of his remains have come down to us. One of his odes on a Sky-lark is steeped in inspiration. I have endeavoured to give a version of it, but find that much of its spirit has evaporated in the crucible. The figurative nature of this language cannot be better explained than by a dissection of one of the lines :

‘Eryn rhwng gwawn a gwyll,’

*Rhwng* means between ; *gwawn* is the bright sunny down of plants, or what is soft and beautiful in nature ; *gwyll*, gloom or darkness. *Gwawn* stands for a fairy or nymph of the lawn, and is so taken from her gentle and delicate nature. *Gwyll* means the reverse, a gloomy elfe of the shade ; thus, ‘*rhwng gwawn a gwyll*,’ is a dialogue between a Dryade or nymph of the forests, and one of the Meliades nymphæ, a nymph of the cultivated fields. It is almost as fine an idea as Manzoni’s, when speaking of Napoleon, he says,

—— due secoli,

L’un contra l’altro armato,

Somessi a lui sì volsero,

Come aspettando il fato ;

Or Byron’s,

When nature makes a melancholy pause,

Her breathing moment on the bridge, where Time

Of light and darkness makes an arch sublime.



Some idea of the difficulty of conquering Welsh poetry may thus suggest itself to my readers.

“I'r Ehedydd.”

To the Sky-lark.

Hail thou ! who singest at Heaven's gate !

Blest chorister of May !

Before the throne of God elate,

Who lov'st on joyous wings to soar and play

With homeless clouds and winds ; forerunner of the day !

Would I, as thou, up yon steep height

Could climb, as blithe and free ;

View the first blush of morning light,

Make the pale westering moon my love, and be,

'Twixt darkness and the dawn—a link of melody.

No lover of the woods thou art,

Thou dread'st no archer's war ;

Thou dwell'st as Seraphs do, apart ;

Fill with thy warblings earth and sea, and air,

And float, the stars among, a spirit and a star.

## EIGHTEENTH DAY.

(CONTINUED.)

Singular Adventures.—Rescue from drowning in the Ganges.—Drowning of two Officers at St. Helena.—Escape from a Shark.—Escape from a Cataract.—An Inundation.—The Dranz.—Scene in the Gauts.—Killing a Tigress.—Escape from Neapolitan Brigands.—Hair-breadth 'scape at Cawnpore.

OUR conversation after dinner turned upon several singular adventures that had happened to each of us, and which, if they had found a place in the pages of a novel, would have been thought neither to belong to the 'vrai,' nor the 'vraisemblable.'

“If human life,” observed Julian, “be, according to Shelley, the great miracle, not much less miraculous is the preservation from childhood to age of the complicated and fragile machinery it puts in action. Is there one of us, in looking back on the past, who might not recall numerous

hair-breadth 'scapes, which can only be attributed to an overruling and guardian Providence.

“ The dogma that God takes no thought of individuals, is a blasphemous one, and proves that the Epicureans had no just notions of a Divinity ; for there is nothing little in the eyes of Him who sees all things as distinctly in the sum as in the detail, who at once hears, perceives, and understands all creatures, and embraces all existences.

“ In recounting to you some of my accidents ‘ by flood and field,’ you must at least say in your minds, ‘ si non son vere, son ben trovate.’ But I anticipate your judgment. I had not been in India many weeks when I nearly lost my life in the Ganges. I have spoken of that journey. It is performed in the least fatiguing, though perhaps the most uninteresting mode of travelling ever engaged in. We sail through the finest provinces of India, without having it in our power to judge of their productions, or to make any observation on the manners and customs of the people. Although we do not, however, know much of the country, the expedition is not without its pleasures. We see the manner in which the natives navigate the river — the veneration

they pay to its waters, and, however you may disapprove of this worship, I never could refrain from admiring that simplicity, which at least does honour to one of the noblest sentiments of man, gratitude for the blessings dispensed. But to the point."

"What a moralist you are become, Julian!"

"Having sailed for many days through a perfect sea, we came, after passing the Rajhmal Hills, to some high ground, through which the troubled stream now flowed 'intra prescriptum.' Our sailors had been dragging and towing day after day, with the wind in their teeth, against a current of seven or eight knots. Tired of the monotony and tedium of the voyage, I was in the habit of taking my gun, and beating through the *jow* jungle that lined the banks, in search of hares and black partridges. One evening, a nullah, broader and swifter than usual, cut off my communication with the budgerow. Not having duly considered the nature of the rivulet, I began to ford it, as I frequently had others, but was soon up to my neck. With my gun therefore raised in my left hand, and making an oar of my right, I endeavoured to cross over *à la nage*, but such was the rapidity of the

current, that I was unable to stem it. Suffice it to say, it carried me into the Derreau,\* swept further and further from the land, and hurried and hurried me along like a wisp of straw in an eddy. I had, as I said, only one arm free, for I was unwilling to lose my gun, a valuable Joe Manton; and though I was conscious of my danger, I firmly believe I should rather have sacrificed my life than have dropped it. Such a thought indeed never entered my mind, though it well might, for it was not without a thrill of horror that I perceived a naked, swollen, human body floating past me (no uncommon spectacle), with a dog and two vultures on the top disputing over their prey, and I could not help imaging for myself a similar destiny. At this critical juncture, my ‘dandies’† fortunately observed me, and two of them, without losing an instant, ran rapidly along the bank till they came opposite to where I was struggling with the wild beast of an element. They soon came to my assistance, and taking me under each arm with the facility an infant is lifted between a nurse

\* The name given to the Ganges, meaning “Great Waters.”—ED.

† Sailors.—ED.

and its mother, brought me safely, though much exhausted, and with my gun still grasped in my hand, to terra firma. I owed them my life. One is apt to be very generous on such occasions. I did not forget my deliverers, who remarked that it was not my ‘nuseeb’\* to be drowned, which we hold a very ambiguous compliment.”

“It seems then that the Ganges was very near proving anything but a saviour stream to you.”

“It was not the last time I narrowly escaped a watery grave, as you shall hear. A circumstance occurred when I was at St. Helena, that threw a gloom over the whole colony; but it was even more distressing to me, and I might add, with a noble disdain of grammar, and somewhat of a bull—

‘Quæque ipse miserrima vidi

Et quorum pars magna fui.’

“The event to which I allude happened the day after my landing. Napoleon had not then been long under jailorship; and, speaking of that modern Prometheus, chained to his lone rock by the sea-shore, one anecdote I can vouch for. During my stay I was a *pensionnaire* at a shopkeeper’s, who showed me some of the plate the Ex-Emperor had sold him to defray the expense of the

\* Fate.—ED.

funeral of his *cuisinier* ! This *par parenthèse*. I had been long acquainted with the officers of one of the regiments in that odious place, employed in a still more odious service, and, dining at the mess, was invited by two brother subs to accompany them the next day on a fishing excursion. They called for me at an early hour in a boat, and we were rowed to an isolated rock at the back of the island.

“ You have heard of rolling down from the Cape to St. Helena ; almost at all seasons of the year, it blows from the same quarter very nearly a gale of wind, by which Napoleon’s *delightful* abode was swept, whilst the government-house, which ought to have been given up to him, has the advantage of being completely *abrité*. The morning was unusually calm, scarcely a ripple broke against the base of the desolate crag—a fit foreground to the still more desolate prospect that the land presented; where — appropriate figure for such a landscape!—we could perceive the illustrious Exile, with his arms folded, taking his accustomed walk among the stunted shrubs dignified by the name of an avenue. Being soon tired of the dull sport, and animated with the desire of getting a nearer view of the great man, I soon

took leave of the anglers, who gave orders to the boatmen to fetch them before parade-time.

“On my return to James Town I procured a passport, and mounting a horse, proceeded on my projected tour. I made the best of my way to Longwood, and esteemed myself fortunate in catching a glimpse of the *General's* profile, as he was entering the door of his crazy hut. I then thought of my late angling companions, and turned my eyes in the direction of the rock. But to my surprise the scene had completely changed; the sea was white with foam, and vast waves were breaking over the spot where I had lately stood, and had expected to see them standing. I had strange misgivings as to their fate, and, anxious to be relieved from them, hastened back to the port. Enquiry proved that my presentiment was too well founded: a violent squall had suddenly sprung up, the boat could not get round the point to their assistance; — inch after inch they perceived the billows encroaching on the rock; death, a cruel death, stared them in the face, and the remorseless sea made them its prey. Their bodies were washed on shore, and I was present at their funeral.



Nothing can be more dreary and desolate than St. Helena in the distance: what, then, is it when the eye can examine in detail its savage, herbless, volcanic rocks piled above rocks? To the weather-beaten mariner the sight of almost any land is agreeable; but this waif of the sea, this wreck of nature, this fragment of a demolished world, cannot be viewed with any sensation imparting pleasure, with any desire to set foot there: what, then, must have been the horror of Napoleon when he first descried it? I am told that for many hours he did not speak, overcome with the horror of the scene, and with a presentiment that his prison was fated to be his sepulchre. As a light breeze wafted us slowly away, and the island appeared a dim cloud in the horizon, I sat down on the deck, and, ruminating on his approaching death, blushed to be an Englishman, and penned for him the following epitaph, imitated from Simonides's\* prize-inscription at Thermopylæ:—

---

\* ὦ ξεῖν' ἀγγέλλου Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε

Κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ρήμασι πειθόμενοι

Stranger! this message to the Spartan bear!

His orders are obey'd—and we lie there.

Stranger ! this message to the Briton bear !

I trusted in his honour—and lie there.

“ A very short time afterwards, I was near falling a victim, not to the sea, but to one of its monsters. When at the Mauritius, I chummed with a young Engineer officer in a cottage a short distance from Port Louis, romantically situated on the edge of the harbour. The isle of France would have seemed a paradise, but for the sights and sounds of horror every day brought under my observation — slaves, the finest men I ever saw, yoked to carts and driven like oxen — the streets echoing with the lashes of those punished at the caprice of their masters for offences, or no offences.—All the beauty of the *Jardin*—the *Pamplemousses*, the *Habitations* (country-houses) in the interior, where the air is ever temperate and refreshed by the never-failing sea-breeze, and redolent with the choicest tropical plants, springing spontaneously or growing with slight cultivation, could not compensate for scenes at the recollection of which the mind still recoils with horror

“ Our great amusements were swimming and sailing : nothing can be more delightful than coasting along that beautiful island ; a complete

contrast to the one I have been describing. My eye dwelt with deep interest on the spots so graphically depicted by St. Pierre in his pathetic tale, and I was never tired (when I leaned over the gunnel of the boat) in watching the fish, as, like birds among the boughs of trees, they darted through and about the coral woods that completely cover the bottom of the sea, and seem at the depth of many fathoms close to the surface. As the weather was exceedingly hot, we passed most of our time on or in the water, and Jones, (for that was my friend's name,) was, (though drowned, poor fellow! shortly after my departure,) one of the strongest swimmers I ever remember. Under his instructions I became an adept also in that pleasing art, and we put it in practice in the following daring way. We had made acquaintance with the officers of a brig of war, and when we tiffed with them, (which we often did,) sent away our boat; and having got plenty of grog on board, as the tars say, used to swim to our quarters, a distance probably of half a mile. Some one had told us sharks were occasionally met with in the port, but we did not believe or heed the circumstance, and frequent escapes gave us confi-

dence. One day we had scarcely got fifty yards from the vessel, when one of our hosts, who was watching us from the deck, cried out, ‘A shark! a shark!’—words more sobering I never heard. I will tell you to what we owed our safety. I had a little spaniel, that used to be of this swimming party; as good fortune would have it, (though I regretted his loss,) he was following in our wake; a loud howl, soon stifled, told us that he had been seized by the rapacious foe. Till that occasion, I never had known what terror really was, and struck so quick that I soon became exhausted, and, but for the assistance of my intrepid friend, should never have reached land. We did not venture on a similar expedition.

“Our captain, when he heard of our rashness, said we might as well have been swimming off the Laccadives.”

“Are the sharks there so numerous?”

“I touched at one of those islands; they are low, and at a distance look like groves of palms and cocoa-nut trees. The natives are perfect ichthyophagi, most fishy-looking creatures. They are of a jet black, and almost naked, and are decrepit and old before Europeans arrive at

maturity, their wrinkled skins hanging like scales, or the folds of a rhinoceros's hide, over their emaciated limbs. When we were going on shore, and the gig moving rapidly, the water was alive with sharks of the blue species, that, like a shoal of walruses in a gale of wind, followed the wake of the boat, their fins and backs out of the sea, attracted by the effluvia of our bodies; at one time, I thought they would have dashed over the low stern, so fierce and starved did they seem. Wo to any living thing, man or beast, overboard!

“But you, Stanley, who have been so great a traveller, must have many stories to relate, where life has hung upon a thread, which the Fates, though they have forborne to cut, have woven all black for me.”

“One occurs to me at this moment, which you shall hear.

“Many years ago I was making a Swiss tour, and had crossed the Tête Noir from Chamouny to Martigny, meaning to proceed the next morning to Sion. But the relation of a natural phenomenon that had occurred at Bagne induced me to deviate from the route I had laid down for myself. I accordingly dismissed my guide, took

another mule, and performed the six leagues in as many hours. On my arrival at the village, I had soon an opportunity of observing the phenomenon of which I had heard spoken. It was this: the winter preceding had been unusually severe, the accumulation of snow unprecedently great, and the fall of an avalanche in the month of April had completely obstructed the waters of the Dranz, a small stream descending from the snowy Alps, and went to *debouche* into the Rhone.

“ The inundation caused by this impediment had completely filled up a valley of several miles in length, and from a hundred to seventy feet in width, and in many places two hundred in depth. The inhabitants, with the usual torpidity and blindness of the Swiss, had neglected to cut an arch for carrying off this flood, till it was become too perilous to make the attempt. It was evident that the embankment of ice, though of great thickness, could not much longer resist the super-incumbent weight of water, and the consequences of its bursting the barrier were dreadful to contemplate. Having satisfied my curiosity, I set out to return whence I had started. The road followed the deep-

worn, rocky, now dry channel of the Dranz, and lay between two lofty ranges of mountains covered with brushwood below, and crowned with pines, that lifted their spires into the clear blue sky.

“ I had not proceeded more than seven or eight miles, when my mule put back his ears, and turned round, as if listening. I applied the whip and spur, knowing the natural perverseness of these animals, but had scarcely urged him on a dozen paces, when he stopped short, and neither force nor persuasion could induce him to stir another step. He then reared so high that I had some difficulty in keeping my seat. There appeared something more than restiveness in his conduct, and it was evident, from the convulsive tremulousness of all his limbs, that terror was the predominant feeling which agitated him—when methought I heard a sound as of distant thunder, in the direction of Bagne. It could not be thunder, for it was a cloudless day in June or July, and the thought of the inundation suddenly flashed on my mind.

“ The noise increased, and rolled on in reverberated echoes from alp to alp, a fresh echo repeated before the last had time to die away.

I threw myself off the back of the mule, and with great toil and difficulty clambered up the steep side of the precipice that overhung the bed of the river, now clinging to the stunted shrubs, and now crawling on hands and knees over the rocks, till a projecting crag effectually defied all my efforts to advance another step. In the mean time a deafening crash, such as I had never heard, momentarily increasing in diapason, rang in my ears, and on turning round my head, I perceived a mist—a cloud—a shower, shutting out the distant gorge of the valley; it was, indeed, the disimprisoned Dranz. It rushed with glad impetuosity through the long vista of the chasm, which it seemed to fill up as it approached.

“ How shall I paint my horror, as I eyed the watery wall, and calculated from its ever-growing height that it must carry me with it in its furious course! Every instant was an eternity of agony. The suspense was, indeed, of no long duration in point of time, for, charged with human bodies, fragments of houses, cattle, trees, and rocks, chaotically mingled, foaming, boiling, eddying, the resistless cataract came! It passed within six feet of where I was crouch-



ing, panic-struck, and with it carried, and of course engulfed, my mule, of whom I saw no more. You may form some idea of the bird-like velocity of the torrent, when it reached Martigny, a distance of eighteen miles, in less than an hour!" \*

"Your's was an occurrence that prevented the blood from stagnating. But there is something still more animating in meeting danger face to face, in bearding it.

'Tis not safe for one

Whose brain whirls dizzily, and whose knees tremble,  
To run along the narrow mountain's edge ;  
But he who makes a god of his own soul,  
Defies the danger, and o'ercomes it!—*New Play.*

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\* There is a magnificent passage in Lucretius, thus describing a somewhat similar catastrophe :

Ac quom mollis aquæ fertur natura repente  
Flumine abundanti ; quem largis imbribus auget  
Montibus ex altis magnus decursus aquai,  
Fragmina conjiciens sylvarum, arbustaque tota :  
Nec validei possunt pontes venientis aquai  
Vim subitam tolerare ; ita, magno turbidus imbrī,  
Molibus incurrit, validis cum viribus, amnis ;  
Dat sonitu magno stragem ; volvitque sub undis  
Grandia saxa ; ruit quā quidquam fluctibus obstat.

LUCRET.—ED.

“ You have been speaking of the delights of a Swiss tour, of one of the finest parts in Switzerland. I will give you an idea of our Indian Pyrenées, and of an event that cannot also be contemplated without somewhat affecting the nervous system. You shall have the landscape, and then the figures.

“ Accounts have reached you of the Gauts. They cannot, perhaps, be compared with the snow-capped majesty of the Alps, the solemn grandeur of the giant Andes, or the still more stupendous sublimity of the Himalayas, but, in wild picturesqueness and beauty, are surpassed by neither of the three. I remember, as though it were yesterday, crossing them from the Dukin, in my way to Bombay. One while their inaccessible summits were covered with a vast expanse of vapour; now slowly sailing away, it rendered their fantastic heights distinct in the full blaze of a tropical sun, whilst between their openings the eye caught an occasional glimpse of the sparkling ocean. The long sinuous valley of the Concan, watered by innumerable streams, and rich in pasture and cultivation, was in another direction contrasted with rugged and deep ravines, apparently formed by the subsiding

of the waters of some vast deluge. In one place a roaring torrent crossed the road ; in another you might count no less than ten cascades, flashing from rock to rock in a continuation of silver falls, or tumbling headlong several hundred feet, into an abyss, where they were still half hid in a sombre precipice of wood.

“ The luxuriance of verdure from the tropical productions, with which the Gauts are clothed, heightens the effect of the picture. The long waving tresses of the wild plantain—the darker green of the umbrageous mango—the elegant and plume-like gracefulness of the different kinds of palms—the lofty cocoa-nut—the slender and tapering hill bamboo—the broad and fibrous leaves of the teak—the pensile foliage of the sissoo, together with the variety of tints displayed by the flowers of a multitude of creepers, amongst which I noticed the sweet-pea, clambering among the rocks, or hanging in festoons from the branches, combined to make the scene a sort of enchantment. Nature there puts on a different creation, vests the surface of the soil with a new ‘Flora,’ a world of plants, many of which I identified with those of England, and was particularly struck with the appearance of

fern, with which every declivity abounded. Most travellers confine themselves to the Pass by Bore Gaut; few, like myself, have been tempted to quit the common track, to explore the higher ranges.

“ I had deviated from the road in order to visit a fortress, that had once frowned the defiance of Sivagee to the Great Aurungzebe. Till of late years, it had even scorned our power, and had not fallen without a gallant resistance, that proved fatal to one of my oldest friends. I was travelling, as the day was just breaking, in my palanquin. The easy and monotonous motion, and the coolness of the atmosphere, had lulled me into a sweet and profound sleep, such as I had not enjoyed for many weeks; for I was just recovering from a severe attack of the liver, or, as Leyden says, “My frame had borne the lightning shock (though not ‘tipped with death,’ as in his case) of the sunbeams,” when on a sudden I was rudely awaked by the dropping of the litter.

“ On jumping out in all haste to discover the cause of the shock, I perceived a native in front, lying flat in the road, and the bearers huddled together some fifty yards in the rear.

One of them, on seeing me, came forward, and, in words ill articulated from terror, told me that the peon had been struck down by a tiger, and that the approach of the palanquin had scared him away: which confirmed my idea that they are naturally cowardly animals. We found the peon senseless, and the blood was fast oozing from several wounds in his shoulders inflicted by the claws. On raising up, and sprinkling him with water, he half recovered from his fainting fit, but he was light-headed, and could not be persuaded but that he was still in the grasp of the wild beast.

“As we were endeavouring to bring him to himself, and argue him out of this belief, some of the bangy-wallers came up, accompanied by my *hircara*, and at the top of one of the *bangies* was my double-barrelled gun. Rash as the enterprise was, I determined to endeavour to destroy the tiger.

“The *hircara* of whom I spoke, was an old and favourite servant. He was a Rajhpoot, and, like most of that military caste, one of the bravest men I had ever known. He, without hesitation, consented to share the danger of the enterprise; and three of the carriers who had

brought me from Bengal, partly under the influence of shame, and partly from a knowledge of my being a crack shot, and an opinion of my determined coolness and self-possession, volunteered to join us in search of the savage.

“ The spot is still before me. It was a glen of a few hundred yards in width, that sloped gradually down to an impetuous torrent raging among the rocks. The sides of this romantic gorge were interspersed with huge teak trees, loaded with their glorious scarlet flowers, and standing at wide intervals from each other, as though they had been artificially planted. Beneath, the ground was carpeted with a short closely-woven ‘*dube*’ grass, enamelled by an infinite diversity of the tare and convolvulus species. Here and there were patches of tall, luxuriant fern, and of dwarf acacias, armed with long white thorns presenting an impenetrable barrier, and matted over by a web of intricate texture from intersecting creepers.

“ From the nature of the place, it was more than probable that we should discover the tiger. Having formed a line of about thirty feet in width, in the centre of which I placed myself, we proceeded cautiously, and in profound silence,

to peep into every bush large enough to afford him a hiding-place.

“ Our search was not long. We had scarcely proceeded five hundred yards, when, on the edge of the rapid that had proved a barrier to his retreat, my hircara discovered and pointed out the object of our pursuit. He was within forty-five yards of us, his body hid by the pendent roof of the parasite commonly called the passion-flower. He was crouching on the ground in act to spring, his head towards us. He perceived and was watching our ongress. Some one speaks of the disagreeable sound the snapping of a pistol makes when presented within a few paces of a man’s breast. Not much less terrific was the sight of that gigantic head protruded from the covert. Such at least was its effect on me, who was immediately in a line with him. I must confess that at that moment a sort of panic, a sensation such as I had never before experienced, came over me; and my heart throbbed audibly as my eyes met and were fascinated by those of the savage. I cocked my gun, however, instinctively, with an intention of suddenly firing. But as he did not take any notice of the clicks, I returned him

scowl for scowl, and waving my hand to my comrades to remain behind, advanced, step by step, till I came within fifteen paces of where he lay. I then took a deliberate aim—my sight was unblenched—my arm nerved with the desperation of one who sets his life on the hazard of a die. Bang—bang—at the interval only with which the words could be pronounced. Both balls took effect, he made a blind spring into the air, and in an instant was outstretched a lifeless carcass at my feet.

“ My servants’ fears had, however, much exaggerated the size of the animal. It was a female, and, as all the mountain race are, a mere ‘ chetah ’ in comparison with the Behaudars\* of the jungles of Bengal ; small, however, as she was, the stroke and weight of her paws had, I afterwards found, fractured the skull of the Peon, who, lingering for two days, died before we reached our destination.

“ This tigress had been the terror of the country, having long infested the Gaut, and almost daily carried off a man, so that we were hailed on the remainder of our journey by crowds of

\* Behaudar means a great personage—Highness, or Royal Highness.—ED.



the natives, who assembled to behold the trophy, and our march to Panwell was a sort of triumph."

"I think Lucretius says it is delightful to look on past dangers. The great Roman poet knew much more of the human heart than the little English *bard*; for what can the memory of pleasure be but pain? I envy you the souvenir of the exploit, and one of the most pleasant of mine during my travels is, that I was within ten minutes of falling into the claws of wild beasts in the shape of men.

"I passed the spring, I believe, of 1821 at Naples. My *séjour* there would have been agreeable enough had it not been clouded by the triumphal entry of the King of the Pulcinelle into that capital—triumphant in the modern sense of the word—when a monarch, after breaking the most solemn engagements to his people, is thrust down their throats by foreign bayonets.

"Ages of misgovernment under that 'mala stirpe,' as Dante calls the Kings of France, (and Ferdinand was a Bourbon,) had reduced to destitution and misery half the population; and the late persecutions for liberty's sake, and exile, and confiscation, which, (like Strength and Force in the Prometheus, are the never-failing compa-

nions of such Joves,) had so infested the roads with brigands, that daily accounts reached our ears of some horrible murders, (or worse crimes,) that (like your tigress, when she had once tasted of human blood) these savages committed. Sick of the sight of those white-livered and liveried ‘Tedeschi,’ and under the influence of my usual locomotive mania, I (as indeed my compatriots were daily doing) resolved to return to Rome.

“ A naval officer proposed to bear me company, and having hired a courier, we put ourselves into a caleche and started, meaning to perform the journey without making any other stoppage than to change horses.

“ The *trajet* from Forli to Mola di Gaeta was made under the escort of a dragoon. We felicitated ourselves on having passed that most dangerous mountain tract; and the next stage brought us to the Marsh. Very erroneous ideas are entertained about it, and what Corinne says respecting malaria is absurd. No one was ever attacked in simply crossing it. I had expected (for I had gone to Naples by sea) to have found the scene widely different. The road is a perfect flat, and one of the best in Europe; and the wild horses, some of which had never before

been in harness, carried us the first twenty miles in less than two hours.

“ I have seen people at home shudder as though they had an ague-fit at the mention of the Pontine Marshes ; judge if there is any occasion. To the right, a range of picturesque mountains, with villages here and there, serves as a frame-work to the picture, between which and the raised causeway lie the richest meadows perhaps in Europe, covered with cattle. To the left runs a rapid stream, clear as crystal, artificially formed by drainage, and a truly Roman work it is. The sides of the canal are planted with trees, and through their trunks is seen to stretch a vast extent of pasture, recovered from the morass ; beyond it, bounded by the Mediterranean, the morass itself, and at its extremity a picturesque mountain, called the Circean Promontory.

“ In fact, the scene would make an excellent subject for Poussin. What makes the beauty of all his *campagna* landscapes, but line beyond line, till they melt into infinite space ? Charters says, the worst subjects always make the best pictures. It seems a paradox, but is not. Nature is always beautiful.

“ We were now in the last ten of the thirty miles, and in sight of the frontier, when we observed our courier galloping back at full speed.

“ Before reaching the carriage he beckoned with his whip to the boy to stop, and was so much out of breath with hard riding and fright when he came up, that he could not speak for some seconds, but at last related, that about a mile a-head he had been fired at by two out of a band of ruffians, who had suddenly risen up a short distance from the road, from behind some logs of wood, which had been omitted to be removed when the trees were cut down that they might not give shelter to the bandits.

“ The question was, how to act. To go forward, in the teeth of the gang, with so unequal a force, would have been the extreme of madness, and to pass the night at the wretched post-house in our rear, was a scarcely preferable alternative. My friend proposed returning to Mola di Gaeta, but this course was speedily rejected. Whilst still doubtful what steps to pursue, Pietro suggested that we had better drive to the nearest military station, about two miles in the rear; and this counsel was finally adopted.

“ On arriving at the guard-house, we summoned the commandant, who speedily mustered his men, consisting of ten or twelve poor, emaciated, yellow, half-starved, fever-stricken wretches, who had not been relieved for several months, and proved what the effect of breathing long the pestilential air of those marshes must be. By dint of persuasion, in the shape of a few ducats, we overcame his scruples about quitting the post; and putting ourselves at the head of these Falstaff men, commenced our march towards Cisterna, the carriage following.

“ The sun was sinking fast, and, to save the light, it was necessary to move on at double-quick. With a pair of pistols, one in each hand, I gave the step, and the courier brandished firmly his stiletto, which was the only weapon he possessed. A tremendous show of war we made! Show only it was; for I felt convinced that our allies would have right-about-faced, to a man, at the first click of a musket. Armed, however, they were to the teeth, that chattered, one of them told me, from the ague. In about half an hour we came near the spot where the courier had been attacked; and I counselled the general-in-chief to throw

out videttes on the side of the forest ; but being, of course, more experienced in strategies, he declined the proposition. Perhaps his Jack-Straw soldiers thought of the fable of ‘ The Bundle of Sticks,’ for they stuck close together, and their visages reminded me of the assassins in the ‘ Cenci,’ one of whom reproached the other with being pallid ; to which his comrade replied — ‘ Then it is the reflection of your fear !’

“ At this moment I clearly distinguished, winding among the columns of the trees, about four hundred yards to our right, the party of brigands, easily distinguished as such by their fantastic costumes and their hats ornamented with flowers and lofty plumes.

“ Whether it was that they did not like our martial appearance, or that they thought the promise of plunder did not warrant the risk of an engagement, they gradually disappeared, when our troops were loud in their ‘ per Baccos,’ and other equally energetic displays of courage ; and just as the night was closing in, we found ourselves in the unlighted square of Cisterna. Pietro here ordered fresh horses, but neither bribes nor entreaties could induce the postmaster to give them, and we were forced to pass the

night at the execrable albergo in that most miserable of miserable Italian ‘paesi’, where no English traveller had ever slept, except ourselves. You may judge of our fare; it being Friday, nothing could be got to eat but ‘Baccala,’ and then the beds—‘Dio mi guardi!’ I almost wished we had fallen into the hands of the brigands, which but for the circumstance of our having a courier, we most inevitably should.”

“ Lord Wellington is said to have wished for night, and Ajax is made by Homer to pray for day. Superstition apart; indistinctness of objects, a sense of danger, accompanied by an ignorance of its extent or in what shape it may come, has power to unnerve the bravest. This may be, as Burke says, very sublime; as doubtless poets are when they envelope in obscurity their want of meaning, but is anything rather than agreeable. I mean this by way of prelude to a ‘situation’ in which I was once placed, and the recital of it shall close our *noctes*.

“ In that desert in dust, and wilderness in size, Cawnpore, I had been dining one evening with the fourteenth—King’s, and did not leave the table till a late, or rather an early hour. The mess-room was four miles from our lines,

and for expedition's sake I made use of my buggy. The horse I drove at that time had been originally in the ranks, a powerful northern animal he was, with a crest that would have almost covered his rider, but full of such tricks as troopers purposely teach their chargers. He had been *cast* solely for a sand-crack, of which I soon cured him. He was the fastest trotter in the cantonment, but a restive devil; always started at a rear, and once off, had a mouth so callous that a Chiffney bit might have broken his jaw, but I defy it to have stopped him. You will think all this preliminary history of my grey superfluous, perhaps not. The night was tempestuous, and the road only visible by lightning that rendered the darkness more black during the absence of its glare. There were so many windings and turnings that I was soon out of my latitude, and thinking the horse knew the way to the stables better than I did, gave him his head. On he went for some time at his own spanking pace, at least twelve miles an hour, when I felt from the roughness of the vehicle that we were out of the track. Well was it for me that he had been well *manège'd*, for on a sudden he made a halt as though he had heard



the word of command, and trembled so convulsively that I felt the whole machine shake over him. I imagine I shook too, and well I might, instinctively, for a vivid flash revealed my real situation. He was standing suspended over the edge of a ravine sixty or eighty feet in depth; one step more would have plunged me into eternity!—And why not into eternity? what is life that I should cling to it?—why have I escaped all these snares of death, that have been so often laid for me?—To die ingloriously—alone; without a friend to close my eyes, to shed a tear over my remains.”



## NINETEENTH DAY.

Red Ants devouring a Beetle.—Their Instinct.—Preparations for Departure.—Julian's Nocturnal Wanderings.—Our Noctes.—Julian's strange notions.—A Story.—Theory as to Coincidences.—Gillespie.—Bonaparte.—Lord Byron.—Doctrine of Fatalism.—Death of Bruce, the Traveller.—Occurrences at Aurungabad.—Lalla Rookh.—Doctrines of the Vedas.—Julian's depression of spirits; its cause.

Tal y Llyn, June 16th.

I FOUND much amusement to-day in watching the operations of some red ants, with which the surface of the ground appears to be covered, and whose bite I have often found troublesome and annoying. A wounded beetle of about an inch

and a half long was lying on his back on the bank of the lake, when the ants attacked and devoured him while yet alive. The process which those on out-post duty adopted to give universal information was singularly amusing, and convinced me of the wonderful sagacity of these social little animals.

I attentively observed all their motions, from the first discovery of the dying beetle by a single ant, till the assembly of the myriads collected to devour him ; and this scene convinced me that they keep a party of foragers constantly on the lookout.

The individual who first discovered the beetle, after a careful reconnoissance, went in search of the nearest sentry, who returned with him to the spot, as if to certify himself of the truth of the intelligence. They again set off, and brought a third and fourth sentinel, who also departed a second time on the same errand, till about a dozen had convened, when the beetle being somewhat restless, they pinioned down his horns (*antennæ*) to the ground, which seemed to answer the purpose of quieting him, and as soon as he lay perfectly still, again proceeded to give further information. They next fixed upon a spot a few

inches distant from their prey, and hurried backwards and forwards very often, as if to mark out a road, either with the effluvia from their own bodies, or by impregnating their feet in that of the beetle. And now two or three went a little in advance, constantly returning with new companions. In this way they continued for some time, always increasing in number, and extending the road further and further from their prey, which they still kept an eye upon, by retracing their footsteps, till they at length reached the stump of an old tree, that must have led to headquarters, for from thence a regular march almost immediately commenced, all sallying forth by one aperture, and keeping the military road, so that in a short time the beetle was completely covered with thousands, who began to devour him with one accord ; and as if they had been only waiting for a signal to inform them that the communication with the rendezvous, or seat of government, had been fully established. To prevent accidents from too much crowding, a certain number only remained around the beetle at a time, and then, after finishing their meal, returned to headquarters. How wonderful are the ways of God,

when such wisdom is discernible in the minutest of the animal creation.

We are making preparations for our departure. Calculating on having a few days to spare, I wished to pass another here, but Charters is imperative, and will start to-morrow. He is determined to go round by Aberystwith — and I, to make a direct course to ‘The Devil’s-Bridge,’ (the Pont de Monach). Why he chooses this circuitous route, I think I can guess.—It is like bidding adieu to an old friend to quit this place.—Heigho !

Julian seems even more loth than ourselves to part with Tal y Llyn, for, instead of going to bed, he spent the remainder of the night on the borders of the lake, (so at least Roger told us, but, as he did not mention it himself, we know him too well to have made any allusion to his planetary adoration.) I think he has been moonstruck, for he has been all day, like Socrates, in the clouds, and seems to prove that that luminary has other effect than upon fish — of which his face is about the colour. If our Endymion had been Dianizing, I should not have been surprised.

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Our 'Noctes' were, as usual, kept up to a late, or rather an early hour. We sate down to table, the old trio.

Julian is, I find, a downright fatalist—a good faith enough for a soldier—and was full of stories proving it to his own satisfaction. It is a difficult question, and, like a many-sided mirror, bears many reflections. Among other strange notions, he has one, (as marriages are made in heaven, I wish to my soul they would manage terrestrial matters there a little better,) that, by an odd concatenation of circumstances, persons assist and bring about each other's destinies. He told us to this point the following story, in his usual desultory way of chapter and verse.

“ In my way up the Ganges, I fell in with an officer of the name of Macdonald, like myself bound for Cawnpore. We were alike cornets, and had never yet joined our regiments, and having both eighteen-oared 'budgerows,' with two cabins in each, thought we might make the voyage more agreeable by chumming together, and less expensive by discharging one of our vessels. I have him still before me.

“ He was a Highlander, and his limbs showed the robustihood of the mountaineer, and in the

freedom of their motions the early unrestraint of the kilt and tartan. His figure, though not tall, was the most manly and symmetrical I have ever seen : his features, much marked with the small pox, regular, and his large blue eye like a hawk's in keenness. In fact, nature had marked him out for a dragoon, and his pride was to be the best sword, as well as the best horseman, in the service. He was not a very pleasant travelling companion in that double dungeon, for, as he never read, (he had no book but his Dundas,) he was in the daily habit, after breakfast, of betaking himself to his cabin, and there for several hours hammering out on a crazy kit two 'clan' tunes, which by dint of immense labour, (for he did not know a note of music,) he had contrived to get up. One was, I remember, 'The Blue Bonnets over the Border.' But he was a noble fellow, and I soon listened to the air almost without hearing it. This by the by. I will tell you how he got his commission in the King's, that brought about his fate. The general in command, at some cantonment on the Madras coast, where the native cavalry corps to which Mac then belonged was stationed, was Gillespie. One day he was reviewing the regiment, and took it into his head (after the

dust had cleared away), in some change of position, that our cornet (who had the charge of a troop) was either too late, or too soon, in taking up his new ground; and being very impetuous in his temper, and wrongfully attributing the inaccuracy of the movement to my friend, he rode up to him, and gave him a severe reprimand, in terms not very measured.—Such things will happen.

“ Well! after the men were dismissed, and Gillespie, separated from his staff, was riding leisurely towards his quarters, he was surprised at seeing a cavalry officer, sword in hand, galloping his charger up to him, as though he intended to ride or cut him down. That officer was no other than Macdonald. ‘ General,’ said he, with all the fury of his Highland blood inflamed, ‘ you have degraded me in the eyes of my men and brother officers unjustly, and held language to me that no gentleman can brook from another. You have the character of possessing a generous and chivalrous spirit. Prove it, by granting me that satisfaction which the injured pride of a soldier and gentleman entitles him to.—We are alone. You have your sabre.—Draw, sir!’

“ General Gillespie was remarkable (as you will find before I have done) for personal courage, and,



if report does not belie him, had been engaged, right or wrong, in several affairs of honour, which had ended fatally to more than one of his antagonists. He looked for some moments at this new and unexpected sort of challenger—struck with admiration at the ease with which he sat his horse, at his noble figure, and animated address; and at last said calmly—

‘Cornet Macdonald!—you are not ignorant, and have no doubt considered, that you set at stake, by the step you have taken, all your future prospects in life. Were I to send in charges against you, the loss of your commission is inevitable. But, sir, you run no risk from me. There is only one consideration which prevents me from answering your appeal to arms—you are a soldier. What is the first quality of a soldier?’

“Macdonald made no reply.

‘The interests, sir, of the service imperiously demand of your commanding officer at least, that in him should be found no dereliction of that most imperative duty, that greatest and most sacred principle among soldiers, and without which no army can exist—subordination!’

“At that word Macdonald started. But Gillespie after a pause (as if he were reflecting deeply)

continued: 'I learned from my aide-de-camp, after the drill, that you were not the cause of the confusion in the echelon movement: I did you wrong, and am sorry for it. Here is my hand, and with it, take my heart. I will soon prove to the eyes of all present on the ground this day, that I can redress as well as acknowledge an injury.'

"Macdonald clasped his proffered hand — sheathed his sword, and slowly walked his horse towards the stables, keeping profoundly shut up in his own breast what had passed. A very few weeks only had transpired, when (I need not say through whose patronage) he found himself in general orders removed to a vacant cornetcy in the 8th Dragoons.

"But this is a long prelude to my argument. This commission had been the un hoped ambition of Mac's life, and he lost no time in proceeding to join the regiment. The Goorkha war now broke out, and his patron was appointed to one of the divisions of the army in the field, and took the command at Meerut, where the new cornet had already arrived.

"The commencement of that campaign was a gloomy one. Those hardy mountaineers were made of different stuff from the effeminate Ben-

galees, and the Tartar blood that filled their veins, and muscles case-hardened by severe and constant gymnastics, proved them in many an encounter a match, single-handed, for the sturdiest of our countrymen. Nothing could be more harassing than that service. Driven from one stockade, they entrenched themselves behind another, and when they were surrounded, and their retreat cut off, fought with the desperation of freemen fighting for their lives and liberties, or, like scorpions ringed with fire, destroyed themselves, rather than fall into the power of their enemies. Such was the warfare long carried on.

“There was a hill fort, called Kalungua, that offered an obstinate and protracted resistance. Our heavy guns had been playing on it for some time, and yet produced little effect. Those who have not been in India form an erroneous impression as to the strength or weakness of these fortifications, forgetting that the balls bury themselves in the mud bastions, and render a breach nearly impracticable. Such was the case here.

“The inefficiency of the operations gave courage to the besieged, who day after day cut off some of our outposts. Gillespie was naturally impatient at being detained so long before such an insignificant

place, and having learned from a spy that there was a wicket, whence the Goorkhas passed to and fro, always open, resolved at the very next sortie they made, to pursue, and endeavour (whilst the batteries were throwing shells within the walls) to get with the pell-mell into the fort, and thus take it by a *coup de main*. (It was a rash resolution, as it turned out.) With this intent he took means accordingly, and directed a strong storming party to be always kept under arms. As he anticipated, a sortie was again made, and driven in with much bloodshed on both sides; but when the pursuers, close at the heels of the fugitives, came to the wicket, they found it shut, and having no means of forcing the gate, were exposed defencelessly to the arrows, slings, and matchlocks directed against them through the loop-holes of the skreen, and from the parapets of the walls, 'hérissé' by the garrison, and were finally obliged to fall back on their lines with great loss.

"Gillespie not being perhaps fully acquainted with the cause of this precipitate retreat, and yielding to the impetuosity of his character, ordered out a second detachment, stronger than the first, and dismounted a squadron of the 'Royal Irish;' and as fatality would have it (or, as you would say,

chance) Macdonald belonged to one of the troops about to be engaged in this affair, or rather, I might say, 'forlorn hope.' The general, chivalrously brave as he was, immediately put himself at their head.

"The result of this gallant exploit is well known. He fell dead by a 'gingall' ball, whilst waving his hat in advance of the men; and at the same moment, Macdonald, who went by the name of the lion-heart, received an arrow through the thick part of the thigh, and was carried off the field. The wound, combined with sorrow for the loss of his sworn and dear friend, proved fatal; and in the same day of the month, the year after the challenge, they were both committed to the grave. This story was told on his death-bed to my particular friend Williams, who belonged to the same regiment.

"It is only those who do not keep a register of their lives, who disbelieve, that the principal occurrences which influence their happiness or misery, take place at the recurrence of stated and particular periods. Napoleon was a striking instance of this startling truth. All his great battles were fought on the same day, and extraordinary indeed must have been his power; and little less than that

of a God here, if he could at his own *arbitrium* so regulate his times as to overturn empires, and make himself master of half the civilized world, by throwing the same number on a die. It was from similar remarks that the ancients drew horoscopes, and had tables for calculating lucky and unlucky days—those ‘cretâ aut carbone notandæ.’ Hence the descendants of the ancient Persians, the Parsees, consult their chronological records before they embark in any undertaking; and it is from a recollection that on a Friday the seat of their empire was wasted with fire and sword by the followers of the Prophet, that those great merchants never allow any of their ships to sail from Bombay on that day. Not that that prejudice (if you choose to call it one) is confined to their nation, for it is common to many other people, ourselves among the number; and a Welsh bard has this passage, quoted to me by Humphrey,

On Friday I saw great anxiety, Urien raged.

It was from some such similar remembrance, that Lord Byron would never commence any work, nor even be introduced to one whose acquaintance he wished to cultivate, on that day in the week. And speaking of him, he is almost as remarkable a corroboration as Bonaparte of my position, see-

ing that the three great and remarkable events on which his destiny hinged, the fatal wedding of Miss Chaworth, his own unfortunate marriage, and his still more lamented death, took place when he was sixteen, twenty-six, and thirty-six, or at intervening periods of ten years, called by the Romans two lustres, a term probably not derived from such periods being physical climacterics, but from an observation that they, as from a mirror, reflected the lights of other times; or, as (though with a different application) has been beautifully said, cast the shadows of former years before them. You have also told me that he said he should most likely die in Greece, yet with some influence foreign to, and perfectly independent of his own will, he was urged by fate to that very country to confirm his own prediction, his own predestination, and, what is still more singular, to the very spot where in the same month, if not on the same day, he had been attacked by a similar fever, and barely escaped falling a victim to its malignity.

“ You call this accident,\* and would condemn

\* *Sunt in fortunæ qui casibus omnia ponunt,  
Et nullo mundum credunt rectore moveri,  
Naturâ volvente vices et lucis et anni,  
Atque ideo intrepidi quæcunque altaria tangunt.*

my fatalism ; by doing so, you are driven to adopt the tenets (so well ridiculed by the great Roman satirist) of Lucretius and his sect, who attributed all things here to blind chance,—and must thus deny that there is (as I firmly believe) a Being that rules the affairs of the world, who as he must know, must have fixed, the date of every man's existence.

“By way of elucidation of this my view of the subject, I will give only three examples out of a thousand. I might urge the case of the great and calumniated Bruce, who after his unparalleled and providential escapes during his travels in Abyssinia, returned to die in his own house by a fall from his staircase ; and that of him at whose ‘name the world grew pale,’ who, after avoiding repeated attempts at assassination, and imminent peril at the bridge of Lodi and his other great battles, died a miserable exile on a wretched rock, “*ut pueris placeat et declamatio fiat.*”

“One more instance, which occurred at Aurungabad, and I have done. You have heard of that city. Its walls are of prodigious extent, and enclose splendid ruins of Moslem architecture, and fountains and runnels of water brought from the distant heights, that reminded me of descriptions of Rome.



Like that city, it was once the seat of a great empire, the favourite residence of the mighty Aurungzebe and his celebrated daughter, Lalla Rookh. Her magnificent tomb, in admirable preservation, attests the sorrow of her adoring father ; and the devotion still paid to it, as to a shrine, the memory of her virtues. I have it still before me,—the great square in which my tents were pitched,—the minarets of her mausoleum, and the weekly processions of the women of the place, in their white veils and gracefully folded robes, carrying flowers to scatter on her grave.

“I was detained at this place for several weeks by the monsoon, and a jungle fever, and was invited to assist at a fête given at the Viceroy’s palace, in honour of his eldest son, a boy of ten or eleven years old. We were seated on an elevated platform to command a view of the fireworks ; and the Prince was enumerating to the Resident all his good fortune, and singing the hollow praises of the Company, when a nest of rockets ignited, and instead of a perpendicular, taking a horizontal direction, scattered themselves in the midst of us, to our imminent risk. We, however, all escaped except the Viceroy, who, as fatality would have it, was struck by one of the sticks on the top

of his head, and almost scalped. The *fête* was, as you may suppose, broke up in admired disorder—and lingering for some time, Govind Bruksh died of his wound in great torments. This, too, you of course call accident.

“ I once inclined to your opinion, but was soon dissatisfied with such a view of things, when I became initiated in the sublime doctrines of the Vedas, whose inspired writings hold with Shelley, whose words I quote, that ‘ man exists but in the future and the past, being not what he is, but what he has been, and shall be.’ You have no other choice than of clinging to a grovelling materialism, or of disclaiming, with me, an alliance with transience and decay, and acknowledging that our times are in the hands of God, and that we can neither advance nor put them back one hour. The moral side of the question I shall not discuss; that would lead into too wide a field.

“ Without any apparent cause to myself, I have been some time, as you must have perceived, much depressed, and was at a loss to account for it, till I cast my eyes over my journals. One, as this is the last time we shall ever meet again in this world, for I feel my time approaching, I have brought with me, to show you. You will from it

see, that in this very month, at two different periods, I was attacked with a similar malady to that under which I am now labouring."

Saying this, he took from his pocket a China paper MS. which he read, and having read, committed to my hands. This is the exact copy without the alteration of a single word.

## TWENTIETH DAY.

JULIAN'S JOURNAL.

Boorwa Saugor, June 5, 1817.

مَنْشِینْ تُرْشْ از گَرْدِشِ ایامِ که صَبْر  
تَلَخَسْتُ و لیکَنْ بَرِ شِیرِینِ دَارَد

Ma-nishīn tursh az gardish-i-ayām ki sabr.

Talkh ast wa lekin bar-i-shīrīn dārad.\*

SADI'S *Gulestan*.

THE same despondency that drove me from Russia, from Persia, and first from my native country, has again exerted its baneful influence over my mind, and renders me still more wretched in the centre of Hindostan. Where now can I fly? When, under the blissful-protection of those to whom I owe my being, a depraved imagination drove me from their arms—a cursed destiny urged me to venture on a world of which I was ignorant,

\* Despair not. Patience is a bitter plant,  
Yet beareth it sweet fruit.

and for which I was unfitted—a fiend, in whose grasp my soul writhes in convulsive torments, dragged me with unmeaning steps over half the globe. When alone, a foreigner exposed to every privation—when penniless in the streets of Petersburg, when a dependant at the Court of Persia, when wounded in the ruins of Persepolis, when traversing the three days' desert to Bushire, when hope of revisiting the abodes of my countrymen, and of becoming a member of civilized society warms no more my breast, then only do I feel the pleasures of existence : no sooner are the comforts and luxuries of life administered to me, than the monster stupifies my judgment, obliterates my memory, eradicates every emulative feeling from my heart, tells me I am ridiculous in the eyes of mankind, and urges me to hurry my steps to another quarter of the globe, where I may be unknown.

We are now in a part of India which presents a scene to every eye sufficient to rouse the soul of the most apathetic. I alone am torpid ; — at our mess every man gives the most animated descriptions ; the mind of each expands itself into the most winning language, idea mingling with sentiment is diffused from one to the whole company.

The genius of mental felicity hovers over the board, and her unfolded wings overshadow the general conviviality, to the exclusion of only one wretch!

Boorwa Saugor, June 10th.

روز و شب غصه و غم میخورم

“Roz o shab ghussa o gham mī khuram.” \*—HAFIZ.

The same load still presses on my brain. My mental faculties are certainly destroyed beyond recovery. An effort must be made. I am miserable. In vain have I attempted to write several letters, which duty, honour, gratitude, politeness imperatively demanded. I have not a sentiment—how then can I find words? Within the last two days I have torn up quire after quire of paper, on every page of which I have begun “My dear Sir,” “My dear —” but could proceed no further. Two years are now expired since the commencement of this cruel malady. It is too keen a sensibility to the opinion of the world, a want of self-esteem, a diffidence in myself, that are the sources of all my ills. My judgment I cannot call into exercise—would it would whisper me “respect yourself,” or rather, would to God it would thunder in my

\* I feed upon my anguish night and day.

ears “you are like the rest of mortals.” I know the root of all my disease is the want of that self-confidence which a man should feel when he has to seek out his place in society, take up his position, and maintain it. Am I a murderer? No. Am I a misanthrope? No. Have I ever injured a human being? No. Why then am I haunted by a demon, who is ever gnawing insatiably at my heart's core, and tells me in the silence of the night, and in the glare of day, “You are born to be eternally my victim.” God of nature! it is to thee I have failed in my duty.

Oh Heavenly Father! forgive the wanderings of my audacious imagination. Open the dim judgment of the humblest of thy creatures, and restore me to that peace of mind which I have never enjoyed, since with a contrite heart I used to melt into tears at the footstool of thy throne.

Boorwa Saugor, June 11th.

سوزِ من با دیگرِ نسبتِ مکن  
او نمکِ بردست و من برِ عضوِ ریش

Soz-iman bā dēgare nisbat ma-kun-O namak bar dast'  
o man bar azv-i-rēsh.\*—SADI.

\* Compare not with another's my affliction;  
He only bears the salt upon his hand,  
I have it sprinkled on my wounded limb.

Let me try to analyse the feelings that render me thus wretched. There are some that would paralyse the hand were it to attempt to pen them. Everything around me appears to be placed purposely to attract an attention I cannot bestow on it. A mist obscures my perception of the most simple and obvious circumstance. After writing the last paragraph in my yesterday's journal, I burst into a flood of tears, that gave me a temporary relief. I will turn my thoughts again to the Most High. "Lord, lend thou thine aid, O my Creator! to assist thy servant in this struggle to retain his reason, which is tottering on the brink of dissolution. Graciously forgive wherein I have offended."

Boorwa Saugor, June 12th.

Yesterday passed better with me. Yet still that confusion of thought remained, and to-day it has increased considerably. With the greatest exertion I have written two letters, one to Major C., and the other to H., and after having despatched them felt an exhilaration of spirits that remained with me for about an hour. The recollection is strongly impressed upon my memory, how very miserable I was, at this time last year, at Ispahan.



In turning over my common-place book, I can easily account for, and am at no loss to fill up, the blank. Yet I do not think I was really so truly wretched as I am now. Then I was cut off from all European society, and yet was comparatively happy in want and dependance: now I am fixed in an honourable profession, with all to make life worth living for, a kind patron in Lord Hastings, and messmates who treat me like a brother. Yet death would be preferable to this oppression, the numbing lethargy that weighs upon my understanding, that renders me an automaton.

Boorwa Saugor, June 13th.

بہنگام سختی مشو نا امید . . . کہ زابر سیہ بارد آب سفید

Ba hangām-i-sakhti ma-shaw ma-unimêd

Ki-z-abr i-siyah barad āb-r-sufêd.\*—NIZĀMĪ.

I have spent a great part of the day in looking over a number of letters I formerly received from dear friends and relations at home. The forcible manner in which they are penned, reminds me of the writers, the many happy days spent in their company, and the contrast between past and present feelings.

\* Despair not then in thine affliction's hour,  
From the black cloud may fall the crystal shower.

But enough! I must rouse myself from this shameful, this unmanly depression, which depends only on the imbecility of my own mind—on myself.

Boorwa Saugor, June 14th.

Wretched! miserable! Would to Heaven I were rather a downright maniac than what I am at present—a half-mad, desponding, hypochondriac! Great and omnipotent Creator! it is to thee I have failed in my duty; assist me in the re-establishment of my reason. O best Being! when will this horrid, this distracting feeling end?

\* \* \* \*

To yield longer to my present weakness will only be to exist in a state enviable by the damned. I will make a determined effort, and, by devoting myself to the business of the present, try to forget the bitter memory of the past.

I went to the mess, and sate more like a stone than an animated being. My vacant looks certainly proclaimed me ‘non compos.’ A field officer, a guest at the table, moved up his chair when room was made, and entered into conversation with me concerning the celebrated Indian scholar Gilchrist in Edinburgh, and from thence we turned to the subject of Persian literature, and

I found my companion as great an admirer as myself of that language. He mentioned Hafiz, the metaphysical poet, whose verses admit of so many different interpretations,—Sadi, Ferdouzi, the Bahar Danish, the Gulistan, that he compared to ‘Burton’s Anatomy of Melancholy,’ (in style) and the Shah Nameh. I made some silly remarks, as if I did not understand those my favourite writers and works. We rose from table, and walked towards our tents; we parted, and half held out our hands, without joining them, however. It was my fault. This again put me in a fit of disgust with myself. Every little circumstance annoys me.

Another gentleman, (as I am in want of a charger) lent me a horse in the morning to try, and I rode him, and know not whether he is good or indifferent. I want to have him, and wish to have nothing to do with him. These trifles show how very wavering and irresolute I am about occurrences that another man despatches without a thought extended beyond the moment.

Boorwa Saugor, June 15th.

Well! The same fool I was an hour ago, I still continue to be—and so have shown myself at breakfast. I exhibited a flightiness of spirits

that has rendered me ludicrous. I ask questions without meaning—without the least respect for myself, and show my deference to every man who converses with me, never reflecting, till it be too late, that my silly behaviour can only afford him food for merriment by recounting it.

\* \* \* \*

Here let there be a blank for ever. Let me commence a new existence, and act with that resolution that becomes a man.

\* \* \* \*

After wondering for an hour how I can hear bells in a camp without its having any steeples, I only now discover that such a phenomenon may take place without any such cause—a pretty tolerable proof of my present state of mind.

Boorwa Saugor, June 16th.

I arose before gun-fire, and made a pedestrian circuit of the place, which occupied me about three hours. The lake of the bluest and most crystalline purity is formed artificially by a 'bund,' or embankment, being thrown across, to confine the water collected from a number of small streams which flow from the neighbouring heights. The 'bund' is a colossal piece of ma-

sonry, consisting of massy walls, the interspace filled up by earth, in which trees are planted, and which from their size would show the whole to be of no recent date. At the west end rises a large pile, the fortress of the place. Below, is a beautiful botanical garden, composed of the choicest plants and shrubs, from all parts of the Eastern, and some from the Western world, and laid out in the European manner. I could not help reflecting, that we are exotics in the animal, as many of them are in the vegetable kingdom, and sighed and exulted over the concluding paragraph from Gibbon, whilst speaking of the overthrow of the Mogul Empire. "Since the reign of Aurungzebe, their empire has been dissolved—their treasures of Delhi rifled by a Persian robber, and the richest of their kingdoms are now possessed by a company of Christian merchants, of a remote isle in the *Northern* ocean." The train of thought generated by the recollection of this remarkable sentence, threw a gloom over my mind, that had till then been pretty tranquil. I sate down for some time in the garden. The air was filled with the odours of the aromatic blooms, and the branches were full of 'bulbools,' but neither had any sweets or music for me.

Jauncy, June 17th.

We broke up our camp. Jauncy rises to a great height in a level country, and is seen afar, presenting a very picturesque appearance. We passed through the town in the midst of crowds of inhabitants, the finest-looking people I have yet seen — as fair as Persians. The masonry of the place is substantial, and the architecture is, if I may say so, Gothic in miniature. The country abounds with temples of the Hindoo deities, and the sculpture is in many as singularly minute and delicate—the walls covered with figures of human beings in various postures, and \* \* \* \* the favourite devices.

To-day I have felt only now and then a passing cloud weigh on my spirits.—Activity, I will deify thee!

Ditteah, June 18th.

The fields in the vicinity of Ditteah are hedged in. The houses covered with red tiles, and the palace, built on a rock, is a handsome and regular pile, bearing a nearer resemblance to a European landscape than any I have yet seen in this country.

Poor C——, the surgeon of the 87th, is dead of the cholera. He was taken ill at six in the morning, and died at five in the evening. He was one

of the strongest men in the regiment. The mortality, though abated, still continues among the camp followers from this disease, that has given ample scope for the theorizings of the medical officers. Some attribute it to unripe grain, some to bad water, and some to want of electricity in the atmosphere; but that cannot be, as we have had several thunder-showers of late. The most probable cause is the sudden alterations of temperature. When the cholera first broke out, the heat of the day was excessive, and the cold every night till sun-rise, within thirteen degrees of Fahrenheit.

\* \* \* \*

I have felt less at my ease than I did yesterday. W. has given me a few books to read; one is "The Beauty of the Heavens displayed," by W. Friend, M.A., and another, a volume of Miscellanies. Having no library of my own, a scanty succession of ideas—little application—a confusion of intellect, proceeding from a want of arrangement, and a treacherous, because neglected, memory, I will copy, as a guide, a few heads from the "Indices" of this latter volume. To these I will endeavour to direct my attention, and if possible regain the power of collecting my thoughts and exciting my long dormant reflections.

From Dodsley's "Economy of Human Life."

"Duties that belong to man considered as an individual: — CONSIDERATION — *Modesty* — *Application* — EMULATION — PRUDENCE — *Fortitude* — *Contentment* — TEMPERANCE. — The Passions: — Hope and Fear, and Grief and Anger — Pity — Desire — Love. The Social Duties: — Benevolence — Justice — Charity — Gratitude — Sincerity — *Religion*."

These are copied merely with the intention of arresting the mind through the eye; and as they offer ample scope for meditation, they are sufficient. Another extract only, as being worthy to be engraved on the heart, may suffice. "The Abbé Aubert was in the secret of being always at ease, 'because,' says he, 'in whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is, to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it, when I come to be interred. I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed—where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to complain.'"



Soonaree, June 19th.

We are encamped very closely together on the edge of the ravines which intersect the country on the banks of the river Sind. It is an extensive, uncultivated plain, compared with that of the Phooj. I have felt a flightiness to-day that reminded me of crossing that river, which I have never thought of since without shuddering.

Being on general duty at head quarters, when we were first detached on this "Dour" after the Pindarees, I was not relieved till a late hour, and the regiment had already marched. But the camp followers, an army of themselves, indicated the way. After a time, however, I lost it, and wandered about all day, and found myself, near sunset, on the banks of the river. The approach of night—a new ally's country, and a deep jungle on all sides, I thought it best to ford the stream. It was broad, and rushing swiftly over a broken, black, rocky bed, as slippery as glass. I had on my full uniform, and did not even take the precaution of unstrapping my sword, but let it dangle in the water, so that if my horse had come down, I could have had no chance of getting out by swimming. Sometimes he was up to his knees, sometimes to the girths, and stood occasionally

(for I gave him his head, and did not attempt to press him) for five minutes, shivering and trembling with terror, after sliding for a yard or two. At last, after sometimes swimming, sometimes skating, he reached the middle, and sank with me at once to the saddle bow, and passed (it fortunately being deep enough) the rest of the way *à la nage*; whilst I was laughing hysterically all the time, a feeling that continued the rest of the march to the new camp:—a pretty convincing proof of the *soundness* of my intellect.

\* \* \* \*

Thought — reason — reflection—why have you forsaken me:—a torpid soul, unillumined by one ray of genius—a dull imagination, without one original blaze—a stunted mind, unproductive of even the words of fancy!

Soonaree, June 20th.

بدزدهاي دل خدای طبیب

Ba dardhae del khudae tabil. \*

*Jabāl ud Dīn Rūmī.*

To-night I again had the honour of dining at the Governor-General's table, and now hope to get my mind into a straight road by adhering to what the

\* God is the only medicine for the mind.

conversation there suggested to me. It was interesting, and I believe, by taking down the heads, I may be enabled to re-acquire my memory, and supply my want of books. I must endeavour to fancy myself more fit for the world than I have done, and not seem so utterly inferior to other men. Brooding over incapacity will never remedy the evil; I am determined to attend to passing circumstances, and although I may not comprehend them to that extent which will satisfy me with myself, I shall not, as I have too often done, proclaim my ignorance aloud to every man. Much time have I spent in fruitless, instead of advantageous pursuits. Those days are gone for ever, but the present moment is at least my own. I may sigh over the past, but in future,—O my God! assist me—may it only be a passing sigh, and not one that is to engulph futurity, as it has done the last two years of my existence! Our conversation was concerning the Nepaul Hills—the source of the Ganges, that like the great European rivers, rises in the snow—the height of mountains. It may be worth remembering, that many of those mentioned are 22,000 feet; Mont Blanc 15,000 feet. Jonas Hanway was brought on the tapis;—the course of Indian rivers from north to

south ; — staining the hair with bismuth ; — the superiority of naphtha as a manure for dates — query, why ? and in what manner does the tree assimilate to itself from that substance nutritious juices ? — the mineralogy of the country we are in, granite, trap, limestone ; — volcanic tumuli ; — the size of the spiders in South America, and cloth made from their webs.

May these things be permanent in my memory !

Soonaree, June 21st.

My tent is pitched under a very remarkable rock. It rises like a column out of the alluvial plain, to the height of several hundred feet. It is composed of granite, and reminds one of the wars of the gods and giants, and might be supposed to have been hurled, and left there by one of the rebellious Titans. On one side the scarp is like a rough wall ; on the other the precipice is less steep.

At the top I had observed a hut, and saw a Fakir, who inhabits it, wind up among the crags. I resolved to follow him. He had the advantage of being barefooted ; not so I ; but by crawling on my hands and knees over the worst parts, I succeeded in reaching the ascetic at the summit. His rage was excessive, and he threatened to hurl me down, but I laughed at him. On my way

back, I was taken with a panic, and fainted ; and how I got over it, and effected the descent, I know not. It has given me a great shock, and I tremble all over.

\* \* \* \*

At the mess every one said I was a madman. I am — I am.

Soonaree, June 22nd.

Dined again at the Governor-General's table—sate like a statue, and felt like one. Would I had, like Niobe, remained rooted to the spot, or that my solid flesh had melted away !

On my return, read some of Frennd's "Introduction to the Months." He denies the influence of the moon over the tides, and the *mind of man*. He reckons absurd the gravitation of the planets—why ? because they originated in the mind of a Newton. I shall now go to bed, with the hope of getting up before *the lunar influence* can co-operate with the *solar*, in rendering me more miserable than I have now so long been. Activity, I will deify thee ! Relieve me from the shackles of indolence and despair.

Soonaree, June 23rd.

\* \* \* \*

The old way; a paucity of ideas—a daily repetition of the same remark that our very camels might make. A day so miserable as yesterday would give any man but myself nerve to make it his last.

June 24th.

\* \* \* \*

I have long ceased to exist as a thinking being, and only as an automaton do I stalk about in the eyes of the veriest fool, a mass of misery in myself! I see without observation—I speak without reflection—I hear without attention—I fancy every \* \* \* has \* \* \* \*

June 25th.

\* \* \* \*

Every passion has subsided—but one remains to hinder me from vegetating, lapidizing—Annihilation. To it—a mere word, or—But I rave  
\* \* \* \*

—

“Such is the journal I kept (as you will see by the dates) in June 1817. The most striking and extraordinary part of it is, that none of my friends

should up to the 25th have observed any thing peculiarly eccentric in my manners. I breakfasted daily with some friend in camp. I dined twice at head-quarters, and never missed, but on those two evenings, the mess. Not less remarkable is it that I should have been able to anatomize my mind to the remotest of its ramifications, and analyse every symptom of the disease with a presentiment of how it would terminate, up to the paroxysm that ended in total insensibility for many weeks. That was a state of paradise compared with what I had suffered. You have before you a picture of the conscious agony that precedes madness. Has Dante in his miscreative brain conjured up worse torments for fiends of darkness? and yet—I will not continue.

“That I ever regained my reason, is due to one—an incarnation, not a woman—the dearest, most devoted, gentlest of human beings. I had rescued her, on the banks of the Sutlej, from the funeral pyre of an old man of high rank to whom she had been betrothed. She lost caste, and it entirely devolved upon me to supply the affection of those to whom she had become an alien. She tended me during those days and nights of howling, and would allow no doctor to approach me, and with

the healing medicine of her spirit charmed away the fiend that preyed on me. But she died. Her ashes I collected, and will never part from but with my last breath. They are dearer to me than would be those of an Avatar of Vishnu to a Soonee. After her death I became a Manichæan, and supposed the world governed by some malignant genius.

“As chance would have it, I met at a Sur-daughter’s \* at Cawnpore, Shelley’s ‘Revolt of Islam.’ It had been sent out among literary lumber to the markets of India,—a common practice with books that are waste paper at home. The amiable philosophy and self-sacrifice inculcated by that divine poem, worked a strange reformation in my mind. But it was reserved for an ‘Athanasius’ † at Benares, to effect my final cure and conversion. In process of time and instruction, I embraced the doctrines of Brahmah, and continued for many years a correspondence with that excellent person Ram Mohun Roy, whose opinions and my own are little different; and I agree with him in thinking that ‘the worship of Idols (that finds no place in the Vedas or Vedantis) was

\* European Merchant.—ED.

† A character in one of Shelley’s Poems.



directed by the Shastras merely as a concession made to the limited faculties of the vulgar, with the view of remedying, in some degree, the misfortune of their being incapable of comprehending and adopting the spiritual adoration of the Deity, and elevating their minds to the idea of an Invisible Being.' A circle, enclosing a triangle, is the mystic emblem of our faith, and may explain the inscription on the School of Plato, 'Let none but a mathematician enter here.'

"Remember, it was on the day we arrived here, where you brought me, Stanley, that I felt the stealthy approach of my malady. It comes again like a beast to steal on its prey.'

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Julian grasped my hand and left the room, and when he was gone, I waked, like some opium-eater, as from a long and troubled dream.

## TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

Separation from Julian. — His haggard appearance. — Old Humphrey. — His Annual Pilgrimage. — Feelings on leaving Tal y Llyn. — Road to Machyntlleth. — The Market-place. — Indolence of the Peasants. — The Parson's Bridge. — The Valley of the Rhydol. — Tremendous scene. — Junction of the Rhydol and Monach. — Meet Charters at the Inn.

The Devil's Bridge, 21st June.

THE hour came when I was to part with my dear, gentle, deluded, and I fear, death-devoted friend, Julian. My entreaties for him to accompany us were vain. He says, his fate forbids it. To argue with one who holds so absurd a notion, were worse than useless. He looked as if he had never taken off his clothes. His lips were bloodless, his face pale and haggard, and he had been wandering again till morning, about the lake ; his appearance indeed bespoke it, and there was a glassiness in his eye—a glare, strange and un-

earthly. I proposed to remain behind, but his Lacedæmonian 'I will not have it,' precluded all further expostulation.

As we were standing at the door, (Charters had started at an early hour,) who should hobble forth but the apparition of Humphrey? He was habited in his new suit of clothes, out of compliment, I imagine, to us, and with a fishing-rod for a staff. The sight of him seemed to animate Julian a moment; he took the old man's hand in his, and questioned him as to his journey.

"I am going," said he, with feeble and sepulchral voice, "on my annual pilgrimage to Llanvor, there to visit Nabell Llwyarc Hên, or the cot of old Llwyarc, where, having drained the cup of misery to the dregs, he retired to die. There also will I end my days; few and evil have they been. It will be a short time\* that death will leave me. †Heavy is my longing. ‡Heavy is my load of grief. But your sympathy, my kind and benevolent friends, has been like a ray of sunshine

\* O angau byr a'm gad

Cyndyllan ab Cyndewyr.

† Trwn hoed i mi.

Cyndyllan ab Cyndewyr.

‡ Trwm hoed arnav.

Cyndyllan ab Cyndewyr

on my grave. — Adieu ! may you be as happy as you merit. If you think of your old fisherman," (added he, turning to me,) let it be as of one more offended against by fate, than offending ; more sinned against, than sinning."

We watched him till the boat-house hid him from our eyes, and when I looked at Julian, his were blinded with tears.

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Parting with Tal y Llyn was like parting with something dear to meet no more. It seemed to me like quitting the calm delights of the flowery wilderness of Eden, for a world of thorns and briars, exchanging the fantastic visions of imagination for the cold realities of life. I had experienced this feeling of regret twice only more forcibly, on taking leave of Rome, and Switzerland. Yet when I looked back on the yellow Tiber, flowing through the many-domed city of the world, and stood on the Jura above Jex, and gloated on Lake Lemman, and the snows of Mont Blanc, it was with a hope. — But now such was not my impression, and I have learnt from Julian to have some faith in presentiments.

Having hunted the chamois among the avalanches of the Jungfrau, and crossed the Gemini

and the Wengern Alp, I was determined to take the nearest road to Machyntlleth over the mountain that overhangs with its rocky wall the church and Pennibont. The ascent is difficult, and requires a steady foot and eye, and I will not recommend it to those unused to Swiss pedestrianism.

The scene is dreary and desolate. I arrived at Machyntlleth at an early hour, and sallied straight into the market-place, then full of idle labourers assembled there—for in this country the wages of the day are regulated by the weather, the season of the year, and the demand, but I could find no one, notwithstanding liberal offers, who would act as my guide.

Indolence is the prevailing vice of these peasants, and they cannot conceive the pleasure a traveller feels in journeying on foot, when he can afford to pay for a carriage. They pointed out to me the Aberystwith coach then standing in the street. I paid my old hostess a visit—who was equally astonished at my strange resolution of crossing the hills to Havod. I had gone all over the petits cantons with a map in my pocket, and had no apprehension of losing myself, so that having first got up a few of the necessary ques-

tions, such as — pean er fordd y, (which is the way,) — sawl millter, (how many miles,) — and a few others, I set out.

I soon left the horse-road, and took a direct line over black heathery hills, unwooded, and only cultivated in patches—and those, from the imperfect and lazy mode of farming, and the want of draining, scarcely repaid, with their scanty, stunted, weed-choked crops, the toil.

The distance proved farther than the chart had led me to expect—and after an eight hours' tramp, I still found I had two miles to go, and continuing my steeple-chase, instead of following from an inn, whose name I forget, the carriage-road that is quite as near, took an ill-defined path through broken and precipitous masses of rock to the bottom of an abyss, through which flows the Monach, of a deep tan-colour. The river was full from the heavy rains, and it required considerable caution to pick my way, as a false step might have proved fatal in the descent. I arrived, however, safe at a single plank thrown over a deep chasm. It is called 'The Parson's Bridge.'

There is no tradition attached to this name, and I imagine it was given by some Swiss Tourist, in remembrance of the 'Pont de Moine,' that



spans the Rheuss with an arch of ninety feet. The same observation applies to the Devil's Bridge, which undoubtedly has been so entitled from the Teuffel's brick. The Welsh one I soon reached, having been long in sight of the hotel. This 'Pont,' had I not crossed St. Gothard, would have seemed to me one of the most extraordinary efforts of the hardihood of man, and the eye cannot without horror look down on the cataract,

that leaps from rock to rock, making a fall of I know not how many feet. A description of the scene was given some twenty years ago, which, as it is unaltered, I will borrow from the pages of the Tourist.

“ The valley of the Rhydol contracts into a deep glen, the rocky sides of which are clothed with plantations, and at the bottom runs a rapid torrent. This leads to the spot we were in search of, which is full of horrid sublimity. It is formed from a deep chasm or cleft between two rocks, that just receive light enough to discover at the bottom, through the tangled thickets, an impetuous torrent, which is soon lost under a lofty bridge. By descending a hundred feet, we had a clear view of this romantic scene. Just above our heads was a double bridge, which has been thrown over the gulph. The inferior bridge was built by a monastery, and hence called originally the ‘ Pont ar Monach.’ It is growing to decay, and being thought insecure, another arch was thrown directly over, and resting upon the ancient one, and which now supports a good road across the precipice. The water below has scarped out several deep chasms in the rock, through which it flows before it rushes under the bridge. A large beech-tree has



flung its boughs horizontally over the torrent, as if to hide the spectacle, and the whole banks of this wild spot are rough with fern, moss, and native thickets, except on one side, where a perpendicular naked slate-rock lets in the light to the inmost recesses.

“ Having sufficiently admired this tremendous scene, we walked along the cliffs overhanging a deep glen, which receives the mingled waters of the Rhydol and Monach, whose luxuriant woods almost concealed the numerous rapids and falls occasioned by the ruggedness of its rocky bottom.

“ After a troublesome and rather hazardous descent, forcing our way through the trees, and across two or three headstrong little streams, we arrived at a rocky bank, a few feet above the river, commanding a fine view of the junction of the Rhydol and Monach, which seem to vie with each other in the turbulence of their waters, and the frequency of their cascades. Immediately above the union of the two torrents (where the mingled stream is called the Istwith) rises a perpendicular rock, on the crags of which we saw several kites perched. The summit of the rock is crowned with wood, equal in luxuriance to that which clothes the lofty sides of the glen.”

And now my reader must be as fatigued with description as I was with this long, and to me arduous march. The inn had nothing in common with those I had as yet met with. I fancied myself at the Plough at Cheltenham, or the York at Brighton.

As I was retiring to my chamber I met Charters at the door. He was *en mauvaise humeur*, complained of the endlessness of the barren ups and downs of the road (nineteen miles from Aberystwith), and we agreed to halt to-morrow, it being Sunday. I hope, reader, you will find a great merit in our resolution.

## TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

The Devil's Bridge.— Tourists and Female Sketchers.— Bad Fishing.— A Stranger.— His Angling in Italy.— English Sportsmen in Italy.— Water-falls.— Remarks on the landscapes of Wilson, Ruysdael, and Claude.— Judges of Art not necessarily Artists.— Cascade of Tivoli. — Poem by De la Martine. — Stanzas on Tivoli. — Temple on the Clytumnus. — Preserved Trout in that classic stream.—Terza Rimas, written in the Villa Reale Gardens. — A hitherto unpublished Stanza of Lord Byron.

WE passed all the next day at this divine spot, listening to the torrent, gazing at the scene from my windows, or sufficiently amused with watching the arrivals, in “chars,” or flies, from Aberystwith: a whole line of them was standing all day before the door, that had come crammed with parties to “picturesque” it. Nor was there here wanting, as we perambulated the environs, many a petticoat sketcher seated on the banks; nor “en passant,”

could we help taking a peep at the "*Miss-doings*!

The fishing is not worth attending to, the trout are small and black. The smelting grounds, a quarter of a mile distant, poison the river; so at least I was told by a stranger, who, as there is a kind of freemasonry among us brothers of the rod (I hope you will not use it, ye critics) entered into conversation with me, (Charters having shut himself up in his room.) I found he had passed two years in Italy, and had gone there—for what purpose, do you suppose?—to fish. Fancy going to that classic land to fish!

I asked him with a smile what success he had had.

"The Italian rivers are mostly discoloured, and do not contain either trout or salmon (the latter, I believe, are not found in the Mediterranean at all.) The Po, the Arno, and the Ticino are thick with mud from the alluvial soil through which they flow.

"During the last summer, which I spent partly at the baths of Lucca, and partly at Serra Vezza, I threw a fly several times in these streams, but they are much netted, and I found the fish very small. You will smile at the profa-

nation of angling in the Cascata di Tivoli, and that of the Velino."

"For my part I never mean to throw fly anywhere but in the three kingdoms. There is amusement enough on the Continent without it; but many of our compatriots are not of my opinion. 'De gustibus, &c.' When I was at Rome, an English squire, whose name I shall not mention, went there solely for snipe-shooting; and Sir Humphrey Davy travelled, as the Guiccioli told me, to the evergreen forest at Ravenna, consecrated by the memory of Dante, and the divine lines of Byron, expressly from London to kill woodcocks! A ridiculous thing once happened to a party of which I made one. We were sentimentalizing by moonlight in the Coliseum, when a schoolboy put an end to all the Childe Harolding by a tantivy on a bugle. But I interrupt you."

"These falls are superior to all the Reisbachs and Reichenbachs, and all your achs in Switzerland—they are nothing to them."

"You forget Shaffhausen, though indeed it makes no picture. It is rather a torrent than a cataract; the buildings and vile manufactories, on either side, are disgusting deformities."

"I fished there all day for a few chub."

“It is singular that the two Italian falls of which you spoke should both be artificial ones ; but I am surprised that Wilson, who in his own time (the fate of all great men) was put in the background by that tea-board painter, Smith of Chichester, should have left no picture of the Cascata di Marmore—perhaps it defies art. Wilson seems to me infinitely superior in his waterfalls to Ruysdael, though *his* water is fine. As to his black landscapes and solitary trees, though true to nature, they have no charms for me. One of our Claude’s cascade, or cascetelle of Tivoli, is worth them all put together.

“I perceive, sir, you are an artist.”

“No, sir; nor is it necessary to be one in order to discriminate rightly on works of art. Algarotti, and Milizia, were not painters, but did they not prove themselves able reasoners on colour, design, and the effects of chiaroscuro? Hogarth has shown, in his analysis of beauty, that he was by no means infallible. Cicero, Longinus, and Quintilian never succeeded in versification (I am not aware that the two latter ever made a verse,) but are they not considered oracles in regard to poetry? Lord Shaftesbury said that one might have a musical ear without being a musician; and is not

Muratori the author of the 'Perfectione Poetica?'

In fact, your best judges are seldom of the profession, for such rarely bring to the examination of the subject a liberal and unimpassioned judgment."

"Did you see the fall of the Velino from above or below?"

"From above. I have heard Shelley say, it reminded him of Sappho's leaping from rock to rock, and disappearing like a white swan in the distance."

"I only tried it from below, where the picture is perfect, but not so the fishing."

"The Cascata of Tivoli has been much injured since I saw it, by the carrying away of the banks; a circumstance beautifully described by De la Martine, who was at Rome during this event, that awakened the sympathies of my amiable and talented friend; and I have in my commonplace book some stanzas, written, I forget in what year,—in whose manner you will easily recognize. They are now perhaps valuable, as presenting the scene as it then was. You will find them what Byron holds in contempt (though, with his usual love of paradox, he chiefly excels in that style), entirely descriptive; they were addressed to a lady who accompanied me."

I perceived the stranger wince a little at the idea of the *infliction*, but I did not heed his impatience, and repeated with due emphasis, but not discretion —

“ We wind the zigzag path, and pause to hear  
The torrent’s deepening echoes—Oh, how clear !  
How lovely in the morn’s white light appear  
Those tufted rocks, those crags whose shadows wear  
Magic varieties ; self-poised in air,  
Some overarch the void, some tower aloft  
Like human masonry, and tissued there,  
Net-woven like the delicatest woof,  
In shapes fantastic hang full many a pumice roof.\*

“ And down the sides of that precipitous skreen  
Trail feathery weeds, and brambles overhead  
In graceful tresses of spring’s earliest green,  
And moss of rich embroidery, ever fed  
By gentlest showers, whose spray continuous shed,  
Fills all the vale with freshness — upward flies  
The silvery exhalation from its bed  
Of ‘ restless torture,’ forming in its rise  
An iris, bright as those o’er-arching tropic skies.

“ Such tracery veils with its † dishevell’d locks  
A fretwork, fairer far than ever plann’d,  
For frieze or capital, copyist from the rocks,  
Corinth, or Athens, or the Ionian land :

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\* Pendentia pumice tecta.

† A plant called maiden’s hair.—ED.



Can man with Nature hope to vie, whose hand  
Tissues with an enchantment, ever new,  
Webs finer far, and conjures with her wand,  
What sculpture never wrought, or painting drew,  
More glowing forms, and tints more eloquently true—

“To breathe and write her praises: woodbine laces  
The arbutus with its entangled lines,  
And ivy clasps the ilex with embraces  
Wily as are the passion-flower's, or twines  
Her parasital arms about the vine's;  
And myrtle-berries jet the ground—all dyes  
Of blossoms bright are there that gem the mines,  
The blushing cyclamen with downcast eyes,  
And violet paler than those deep Italian skies—

“Emblem of *Thee* who lov'st the shade.—More near  
Winds on the path—enrapturing more and more,  
A maze of wonder; nor alone we hear,  
But feel the thunder of the Anio roar,  
Like breakers on the unapproachable shore  
Of some Atlantic isle—till with the force  
Of avalanche, loosen'd from some glacier, hoar  
As its o'erwhelming snows, or as a horse  
That bursts at length the rein, exulting in its course,

“The disimprison'd cataract rush'd. Beside  
The parent stream, e'en where it fiercest raves,  
Two infant rills in strings of silver glide  
Over the tapestry of the grass, that waves  
Like sea-weed, which the current feeds and laves  
With gushings far too gentle to delight  
In tearing e'en a tress: beneath, the caves

Are steep'd in gloom, and drops of diamond light  
Spangle those tresses fair as stars the vault of night.

“And 'twixt the torrent and the wave-worn steep,  
High, under-arch'd, a little eddy makes  
A most translucent basin, of whose deep  
And living waters, not a circlet wakes  
The soft repose, nor breath, nor ripple breaks  
The glassy surface ;—contrast sweet is this  
To all the billowy turbulence that shakes  
The gulph below—the ‘hell of waves’\* that hiss,  
And boil and rave, and make a night in that abyss.

“It is a spot where Dian might resort  
At noontide with her nymphs, ‘its crystal flood  
Their mirror,’ and its fount their bath—or sport  
The Fauns and sylvan deities, no more  
Fabled in song. But fancy still may store  
Memory of those creations, and, above,  
A column'd temple may revive the lore  
Of elder worship—worship that may prove  
Worthier a scene like this, where all that live and move,

“All we behold, breathes, feels, and glows with love.  
This cataract is a far more fitting shrine  
To wake the spirit's homage ; all above,  
Around this stream, must ever be divine ;  
It flows in classic lore, and must entwine  
With the heart's best devotions ; nor can Time,  
With its obliterating hand consign  
To cold forgetfulness one lyric rhyme,  
That bids thy bard and thee live on through every clime.

\* ΠΟΡΤΙΟΣ Ἀέτης.— *Æschylus*.

“Your account of the ‘Præceps Anio’ pleases me, and the Temple of the Sibyl reminds me of that on the Clytumnus, that deserves to be carved in ivory, and put into a glass case. The trout there are numerous in the extreme, but they are strictly preserved, belonging now to the ‘Dean and Chapter’ of some monastery, as perhaps they formerly did to the Sacerdotes of old. I should have liked (though you smile) to try that classic stream, for the trout were darting about in all directions. I passed a whole day there on my road to Rome and Naples. I found no amusement *en route*.”

A pause now ensued in our dialogue, and the Italian angler had been, or affected to be, so much pleased with my Byronic stanzas, that I was determined, with Horace’s ‘Cantator,’ to sing *usque ad ovum!* and repeated the following terza rimas, written in the Villa Reale Gardens, which enabled us to while away the rest of the evening. They are steeped in Shelleyism, and prove, I fear, in three or four lines, too good a memory of his works.

“A gorgeous net-work covers half the sky,—  
In the far south the Vesper star is dancing,  
And mirror’d in the ocean, tremblingly

Hangs o'er the dim horizon's verge, advancing  
Slow up the steep. Warm hues of day are glowing  
On the young moon, from sunset's caves uplancing

In lines on lines of gold ; promise bestowing  
Of spring, and hope, and joy—but chief that light  
Kindles a strain, that fills to overflowing

The depths of heaven, from poet-bird of night,  
Whose liquid stops are link'd in sweetest song.  
The rivulet confesses its delight

In lulling murmurs, as it plays along.—  
The winds are gone to sleep, and stir not here  
The leaf self-quivering ; but the groves among,

Charm'd by the melody divinely clear,  
Of that sweet air to lose one note unwilling,  
Listen in breathless ecstasy to hear ;

And seem to chide this tideless bay, as stilling  
Its waves to rest upon the pebbly shore,  
Each ripple with a softer whisper filling

A gentler cadence, lower still and lower,  
Till hush'd to deepest slumberings. Every flower  
Tells out its bliss, and richer gladness shower

The honey-laden blossoms that embower  
The daisied mead — it is the Acacia,  
Enamour'd maid, in coyness wont to store

Her virgin charms, and treasure them by day,  
To spend their odours on the sense of night.  
In calm repose enwrap all nature lay —

The tinkling fount that rain'd its diamond light —  
The clematis that interlaced the zone  
Of jasmine, spangling with its snowy white

The intricate pathway, gently sloping down  
To the blue waters in the moonbeam sleeping,  
And now but murmuring to themselves alone —

All, all is love ! so deep, so spirit-steeping,  
What wonder if the bird, wind, stream, fount, flower,  
Felt each a pulse, like that voluptuous sweeping

O'er my full bosom, if in such an hour  
They each possess'd a soul, to feel, and own  
That here is Paradise, here dwells a power

Enclosing one in all, and all in one.  
Sweet bond of fellowship ! harmonious scene !  
Nor voiceless, nor unanimated ; none

Thankless but man. The earth with verdant sheen,  
Gift of the year, rejoicing wakes the blooms  
Of the young buds from out their cradles green,

Where they had slept among their wintry tombs,  
To star her heaven, those children sweet of hers,  
Who weave from out their many-coloured looms

No meaningless embroidery, and in verse,  
The poetry of nature, ever write  
Her praises in life-flowing characters,

Endless variety of love, and light,  
And youth ; from whose maternal altar steams  
Worthiest incense, whether they unite

From opening lips to breathe when morning beams  
Their silent vows, or shed their dewy sweets  
At eve, or sigh them forth as now in dreams.

List! how the wind in every accent greets  
The Author of its being and its motion,  
In every echo hymning this repeats

The voice of leaves and streams ; in like devotion  
The stars endiadem the night, her throne  
With crystal curtains veiling : in the ocean  
Effusing love, — worship there else is none.

“In order to recompense you,” I added, “for all this dull poetry, I will repeat a stanza of Lord Byron’s, written under the Lombardo-Venetian Arms when he left Venice in disgust for Ravenna, and which verses, perhaps, he had some idea of one day incorporating with the fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, but there is reason enough why he should not have made them public during his stay in Italy:—

“ Aloft the necks of that vile Vulture rear  
The Cap which Kings once bow’d to, and thus seek,  
Lifting that headless crown in empty air,  
To mark their mockery. In each double beak  
Too well do they the insatiate ravening speak  
Of a most craven bird, that drains the blood  
Of two abandon’d carcasses, that reek  
Festering in their corruption—never brood  
Gorged its rapacious maw with a more carrion food.”

\* \* \* \*

And is this the way to pass a Sunday? We have agreed to start to-morrow at an early hour; and Charters, who has been in the sulks all day, has promised to communicate his adventures to me on the road to Pontrefindiggert.

## TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

News from Julian. — His Letter relating to Humphrey. — Reflections on Death. — Our route over bleak and barren Mountains. — Charters's narrative of his own Adventures. — Sketch of Aberdovey. — His description of the Cambrian Amazon. — The little Inn at Pont Ugros. — Group of Miners.

Pontrefindiggert, 23d June.

As we were starting, *à pied*, a messenger *express* brought us news from Julian, which I was dying to receive.

What nature, what feeling, in every paragraph of his letter! It relieved me to find that he could write so rationally. The matter of the epistle related chiefly to Humphrey.

“I was anxious to learn how our old fisherman-friend had terminated his day's journey, and, mounting Gwynean's black pony, rode to Llanvor, two miles beyond the Bala Lake. There I made enquiries, and having learned that an old man answering the description of Humphrey



had been seen on the road to Pabel Llwyarc Hên, doubted not that he had at once sought that spot. It was not far distant, and I soon discovered a circle of stones that I had no difficulty in recognizing for the place of the pilgrim's destination. So it proved. On coming close to the mound, I discovered the object of my search.

“He was seated, leaning against one of the fragments of rock, with his face turned towards the west ; his eye vacant and motionless, fixed on the sun hanging over the summit of Cader Idris. I could perceive that his mind was dwelling on futurity, and did not venture to disturb his sacred meditations.

“It was a gorgeous sunset, and as the orb sank beneath the horizon of the mountain, his spirit seemed to die with it, and to mingle with that paradise of clouds, and become part of the overhanging day.\* No struggles of dissolution—no pangs of nature betrayed the approach of death ; but his unchanging countenance was calm and placid as that of a child that has been nursed to slum-

\* Lord Byron seems also to have entertained this doctrine of the Epicureans.

“His free'd soul rejoin the Universe.”

*Childe Harold.*

ber in his nurse's arms. Unlike an infant, I perceived that he had slept his last sleep. I closed his eyes, and returned slowly to the village, and having made due preparations for his interment, we removed some of the loose stones that covered Llywarc's remains, dug his grave, and committing them to the earth, left him to mingle his ashes with those of his favourite sportsman-bard."

The remainder of his letter contained many melancholy reflections on death, in his own peculiar strain. One particularly struck me; it is a quotation from some Hindoo work, and it is all I have time to copy:—"What occupier would hesitate to quit a mansion with bones for its rafters and beams—with sinews and tendons for cords—with muscles and blood for mortar—with skin for its outward covering, filled with no sweet perfume—a mansion infested with age and sorrow—the seat of malady—harassed with pains, haunted with the quality of darkness, and incapable of standing long."

\* \* \* \*

We continued our route, over a black and barren mountain tract, for some time in silence: I broke it at last by asking Charters for an account of his own adventures, which he thus related:—

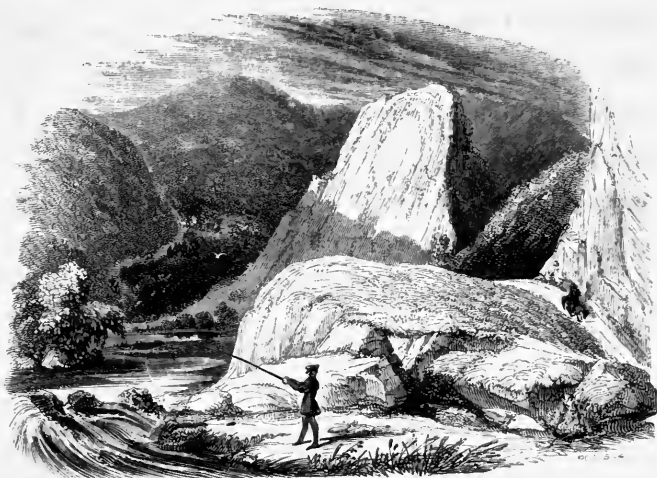
“ I started, as you know, before day-break, on the old cart-mare, being already acquainted with the scenery of the valley, and the road well called Fordd Dhu, or the Black Road ; and only stopped, as the day dawned, to finish a sketch of one of the wildest parts, lying between Llwyn-du and Llwyn-gwyb, which I had begun some time before.\*

“ On my arrival at Towyn, I found a brother of the rod just setting out to try the pool, and though I had no affection for these Epicurean ‘ Lacustrines,’ was persuaded by the host of the inn, (to whom the pool, I found, belonged, and who keeps a boat for the accommodation of his guests,) to accompany the stranger. The little lake has been originally a peat-moss, for the water is, either from reflection, or naturally, of a jet black. It is extremely shallow, and does not exceed six feet in any part. The morning was hot and sultry, and

Vast quantities of thick dense fleecy clouds  
Came wandering in flocks over the sea,  
Shepherded by the slow unwilling wind.

But a brisk sea breeze soon sprang up, that agitated the water gloriously. It was considered

\* Salvator Rosa's wild imagination never drew a more Calabrian scene. Some of his bandits would have been not inappropriate *figures* to the landscape.



an omen of success. The place is, I was told, full of red trout, and my companion said that they were the most cunning of all the finny tribes, for that Lord ——, one of the best and most determined anglers in England, had lashed and lashed for two days, and though he had some hundred rises, had only been able to extract three of its inhabitants ; but, added he, I have an expedient if they rise short (as was said), which I know to be irresistible in its temptations.' My paste I soon abandoned, after two or three unsuccessful casts, and sate watching the operations of the *infallible*.

“Rise after rise did he get from fish that I judged to be of considerable size ; but not one could he hook, though he seemed to strike at the right moment. This went on for some time ; when I observed him take from out of his pocket a tin box, and select from it a small *gentle*, and apply it at the end of his dropper fly, whose hook it just covered, and looked like a white film over it. The result was as he anticipated. The trout could not resist the lure, and one after another, with my assistance (for he had declined having the boatman), were thrown into the well. Some were upwards of two pounds, and all of a good weight. I was half sorry that I had no fly-tackle, and, soon tired of a sport in which I could not participate, made good my retreat and returned to the hotel.”

“And this he called a *gentle* art, Charters!”

“I proceeded immediately on my journey, and crossing over to Aberdovey, of which I made a hasty common-ink sketch, took another horse, and at two o'clock reached Aberystwith. It was the day of the race meeting, and backing a merlyn (pony), I galloped straight to the course.

“I was not long before I discovered the object of my search mounted on the hunter she wanted to have shown me at ——, when just come from a

*breathing.* The mare, of a jet-black colour, was at least sixteen hands high, and as she curveted proud of her rider, was mounted with an ease and grace, that would have won the heart of any racing character at Newmarket or Doncaster, (as a relation of mine did of the owner of the celebrated Waxy and Mealy by a similar display of horse-womanship.) The fair Cambrian had just won the cup, and was holding it in her hand; it was of an elegant and classic design, and had she been in a different costume she might have been mistaken for a Hebe. About her was collected a ‘posse comitatus’ of Welsh Squires; and among them I had no difficulty in distinguishing our stranger at Tal-y-Llyn, who had been so enthusiastic in her praises, and who, close to her left side, was with animated gestures complimenting her on the joyous occasion.

“ I walked my pony quietly to the edge of the circle, and her eye, which flashed with the exultation of victory, immediately descried me, and making her way through the crowd, that opened right and left to let her pass, she advanced towards me (to the great annoyance, I perceived, of her Inamorato Squire, who did not deign to recognise me.) I began to speak of our interview, but she

immediately stopped me, as if to preclude all allusion to it, and entered into the favourable state of the ground in consequence of the two days' intermission from rain. But I will give you her own words, which are very graphic.

‘My training groom had his orders, and yet I was afraid Idris would not be *set upon* muzzle, and so get improperly *filled*, for he is a large-carcassed horse, and being started close to his stable, if thus overfed, he has not so great a time, as horses generally have, to digest his food. I therefore looked to him myself, to see that he was in proper condition to enable him to run in his best *form*. I knew that he was *fast* and a *slug*, and desired Bill not to be too *tender* with him, but to make play whenever he lay farther off than two lengths from the nearest. My words to Bill Jones were — The first part of riding in a race is to command your horse, to run *light* in his mouth; *it is done with manner*; it keeps him the better together; his legs are more under him; his sinews less extended; less exertion; his wind less *locked*; the horse running thus *to order*, feeling light for his rider's *wants*, his parts are more at ease and ready, and *can run* considerably faster when *called* upon, to what he

can when he has been running in the fretting sprawling attitudes, with part of his rider's weight in his mouth. I know that some of the New-market jockeys say you should pull your horse to ease him in his running ; but when horses are in great distress in running, they cannot bear that *visible* manner in pulling looked for by the sportsmen. He should be enticed to *ease* himself an inch at a time, as his *situation* will allow.

‘ This, I told Bill, was the real way a horse should be held in his running. You may wonder at my knowing all this, but it is only to be acquired by practice and genius, and is to most people Greek, for the field are lost to parts of the best riding, as they are to training. Well ! I shan't trouble you with the trials and weights, nor with the character of all the horses entered. I knew that Cwmry's running was so much gone from him that there was no weight that could bring him up to run with any horse ; that Owen Glendower could not get his legs out ; that Cambrian was not well to run, and that Wardell was a jade. Indeed the only two about which I had any suspicion were Tickler and Toby, and so it proved ; for Owen, who had been much beat by Wardell and Cambrian, was some lengths behind



in the last hundred yards; but finding that Toby and Tickler *stayed* to their running, and those before them *slacked* their pace, Idris went *up* to them very near, and just before getting to the winning post, *poured* upon them, and Toby then dropped to the hind part of Tickler, and then *he* stopped short, and some thought passed the winning post before Idris. The shout was, 'Tickler wins, and a yard by the winning post.' But to my mind Tickler's head was after Idris's. Not so thought the field, not *even* with the winning post, and there were some *ungentlemanlying* themselves, by giving it against the horse; but that don't argue. They were all out, and so decided the judge, and here is the cup. Idris was rode to a T, and in the best of attitudes, by Bill.'

"She then went on to detail all her racer's pedigree, which she deduced from some Arab that had been ridden by the renowned Saladin, and by him presented to Richard Cœur de Lion, and brought to England during that holy war, when he became the property of her immediate ancestor, whose genealogy (as I was afraid) would have followed, probably, if she could have spared the time.

"The subject of the turf was new to me. I had

never seen but one race in my life, and then I arrived as the last horses were coming in at Epsom; and I stammered and stammered, and hesitated and hesitated again, to the amusement of the by-standers, who (as I candidly at last made the confession of my profound ignorance of such matters) opened their mouths, and wondered at, and despised me. She seemed to be of their opinion, for the trumpet sounding to saddling, she delivered the cup to her saddle-horse groom, suddenly waved her hand, and in a moment, with half the field in her train, put spurs to her mare, and set off at full speed to the starting post, to see the horses stripped for a race, in which I afterwards heard she had heavy bets at stake.

“I did not stay to view the result, but returned slowly and disconsolately through the deserted streets of the town to my hotel.

“In the coffee-room was a naval officer, who seeing me in my fishing attire, for I had forgotten in my haste even to unwind the tackle from my hat, entered familiarly into conversation with me. He told me the Istwith was a bad river, and that he had taken to angling in the sea. He dwelt with delight on sole-pritching, mackerel-fishing, and cod-fishing, and related an anecdote about the

latter of these sports,\* that proves how soon fish can be drowned. 'Being on the Lagullas Bank, and becalmed, in sight of the coast of Africa, in heaving the lead, we attached to it several hooks. We might be in ten or twelve fathoms of water, and drew up with almost every hook a rock cod. One of a very large size broke his hold by a sudden jerk in being dragged rapidly upward through the water, and was so completely suffocated during the transit, that he lay on the surface impassive, and we sent out a boat and picked him up quite dead.—'I am going,' the officer added, 'and shall be happy of your company, to see a different kind of amusement.'

"Though I was little in the mood, I thought to divert my thoughts by novelty ; and his boat being in readiness, we went on board, and having got a little way out, dropped anchor.

"He had tremendous machinery, that no one but himself could handle, (reminding me of a mus-

\* I was once present at the sport of sole-pritching on the coast of Sussex. It can only be followed when the sea is perfectly calm. My companion had a very long harpoon, and discovered by practice, what I could not, the soles at the bottom. Indeed their backs were precisely the colour of the sand. He was so dexterous in the management of his implement, that he rarely missed his aim.—Ed.

ket of vast calibre I once saw carried by an Herculean murderer of my acquaintance,) and he soon began to throw. The fly he used was of a sort never before produced, and was like a humming-bird in size and plumage. There was a strong ripple, and he soon succeeded in capturing three or four bace, that showed great sport, and died very game. I was not surprised at his predilection for this diversion, though I heard afterwards it had excited the merriment of the old fly-fishers at the place.

“I lingered about Aberystwith till a late hour, hoping to get a last glimpse of the racing fair one, but was disappointed, and with a fly, and horse; that could not go out of a walk, he having been blown with hard riding on the course, reached, as you know, the Devil's-bridge at a late hour.”

I laughed heartily at the description of the Cambrian Amazon, and Charters joined in it—a sign of his convalescence; whilst he made continual appeals to his snuff-box, and I smoked my cigar, till we came to Pont Ugros, where the grounds of Havod terminate.

Entering the little inn at the bridge-end, we took our places at one end of the benches in the vast fireplace of the usual structure. A number

of miners, from Lord Lisburne's Plwn Mwyn (lead mine), were collected there 'ar ei feddwdod' (on the drink); and an old grey-headed man, who seemed to be more decent than the rest, a sort of half sir, as the Irish say, and who was already discussing his third pot of cwrw, was talking very loud and thick, and beginning to detail to his comrades his history, in his own Welsh-English, in which I shall not attempt to follow him. It was, however, in substance this.



SKETCH OF ABERDOVEY.

## TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

The Miner's Tale.—Leave the Inn.—The Lead Mine.—The Tivy.—Flies.—Our repast, and recapitulation of the events of the Day.

## THE MINER'S TALE.

“ I WAS once the owner of a mine of my own, instead of working in that of another. The woods extending along the right of the road, and a very considerable farm, were once my own. My father possessed them by inheritance, and by the increase of his flock, and the sale of his wool, had amassed what in this country, where provisions are cheap, wants few, and luxuries unknown, is looked upon as a considerable fortune. Fortunate had it been for me, when he died, if I had continued the same occupations that had brought with them the calm delights of good old age, and the blessings of health and content.

“But the dæmon of avarice possessed me, or rather a fiend in the shape of a goorach (witch).

“She was, though Welsh by extraction, a stranger in the place, and no one knew whence she came. All was mysterious about her, and her activity little corresponded with her years, for she was wrinkled, old, and bent double, and had the longest nose and chin, and the most diabolical expression of countenance I ever saw in woman. She was, in fact, a hideous crone, and the children, when she passed by, would run and hide themselves in their mothers' laps. She entered into no relations of acquaintanceship, or interchange of good offices, with any of her neighbours, and was detested by all the country round, yet no one ever dared refuse her alms, lest it should occasion (as had happened) the death of a cow, or a horse, or perhaps one of the family.

“You must know, that there inhabit our mountains (whatever may be the case in Cornwall, whence you all are,) certain invisible beings, that we call tylwithley,\* or knockers. These genii

\* The miners in the Forest of Dean have a similar superstition. It appears that there is a pit, called to this day the “The Voice Pit,” which takes its name from this circumstance :—A voice was heard there desiring the miners to desist from work, inasmuch as they had obtained their

(or whatever they are) live underground in or near mines. You may haply laugh at our simplicity in maintaining the existence of such spirits, but you will not meet with any one person conversant with our employment, who does not believe that they are pre-indicators of mines, and by their noises point out to the workmen the veins of ore of which they are in search, as visions in dreams are the precursors of prizes in the lottery, and other accidents that occur to us.

“ But, not to endeavour to account for one phenomenon more than another, I can only say, that there are very many who speak well of ‘ the knockers,’ because they have stood good friends to them; but for my part, all I know is, they proved the ruin of me. There was a time indeed when I was as incredulous of them, as, I see by your faces, you are, and deemed it a mere popular superstition, and have often thought that it might be in vengeance for my want of faith that they leagued with the old hag against me. Whether that be so or not, who can tell? —but I for a long

share of ore, and should in justice leave the rest to posterity. How this singular request was complied with we have no evidence to determine, but this we know, that for many years the mysterious sanctity of the mine has remained inviolate.—ED.



time shut my ears to her reports of their nightly meetings at the foot of one of my hills.

“As I was amusing myself one evening with my rod and line, (for I was then a gentleman like you,) on the Monach adjoining my grounds—and that, till the smelting went on, was a good river—I chanced to meet with old dame Cadwallader, as she called herself, picking up toad-stools on the bank, I suppose for compounding her poisons.—Accosting her, I laughed at her stories about the little folks of the mountains. She was not, however, to be put out of countenance, or easily foiled, for she described to me the nature of the noises she had heard, and always at the same place, and at the same hour of the night, though there was no mining going on at that time within miles and miles.

“To hear her talk, one would certainly think she must have dealings either with the spirits (who are said to be harmless), or with some infernal powers, for she brought forward an instance in support of her argument, that might have convinced the most sceptical. There was a deaf and dumb tailor in the village, who had a particular language of his own. From practice, I could understand him, and he me, by motions of the

fingers, hands, and eyes. Now, argued the beldam, if this man had really seen ore in the bottom of a *sink* of water in a mine, and wanted to tell you how to get at it, would he not make two sticks like a pump, and go through the motions of a pumper, at the very sink where he knew the ore was, and then imitate the wheeling of a barrow?—what would you have inferred from these signs, but that the ‘sourd muet’ wanted you to pump, and drive, and wheel the *stuff* out, in the very place where he had seen it? By like reasoning, the language of the ‘tylwithley’ signifies, that you should do the same, where I heard the sounds.’

“I must confess that I was staggered by this illustration\* of the goorach, and, when I left her, could not get it out of my head. But she saw she had made some impression, and shortly afterwards practised on me another imposition with entire success.

“The natives of this country have an equal faith in the ‘*regolæ divinatoriæ*.’ They are made of hazel, cut when Saturn, the significant of *lead*, is in conjunction with Jupiter. The latter must be sextile or trine, but if the conjunction happens

\* This illustration is taken from a letter published some thirty or forty years ago, and written by a Welsh clergyman.

when he is square, the effect is marred. Practised in fraud, the witch pretended with one of these divining wands to have discovered the precise spot where the matrix of ore was,—but first demanded of me for the discovery a large sum, which I refused.

“ My tranquillity of mind was, however, now lost, I neglected my farming—took no longer any pleasure in angling—was indifferent to the caresses of my children, and behaved harshly to a wife to whom I had been, till then, devotedly attached. Dreams made up the better part of my existence, and my eyes gloated nightly in visions of heaps on heaps of glittering metal, and my ears were filled with the rolling of barrows, the pumping of water, and the hammering of the spirits. The crone had brought me to the point desired, and now it was my turn to importune. Her demands rose with my impatience, and, after a long treaty, she consented, as the price of her discoveries, to accept a third part of my father's hard-earned and hoarded gold. Never dawned so happy a day on me, as that on which I paid down the money to the old impostor; whether she was equally pleased I know not, but in a few weeks she left the country, and has never been heard of since.

“ The place pointed out by the inclination of the hazel twig, as my Eldorado, was Clyn Clwyd ; and a neighbouring mine having been abandoned, and all the Cornish workmen who had been employed there out of pay, I immediately hired them, and set to work in earnest. It was not long before I became initiated, to my cost, in the (till then to me mysterious) phraseology of driving levels, boring, blasting, loading deads, beating down the loose, &c. Every evening after hours I went myself into the shaft, and often stood there till midnight, listening ; but the little people had, as I said before, either forsaken their haunts out of spite, or suspended their labours, expressly not to indicate the precise spot in the mountain where the vein lay.

“ Once indeed, when I was visiting the level on a Sunday,—a day when my thoughts ought to have been, and used to be, otherwise directed, till Mammon had got the better of God,—I heard a voice that seemed to me that of the witch, whisper distinctly — ‘ Fool—infatuated fool—desist !’ A loud laugh, that echoed through the shaft, succeeded the words, but they might be perhaps the offspring of my heated imagination, for I was become little better than a poor irreligious, dotish, miserable visionary.”

The old man here seemed overpowered with conflicting emotions, but, having taken a long draught from the mug, continued:—

“The warning voice was vain. I was blinded, besotted, and hardened of heart, like him in the scriptures, by an obstinate perverseness.

“My ready money was gone—yet no trace of lead was discoverable, and notwithstanding every indication to the contrary, from the nature of the strata through which they were boring, I was satisfied that the mine could not be far distant. My workmen (who were glad of a job) contributed also to keep alive my hopes, by occasionally producing the ‘mammith’ of some Cornish ore, which they pretended to have discovered.”

Here one of the miners, jealous of the honour of his countrymen, got up and showed an inclination to fight; but I stopped him by ordering for him a pot of ale. He re-seated himself muttering, and the old man finished his tale thus:—

“Acre after acre, one by one, did I squander on this mad and hopeless undertaking, deaf to the prayers and reproaches of my wife and friends, and the exhortations of our good pastor, till at last I sold my house and all the remainder of my farm to the proprietor of Hafod, who had already

got a heavy mortgage on the estate. All I reserved for myself was the manorial right in the barren rock (where so much of my property had already been buried, and whose bowels were about to engulf the rest); and this done, I removed to a cottage near the shaft, the better to superintend the works.

“But why continue my narration? The story of my madness—no, that you cannot know—but must already have divined my ruin—you see it exemplified in myself—you know what I was, you see what I am. Ere long I was penniless. My wife died of a broken heart—my children are reduced to beggary for bread, and the long shaft of Clyn Clwyd is called to this day ‘Owen’s folly,’ an eternal monument and record of my shame.”

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We left the public-house, and a few hundred yards from it, after crossing the Monach, passed close to the lead-mine where the old miner now laboured. The ore seemed very rich in silver, and we could not help wishing he had been so fortunate as to hit upon the vein in the opposite hill, where hanging woods (of which he was once master) relieved the nakedness of the impending mountain.

We soon forsook the main road that leads to Lampeter, and striking across a series of barren downs, came at length in sight of the Tivy, stealing through a marshy plain covered with black cattle; and after a walk of six hours, at the approach of evening, entered the little romantic village of Pontrefindiggert.

Our first enquiries at the gwaldy (inn) were for a *pysgator* (fisherman) who had been recommended to us, called the Weaver. He showed us some very well made cilions (flies), his own handy work, of which I bought (being idle) a dozen, and arranged with him to accompany me on the morrow to the Tivy pools. Over a good fire, with bara gwenith (wheaten bread), some roast fowls, and beakers of hot *poncia a la Parigi* (which I flatter myself I can make *Toscanamente*) and half a dozen cigars, Charters and myself talked over the events of the day, and at an early hour retired to our coarse but clean beds.

## TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

Pontrefindiggert. — The Weaver's Anecdotes. — A Salmon-leap.—Remarkable Ruin.—Tivy pools. — A day's Sport. — A Wild Bull.—Unsuccessful Angling. — Advice. — Gloomy Evening.—Fears for Julian.

Pontrefindiggert, June 25th.

THE Weaver called me, as agreed, at an early hour. He was a tall, thin, intelligent-looking man, of about forty, and reminded me of Pierre Terraz, or one of the Swiss guides of whom our Lady-Tourists are so fond. He spoke English *sans accent*, and whiled away the time with numberless anecdotes, relating to the gentle art, and exploits, in which, of course, he was always the hero. His name of the Weaver was not inapplicable, for he spun me not a few yarns, as the sailors say, and very long ones.

Among the rest, he wove one that, he said, a gentleman, whom he *cicconed*, promised to insert



in the New Sporting Magazine, but whether it appeared in the pages of that amusing periodical, I know not—all I know is, that it beat out and out the anecdote of the turbot, as recorded on a monument in Stepney Church, which was bought by a lady in the market, and in whose mouth was found a ring, the pledge of her affection for a lover lost at sea.

The Weaver's story was this. He had a kill-devil, (talk of a kill-devil and the *gentle art*!) that had been given him by some brother of the rod. This he lost in the Tivy by a large fish, but whilst throwing a *fly* the next season in the same pool, he took a salmon of twelve pounds, and, to his and my amazement, discovered in its mouth the identical artificial minnow he had so much regretted. Now, supposing the fact to be as related, did the fish remain behind, or effect his double migration to the same spot? I leave this to be decided by another Sir Humphrey Davy. It might be so, as the Tivy has none of those deadly weirs we saw on the Divlas, and in the freshes the salmon make the leap at Newcastle Emlin. Among others—and he seemed acquainted with all the fons (rivers) and nants (brooks) in the Principality—he was speaking of that fall; and as we did not mean to descend

so far, I questioned him as to it, and he described the place in great raptures. Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, makes mention of this leap, and says that the salmon "takes his tail in his teeth and bending like a bow,

"Stems the watery tract,  
When Tivy falling down doth make a cataract."

The Weaver's narrative ran thus :

"I have just returned from an excursion with a party of English gentlemen anglers from our Newcastle. It is one of the most beautiful spots in Wales. The country houses, as we approached the town, looked over an island, on which stands a gateway and two octagonal towers, a picturesque ruin, and round them flows the river in two broad streams, and the side-hills on the opposite banks are clothed on all sides with sloping woods. A mile below is the celebrated leap, where the stream having been long tranquil, as if to gain strength, rushes to the depth of thirty feet over rough rocks that seem to preclude all possibility of a salmon mounting the cataract. This, however, is not the case — for I observed them sometimes failing in the attempt, and sometimes baring their broad backs as they jerked themselves over.

"One of the Sayces (Saxons) called it the Cam-

brian Shaffhausen, which, if his description is correct, it deserves to be compared with. The weir is at the bottom, and a neat villa and salting-house, belonging to the proprietor of the fishery, stand romantically situated on the left bank, and within a few yards of the deafening fall. A rivulet of water, winding from a tunnel, has been artificially brought down from the heights to communicate with the main stream, in order to deceive the fish; and up this narrow channel they push, in their ignorance or forgetfulness, till they find themselves precluded from turning, and are thus caught. None of the salmon exceed ten or twelve pounds. The fishing must be very profitable," he added, "if he might judge from the quantity already prepared for the market. It is sold there at 6*d.* per pound salted, and for 3*d.* fresh, at Carmarthen 2*d.* dearer, but the price depends upon the supply."

Thus we killed time. The morning was oppressively sultry and windless. The road led for some time along the banks of the infant Tivy, till we came to a remarkable ruin, one arch of which is in admirable preservation, and a fine specimen of the Saxon dentated style. I think he told me it had been part of a monastery, but as I am no

antiquary, I will refer the curious in such matters to Pennant.

My guide called the distance five miles, but it was at least six to the farthest pool, Llyn Egnant; that should always be visited first. These lakes are five in number, and are seated in the bottoms of heathery hills, where there are bred a few grouse, whose packs no one could better find than my friend the Weaver—I warrant him.

These pools slope gradually down to water of the usual transparent tan. As there are no boats (with the exception of a large sunken one in the last) I would strongly recommend the taking up of a coracle, to a person practised in the management of so ticklish a vehicle, though it would be attended with some risk, in case of an upset, particularly as some of the lakes are full of weeds.

The wind got up with the sun, and I promised myself a glorious day's sport, but my companion was not so sanguine. The first throw I made gave me two fish, but smaller, and of a different kind from those of Tal y Llyn; for instead of being silver bellied, and tortoise-shell backed, they were in bad condition, and black in colour—an invariable sign of old age, as well as the sort of element they inhabit. In fact, I soon found that

the place was considerably overstocked, and should doubt of its containing a trout of a pound weight.

Whilst we were wading up to our thighs, a very large bull — (what, another bull? yes!) — left the herd and came down bellowing to the water's edge. He is selected, the Weaver told me, expressly for his vice, in order to prevent the poor women from gleaning the wool the wild sheep (often left unshorn) hang upon the heath, by rubbing themselves. It was indeed a savage brute, and would certainly have attacked us had we landed; but we continued our pursuit, paying little attention to his menaces, whilst the Weaver promised him a bullet through the thorax at his next visit, should he play similar pranks: a consummation devoutly to be wished.

After coasting the windward side of this irregular lake, I was disgusted with the small size of our numerous fry, and we proceeded to the other lakes in succession; but strange to say, though the fish were taking the flies in all directions, neither of us got a single rise. We tried all our flies, besides making one in imitation of a small and very peculiar mole-coloured gnat on the water, but in vain.

After heavy walking, we came to the fifth and

last pool, Llyn Tivy, said to be unfathomable. The trout, I was told, reach here a larger size, and cut red,—a peculiarity, Humphrey observed, at the Begalen pool, and accounted for perhaps, as here, by the leeches, which are abundant.

I was anxious to take one of these fish; but I threw till my arm was tired, and at last put up my rod in despair.

The trout are of no value, owing to the distance from any great market-town. Unless it blows hard, it is quite needless to attempt the Tivy pools. It must be, besides, a cloudy day. Now a piece of advice! Take with you your *munitions de bouche*, for there is no inn nearer than Pontrefendigert, which we reached about four o'clock, having made almost a blank day. Not so Charters, who brought home ten pound of trout of delicious quality, as was proved at our "Vespers." We passed a gloomy evening, talking exclusively of Julian. The fatal 25th approached, and we felt, or fancied we felt, a presentiment of some evil to him, and retired earlier than usual.

## TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

The Tivy.—Marshes.—Intricate course.—A rapid.—A glorious fish.—Fall in with a new Sportsman.—His description.—Recognition.—His account of himself.—His Yacht.—A Storm in the Adriatic.—Wreck.—Escape from drowning.—Bhilt.

Tregaron, 26th June.

STARTED at six o'clock. The Tivy is in its boyhood — but in a vigorous boyhood. It flows in a stream, blue, rapid, and containing trout of a considerable size ; later in the season, salmon. Owing to the long continuation of the spring drought, it had been little affected, so near its source, by the heavy rains, and was much dwindled from its accustomed volume of water — but even within a mile of the village, Charters had taken some good fish. The falls are numerous. The runnels dashed over the broken, rocky beds, and the banks are so free from wood, that a fly may be thrown anywhere without interruption.

Behold us then, following the river down. Had we known the *locale*, we should have avoided giving the Tivy our company after the first league, and have struck off into the road; for we then came to marsh after marsh, through which crept the sleepy stream, in a still, deep, weedy channel. A more intricate course I never threaded than through the valley for six or seven miles. The river had evidently some months before overstepped its barriers, and covered the whole plain, through which had been cut drains of great depth, which it required the full play of the 'tendon Achilles' to leap. Occasionally too, we got into a labyrinth of turbaries, when the tremulousness of the ground betrayed the quagmire yawning below, and threatening to engulph us at every step.

We heartily repented not attending to the Weaver's advice, during a three hours' march, in which we had no opportunity of making a cast with any chance of success. We, however, at length emerged from the desolate tract, and on arriving at a bridge, that crossed a by-road, our friend assumed a new face. Charters's sport now began. The morning had been overcast, and the rain began to fall in heavy showers, but we were



too good water-spaniels to heed their pelting. He soon called me to his assistance. "Whish, whish!"—I perceived the fish was one of the patriarchs. The rapid where he had been successfully tempted by the bright blood-red berries, was broken by rocks that gave the water the resemblance of jet or obsidian. Down he went—"whish, whish!" responded the multiplier again. Who could have dared to curb or check him?—"There he is, out of his element,—once, twice,—now wheel up."

In a few moments he was lying amid the weeds and grass, and flowers, a worthy study for Murillo, and reminding me of a fine picture of that master's, at Sir John Guise's, at Rencomb, being the interior of a refectory. Those Monks with their 'magra' days!—Fasting forsooth! I once dined with Cardinal Gonsalvi on a Friday!—Our trout was a glorious fish, and must have weighed, though I did not measure him, three pounds and a half—yes, a glorious fish, I repeat, for this or any water, and the largest we had taken of his species in Wales. "Ignoble sport!" would have cried Chemicus to Babington, when on the banks of the Colne—"throw him in again." Had he been taken even at Denham, I should have demurred against such a preposterous and

mistaken act of generosity by this unanswerable objection: "He had a barb in 'his gullet,' and no 'small hook' to pull it."

On entering Tregaron we were overtaken by a sportsman (for other than a sportsman no one could mistake him). By his side ran two sandy coloured, wiry-haired Scotch terriers not much larger than Persian cats, whose relationship it required no pedigree from the Heralds' College to make out, and a pointer and Newfoundland dog (a retriever) led the van. He was about five feet nine inches in height, remarkably broad and somewhat bowed about the back, round which was strapped a double gun, of ponderous calibre and vast bore, and, by way of counterpoise to the butt, over his fishing-rod, that he balanced on his right shoulder, was slung an otter's skin; a knapsack of no ordinary dimensions completed his costume. He was a man on whom the Sassenach squire's gamekeeper at Llandyssell would have looked with a very jaundiced eye.

His figure, at the first view, seemed slight, and it was only when analysed that the wiryness of the muscle might be more than guessed at, for he was unencumbered with a portion of superfluous

flesh. There was an elasticity and firmness in his walk that seemed to defy fatigue; and a league and an hour, by which they measure distance in Switzerland, were by no means synonymous with the pedestrian, as far as I could judge from his pace. His eye was of a peculiar grey. No eye has so much expression as a grey one; as has been remarked of Lord Byron's, which, like a chameleon, shifted its colour according to the feeling that predominated. Over all his gestures and figure was thrown an air of manliness, and tried and determined courage strongly characterised his weather-beaten countenance.

I have been thus particular in my description of this personage, as I shall have shortly to present him to the reader.

I scanned him narrowly as he came close, and who should it be—could I believe my eyes?—but my old friend who, it may be remembered, was my sporting companion in the Maremma, where we had so narrow an escape from the hogs. Yes, it was R——, a Commander of the royal navy for twice ten years, and likely so to remain for twice as many still. But more of this hereafter.

Our recognition was mutual, and my hand met his soul commingling in the grasp. I was surprised

also to see that Charters and he were not absolutely strangers to each other, and soon learnt that R. was the identical Captain who had been the theme of Salmonius's panegyric for his base exploits at Aberystwith.

After a few of the ordinary questions, with which I shall not trouble the reader, I said,

"I can scarcely believe but that it is your ghost; when I was at Genoa, I read a long and seemingly authentic account of your being wrecked in the Bolivar. It was, I think, in the latter end of the year 1828 or 9."

"Ay, ay, sure enough. The tight little Bolivar did strike on that iron-bound coast, and not even a plank of her was saved. Poor William too—another hand would not have been amiss. There were only the boy and I on board. A vessel is not well manned in the Adriatic, when, as on an Indian voyage, she has just hands enough to weigh anchor. Not but I had sailed in her for three years in the Mediterranean with the same crew in all weathers, but never did I meet with such a gale.

"I was at Trieste when it set in. You have been in that wind-swept place. It is open to every storm that blows, especially to the Levanters, and

for three days one could hardly walk the streets. But on the fourth it lulled a little, and, tired of being shut up there, I resolved to run down to Ancona. I got under weigh, but scarcely had we cleared the port, when the wind headed us a point and a half, and I ought to have put into Venice ; but when I thought of the heaviness of the port charges, and the *tracasseries* of the Austrian *Doganieri*, and the difficulty of getting out of the harbour in case the wind continued in the same quarter, I rashly determined to run close-hauled along the coast.

“Never was there a better sea-boat, or one that made less lee-way than the dear little Bolivar — but she could not walk in the wind’s eye. I dared not venture to put her about, for fear of getting into the trough of the sea, and being swamped in tacking, and had we missed stays, we should have gone right ashore. To take in sail was impossible, so that all we had left for it was to luff her up in the lulls, and trust to Providence for the rest.

“As evening set in, the gale freshened—it blew a hurricane — we were forced to carry on to keep her off the lee-shore, and every point that we opened out showed us others in succession, against which the waves beat high.

“ She went hissing, half under water, through it ; occasionally a sea struck us, and swept her fore and aft, and then she trembled like a drunken man under a heavy blow. Night came on dark and cold, for it was November, and as the sea boiled and foamed in her wake, it shone through the pitchy blackness with a phosphoric efflorescence.

“ The last thing I heard was William’s exclamation, ‘ breakers a-head,’ and almost at the same instant the yacht struck : the crash was awful ; a watery column fell upon her bodily like an avalanche, and all that I remember was, that I was struggling with the waves.

“ The shore was not very far off, hardly more than half-a-mile—you know that I am a strong swimmer, for I have often contested with Byron in his own element. I retained all my presence of mind, and divested myself of my coat, and after battling long with the billows, covered with bruises, and more dead than alive, I succeeded in scrambling up the rocks, and found myself in the evergreen pine forest of Ravenna, some miles from any house. But at last I sheltered myself in a forester’s hut. Death and I had a hard struggle that bout.”

“ Well, thank God, here you are! and what have you been doing since?”

“ The last two years I have passed in Wales, making Bhilt my head-quarters, and in a few days I shall return thither. We have there a perfect colony of half-pay officers—those Epicenes!—and contrive to live like gentlemen on our *demi solde*. It is a delightful place—the climate excellent. The rivers and streams abound with trout, and, what is a great advantage, are entirely unpreserved. When the fly-fishing season is over, I amuse myself with shooting and hunting, and yesterday killed this *Dourghie*, or water-dog, as the Welsh call it. I am now on an otter-expedition; and having tried the Wye last year, and killed ten, I mean to beat down to Llandyssil, and am promised even better sport on this magnificent Tivy, which has not been disturbed for an age. Suppose you join me.”

“ We are ourselves destined to that place, and never having seen the sport, shall enjoy it the more. We are become gluttoned with trout-fishing, and it will make a pleasing variety. To-day we mean to halt,—we shall dine together, and you shall recount to Charters some of your adventures.”

\* \* \* \*

We dined sumptuously,—and in the evening, under the inspiration of his grog, the naval captain gave us some particulars of how he had been passing his life: they will serve better than Welsh angling, to fill up the leaves of my journal, than which, except a log-book, nothing can well be more tedious; and as those faithful records of the wind and weather are sometimes enlivened by an account of the catching of now and then a dolphin, or shark, so my rambling diary contains details (though they are few and far between) of some piscatory exploit. It is not the first time I have confessed my unfortunate love of digression, and being turned of forty, I fear I am too old to mend. No one improves, they say, after that age.

R——'s had been a life of adventure. He has the line of truth, as the skilled in palmistry say, and I can vouch for the exactitude of every circumstance he narrated. He began thus:—

“With the exception of two years, passed, as I told you, in Wales, I have spent most of the last eighteen of my life on the Continent, many of them in company, as you know, Charters, with Lord Byron, whom, I believe, I know better than any other individual — *au fond*.

“I left England at the Peace, having just



returned from a survey of the coast of Africa. That coast is subject to strange caprices of weather. In the course of twenty-four hours the wind veers entirely round the compass, blowing almost a gale. To be on a lee-shore in sight of sand-banks covered with stunted bushes, the resort of lions and other savages of the desert, is no very agreeable service. But I did my duty to the satisfaction of the Lords of the Admiralty, and when I applied for another command, received a refusal.

“I crossed over with the *οἱ πολλοί* to France, and took up my abode at Paris.

“I had not been ten days in that metropolis when an occurrence, not unfrequent at that time, an affair of honour, the only one I was ever engaged in, happened to me.

“A French officer of infantry, who had been confined in one of our prison ships for some years—and prison-ships they were, in every sense of the word, it is true, for the unhappy prisoners of war underwent the most dreadful privations and miseries human nature is capable of supporting,—just released from his confinement, had rejoined his old regiment then in the environs of Paris.

“Burning with animosity towards the English

nationally and individually, he was resolved to wreak his vengeance, and to wash away his indignities in the blood of the first British officer he should recognize as such.

“ He chose as the likeliest plan for meeting with such an antagonist the Tuileries Gardens, and I was the individual whom he singled out. I had on a military blue surtout coat ; to which article of dress I am indebted for the honour of his acquaintance. I have him still in my mind’s eye. He was a short emaciated man of about forty. To make his skeleton person still more conspicuous, he was dressed in clothes that completely fitted his figure, and his cadaverous face was surmounted by a narrow-rimmed hat almost pointed in front.

“ This *worthy* had been concerned, it is said, in no less than twenty duels, in all of which he had been victor, and looked upon the life of a man, especially one of our nation, as that of a worm.

“ Such was the scarecrow who at two o’clock in a fine spring morning, in the Garden of the Tuileries, crowded with fashionables of all countries, and numbers of our fair countrywomen, chose to come up to me in an avenue to the right of the main walk, and with a baboon grimace to call

me *chien Anglois*, and not only to shake his cane over me, but to touch me with it.

“My father was a Welshman, and I have somewhat of the *Fluellin* in me. I made a rush at him, and planted my fist, whose force was hardly less powerful at that time than the kick of a horse, under his jaw-bone, and dropped him at once.

“Several of his compatriots came up, seeing him fall. ‘Monsieur,’ I said to him, ‘I am not yet satisfied. You have insulted me grossly and publicly. Nothing but your life can be a reparation for the affront. Here is my card—your’s, sir.’

“Whether the blow had stupified his faculties, or that he thought he had found a wrong *sujet* to deal with, I know not, but I could obtain no answer, and being lifted up by two of his friends, he was conveyed, or rather towed out of the gardens.

“I remained in Paris for three weeks, expecting daily to hear from my aggressor, and endeavouring, through my acquaintance, and every channel I could think of, to learn his name and address, but in vain.

“I was dining one day at the *Trois Frères Provençaux*, in one of the smaller rooms, with an

English party, and over our wine we were discussing fully the circumstances of the affair, and branding the pseudo knight-errant with the title of poltroon, when an officer-like middle-aged man, whom I had not before observed, rose from the next table, and begged to have a few words with me aside.

“He spoke very good English, and said, ‘Sir, I am the colonel of the —— regiment, now stationed at Versailles, and suspect that the person of whom you have been speaking belongs to my corps. I have been listening involuntarily to your story : it has reached me for the first time to-day. One of my captains has been on the sick list for some time with a broken jaw, and I have little doubt that he was your antagonist. If it prove so, and you will give me your card, I will see that you shall shortly have the satisfaction you require.’

“Two days only had elapsed when I received a visit from the Colonel. He said, ‘I am come to settle the preliminaries of an affair between you and Captain ——. The choice of weapons is yours, as you are the challenger.’

“I named pistols, and the next morning we met in the Bois de Boulogne.

“The ground marked out was thirty-five paces. The conditions were that at a given signal the parties were to advance, the pistols pointed at each other, and to fire when they pleased. This mode of fighting was novel to me. I was not at that time a great adept at the pistol, though I have since practised under Byron, and a more famous shot even than he, an extraordinary, perhaps one of the most extraordinary characters, of the age, who accompanied him to Greece, whose life has been a tissue of adventures so rare and strange, that compared with them reality becomes fiction, and the pictures drawn by the greatest novelists of our times, or of any times, seem pale, lifeless, and inanimate copies. But this is a long parenthesis. Knowing the uncertainty of my hand, I was determined to wait, though I knew my antagonist to be a dead shot.

“Whether it were that he was agitated by too ardent a spirit of revenge, or was apprehensive of my fire, from having had a foretaste of my coolness and presence of mind, he, contrary to his usual practice of trusting to his opponent’s missing him—for his skeleton form presented an edge not much broader than that of a sabre—on this occasion, after progressing five paces, stopped short. It was

an infringement of the rule laid down, — *n'importe*,—he took a deliberate aim at me.

“I heard the click of his pistol, and the ball, though directed with a firm and deadly aim, as luck would have it, struck one of the metal buttons on the breast of my coat, and glanced off, giving me a slight shock. Astonished and panic-struck at having, as he thought, missed me, he stood still, whilst I steadily advanced till I was at *our* usual distance of twelve paces. I then took *my* fire. My direction was good—bang—he fell, and was immediately borne off the ground by his seconds.

“I also returned to my apartment in the Rue Vivienne.

“In the evening I sent to enquire into the nature of the wound.

“The ball had broken his right arm, much shattering the elbow. It had, however, been extracted, and a few months afterwards, when I was in Switzerland, I learnt that he would never again have the use of it. Thus he had to thank himself for a broken jaw and a stiff arm. He found in me an awkward subject to deal with. Indeed, most of the duels (and they were of daily occurrence) that took place at that time, were in favour of our compatriots.

“This made no noise at the time, and did not come under the cognizance of the police.

“Soon after this *rencontre* I visited the South of France. There I made surveys, by stealth, of several of the great sea-ports, and just as I had finished a drawing of the port of Marseilles, was one night visited by gens-d’armes. My papers were seized, and I lodged in prison. I was, however, soon released, through the interference of our consul, and, having secreted the original sketch of the works and harbour, completed a second survey some time after at Geneva on a larger scale, and sent it to the Board.

“One might suppose that I had now some claims on them for employment, but all my applications were unrequited or negatived, and I was at last coquetted with to retire from the service—to make way, no doubt, for some sprig of nobility, or son of some naval hero, in whom no other merit than his genealogy is now required. *They* are sailors by instinct — *brave* by prescription. Should there be another American war, we shall see what figure these beardless boy-captains will cut.”

The commander was becoming lachrymose, and we soon after retired, engaging to hunt the otter at an early hour in the morning.

## TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

Start for Otter-Hunt.—Vixen and Viper.—Scenery of the Tivy.—Otter-Haunt.—A Spraint.—Turn-out on Otter.

Tregaron, 27th June.

“OMNE ignotum pro magnifico est,” says some one, but who I forget. A strange sentiment to apply to an otter-hunt.

We got under weigh, as the captain would have said, at twilight; and our eagerness for this unknown sport was whetted by stories on stories, which he graphically told, of several of the feats performed by Vixen and Viper, and their perilous 'scapes from the jaws of sundry of these amphibious savages. Each of us was armed with a harpoon. The shafts were nearly eight feet long, and had been attached by a carpenter over night



to spear-heads, forming part and parcel of my naval friend's implements of warfare. The Tivy breathed freshness and health. We followed its course buoyant and gay as the wild river we accompanied. What companionship is there not in a trout stream ! How often have I felt, during a whole day, what Shakspeare has so beautifully expressed, that "a solitude is populous enough." What a calm and soothing medicine does the mind drink in from Nature—from such scenes !

For some miles the banks were little wooded, but at length a double precipice of gnarled oaks, their trunks hidden by the thickness of the foliage, and forming, as Madame de Stael says of the pines in the Villa Pamphili at Rome, a green meadow in the air, almost met in the narrowed bed, and threw a deeper blackness on the water, now scarcely flowing through the gorge. The river was only assuming strength for exerting its energies, for rude masses of rocks, thrown together in wild confusion by some mighty inundation, soon encumbered the channel, and where an isolated crag rose pyramidically above the rest — the current, indignant at being confined, rushed with mad

impetuosity, boiling and foaming, and setting up its many voices of exultation, as though they were chanting a hymn of liberty.

Open meadows succeeded, fringed here and there with alders, through which the morning sun gleamed on the broad quiet stream, that, as it sparkled and flashed like silver, murmured forth a correspondent delight to that in which our drenched spirits sympathized.

We had as yet seen no trace of our prey. They are shy creatures, and avoid the resorts of men. Our little terriers seemed to be acquainted with this peculiarity in their natural history, for as yet they had kept at their master's heels, and had not thought it worth while to *draw*. We came at last to an unfrequented, untracked region, a more likely haunt. One side was denuded of wood, and on the other a steep bank ran shelving down to the river's edge, clothed with underwood, so closely intertwined as hardly to admit of the dogs penetrating it, whilst two or three alders dipped themselves, and showed their portraiture in 'leaf and lineament with more than truth expressed,' in the glassy mirror.

It was just such a spot as otters would choose

for their *kennels*; and R—— soon descried a *spraint*, that appeared fresh. He immediately hied in the dogs. Their rough wiry skins seemed impenetrable to the thorns and brambles, and they began to beat actively among the briar-work.

It was soon surmised that they were on the scent of the game; and R——, who was acquainted with their habits, said—

“ They are on an otter! Look out! they are not far from him! Push him out, Vixen! At him, Viper!”

He had hardly spoken, when a rustling was heard; the leaves trembled and shook, and a dog-otter, of prodigious size, rushed from his *couch* among the roots of the alders, and took to the water, the two terriers close behind. I was near enough to make particular observation of the brute. His head, rounded and slightly flattened in front, was gigantic for one of his species, being twice the size of that of the animal I had seen the day before, slung over R——’s shoulder. The bristles of his whiskers were long and stiff, his ears very short, and his tail appeared to be strong, pointed, and somewhat depressed. His sleek, dark, glossy

skin, seemed to be unimpregnated by the element, through which his membranous claws urged him with the velocity of a fish.

“ There cannot be a finer spot,” said R——, “ for a successful chase. Once drive him on the opposite side, and he will find it difficult to hide himself, and must be our’s. You perceive that this covert does not extend far ; all is nearly open on the other bank, and our aim must be to prevent his getting back. Well done, Vixen !”

The dogs wanted no encouragement. When the otter dived, they dived also ; and such a monster was he in size, that when he rose to take breath he could hardly at first be distinguished from the terriers.

R—— had waded the river ; and the dourghie was for some time lost, the dogs swimming round and round, anxiously looking about for his reappearance. He did not remain many minutes invisible ; the fresh-water seal soon showed himself again. This time he was not above fifteen yards from where R—— was posted, but he was afraid of throwing his harpoon, for fear of spearing Vixen, so close did he rise to her.

He now mounted the bank, and crossed a meadow, where he was soon hid from view among the high grass. But the scent of an otter is extremely strong, so much so that it is said to remain for many hours.

“Tallyho! He has again taken to the water, and concealed himself in one of his old *holts*, or burrows, under the bank.”

It was some time before we could persuade him, by shaking the ground, to stir from his well-known retreat. But he again bolted; and just as he was about to land on our side, was prevented from so doing by seeing us. I threw my harpoon, and missed him. He again dived, and we thought we had lost him, but he at length came up, and was so much exhausted from being hard pushed, and remaining so long under water, that he was forced to make for the same shore to take breath, and having reached a bush, that projected over the stream, and skreened him from our sight, prepared to stand at bay. He had posted himself with his back in some old rat-holes, and, his flanks protected by two stumps of trees, he presented his front to his enemies, only one of whom could come at him at

a time. He showed very good generalship, and had all the advantage of position.

The contest promised to be a severe one. Vixen was, as I said, in advance, and on her the brunt of the onslaught, the odds much against her, fell, for she was forced to swim in order to get at the foe. She was soon in upon him, and pinned him by the neck, a favourite point of attack of her's, as I afterwards heard from her master; but the powerful animal soon shook her off, and seized her in turn in his terrific jaws.

No animal is so hard-biting as an otter. Their mouths are armed with teeth sharp as needles, and wherever they make good their hold, the breadth of their nostrils enables them to retain it like bulldogs. None but a very *varmint* dog, to borrow a phrase of Charters's Amazon, when severely punished, will face one of these water-weazels a second time. Not so Vixen, who, extricating herself from his gripe, returned with fresh courage to the conflict.

Owing to the projection of the bank, and the thick bush overhanging the water, R—— could not come to the assistance of his little favourite, and stood, not without some misgivings as to the result, within a few paces of the combatants.

The battle was a terrific one, and long doubtful; but at length the dourghie seized Vixen by the throat, and made his fangs meet in her jugular vein. The water was dyed with blood. The bitch gave a short low howl of agony, and in a few moments we saw her extended as if dying, on her back, and borne down with the current.

R—— forgetting the otter in his anxiety for his little pet, rushed into the water up to his middle and succeeded in reaching and bearing her out, when he laid her on the grass and endeavoured to stanch the blood with his handkerchief.

In the mean while the dourghie dashed from behind the bank where he had effected so much mischief, himself evidently the worse for the affray, and, closely followed by Viper, recrossed the stream, and succeeded, though with difficulty, in gaining a stronger position than ever among the roots of some hawthorns, whence R—— did not attempt to dislodge him, for he was so much affected at the piteous state of Vixen, that taking her up in his arms he called off Viper, and we made the best of our way back to Tregaron.

The sufferings of the little creature were

great, but she was too *game* to show them by whining, or any outward expression of pain. The blood kept fast oozing from her neck though tightly bandaged.

On our arrival at the inn, having washed it with brandy, we made a bed for the patient in a corner of the room, and she soon fell into a deep sleep.

The affection of the two terriers for each other was such as few human beings show, and might have been a lesson for humanity. Viper lay down by Vixen, and by low whines told the excess of his grief, and endeavoured to lick the mortal wound. He could not be induced to take any food, or to quit her side.



## TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

(CONTINUED.)

A Page out of R——'s Book.—Lord Byron.—*Furore* for Fishing.—The Avon.—Geneva.—Rhone Angling.—Character of some Vaudois Paysans.—Republics.—Geneva University.—Lac Leman.—A Cockleshell Boat.—Byron and Shelley.—Evenings at Diodati.—Byron.—Society of Venice.—English Abroad.

IF I were to issue a bulletin of Vixen's health, it would hold out small hopes of her recovery.

In the evening we requested the Commander to dictate to us another page out of the book of his eventful life, and Charters was very anxious to learn, among the many conflicting opinions respecting that strange phenomenon Lord Byron, what R——'s was.

He always seemed to me to have taken a very dark estimate of his character; it is the only point in which I have ever had reason to suspect the freedom from bias and prejudice in

his opinions. We will let him, however, speak for himself; like all *conteurs* he began in a very desultory way, and his innumerable I's showed that the first person singular (himself) was a far more important one than the third, (Byron).

“My *furore*, as the Italians say, has been sporting of all kinds, and I have been particularly addicted to angling, indeed to all sorts of fishing. To give you an idea of my enthusiastic love of it when a boy; I had got me a rod with swivels and minnow-tackle rigged out for me by a friend of my father's. I continued to spin, hour after hour, without a run, for the sky was of a deep, almost an Italian blue, and scarcely a ripple broke the surface of the water, itself so transpicuous, that the bottom was visible at the greatest depth. I espied at last a large trout lying behind a projecting bank as if asleep. There he remained for some time unattracted by all I could do to awaken his attention; but towards evening he set out on the feed, and began beating in zig-zags (as they do) like a pointer in the search of game. My silver bait enticed him, and I took the fish by a miracle. He was so much exhausted that I thought him dead, and laid him on the shelving river-side upon a tuft of

withered grass, when he suddenly made a spring and rolled down—down till he plumped into his native element. When I saw my hard-earned prize lost, I stood and stamped in childish rage at my folly, and it ended in my throwing myself into the Avon, for there I was angling. It was deep and was nearly proving my grave; but with infinite exertion, for I could scarcely swim, I succeeded, half-drowned, in climbing up the bank. The scene recurs to me as though it happened yesterday.

“From France I took up my residence during the summer and autumn of 1815 at Geneva; Shelley and Lord Byron were there, but accident only made me acquainted with them. I name Shelley first, not only as he was the greater poet, but the better man. I will introduce you to them presently.

“The difficulty of the angling in the Rhone was to me a great temptation, and I might boast of a success that none other, native or foreigner, ever could. My plan was to cross the bridges and, having obtained leave to fish in one of the campagnes on the banks of that noble stream, to pass the whole day there, taking with me my provisions in a wallet, and either with fly or

minnow, or rather with a small perch, at some one of the twelve hours, either morning or evening, my perseverance was always crowned with good fortune. The envy of the Genevese, when acquainted with it, was extreme; they surpass all people I have ever met with in evil dispositions: no—the Vaudois are a match for them.

“One specimen of these republicans will suffice.

“I had gone to angle in a river, the name of which I now forget, at the foot of Les Rousses, the great pass into France; yes, now I recollect it—it is called the Bonne; the natives of the village whence I set out had never seen fly thrown, and came out to laugh at the ‘Anglois.’ But when I took trout after trout, till my basket would hold no more, their derision turned into a fury of jealousy, and they began to pelt my flies, and from pelting them, finding I still continued, notwithstanding, to take fish, attacked me with the same weapons, and would have certainly stoned me to death had I not left the stream.

“I however repeated my sport the next day; two of the stoutest *paysans* came down and *sacréd* me. You have had one specimen of my prowess at the pugilistic art! I fought them both, and gave them a tremendous drubbing;

and, what do you think! —was cited before the ‘Juge du Pays’ for an assault, and actually fined five Napoleons.\* Such is the justice foreigners meet with in that land of liberty.”

“You seem to be no friend to republics.”

“What have all been? Look at Athens; look at Florence, Genoa, Venice: do they not teach a repetition of the same story—the insolence and lawlessness of the many, or the struggles of overgrown wealth for power.”

“The latter case, at least, does not apply to the Swiss republics.”

“Reside in one for six months, and you will be disenchanted, and never after, as Shelley says, ‘talk Utopias.’”

“But Geneva, the bulwark and outwork of Protestantism; the great university—”

“Yes, it concentrates in itself more than enough of the over-righteous—well *sobriqué’d* with the title of *momiers*—and many of the sons of our nobles and gentlemen *finish* their education there: it had at that time within its walls seve-

\* A similar circumstance occurred to Lord —, at Geneva, who, in addition to the fine, was ordered to quit the canton in twenty-four hours. His reply was, “I will be out of it in ten minutes!”—E.

ral of the petty Princes of Germany,—and that traitor to the cause of liberty, Carignan, is a specimen of what its professors inculcate. But what do the students learn? I never met with one who did not leave behind the little he had brought with him: and what did they acquire in its place?—a smattering of botany gleaned from the lecture-room—a deep insight into dissipation; execrable French picked up at the *conversations* of a few *soi-disant* aristocrats, who *keep pensions*, the last of the *ailes de pigeon*. Nowhere is nobility so disgusting as in these petty states. Castes prevail in Geneva to an extent unknown anywhere but among the Hindoos; no talent, no wealth, no merit can break through the barrier of birth. Yes! strange enough, a female can ennoble; if she make a *mésalliance*, she can elevate her husband into sufferance; but if a patrician marry a plebeian he is for ever excluded from society; a *mur* *aheneus* is built up against him, which nothing can break down; the ‘Rue basse’ and the ‘Treille’ might as well attempt to form a junction.”

“And yet you seem to have been partial to Geneva.”

“Yes, I have passed halcyon days there; it

has been mine to traverse and explore every creek and winding of that magnificent basin ‘Lac Lemman,’ for which I entertain a passion, that no other inanimate object (admirer and lover as I am of Nature) ever inspired in me.

“To watch the sun set behind the piny Jura; to see it long after it sank beneath the horizon glowing in roses upon the domes and palaces of snow; to watch their portraiture in the blue mirror, till they assumed the paleness of death, and left a melancholy like that we feel at parting (though with the certainty of meeting again) with some object of our idolatry—these were my delights.”

“But—Byron. You told us your acquaintance was accidental?”

“I had got sent me from Genoa a skiff, built in the Darsena by a friend, who had charge of the navy-architectural department. She came on the top of the Diligence, and was, as you may imagine, not large, being about eight feet long, keeled and clinker-built, and rigged with Latine sails, in the manner of the feluccas, and indeed the *barks*, at Geneva.

“In this fragile machine, to the wonder of the natives, I used to brave almost all weathers,

and walk away from their flat-bottomed *batteaux*. One day I was overtaken by a violent 'Juran,' or wind from the Jura, and being unable to beat against the severe wet squalls, thought to take refuge in a small port, almost the last, on the Mont Blanc side of the lake; it belonged to Mont Allegre, Shelley's campagne. On rounding the point of the wall, I observed two persons, whom I recognised as that young poet and Byron. They were about to step on board their boat—and this was the origin of an acquaintance that only ended with their deaths."

"What was Byron's appearance at this time?"

"Anything but what I expected, from a portrait I had seen of the bard.\* The likeness the world drew of him was a fancy one. His figure was anything but good. It was short, and devoid of symmetry; his voice was effeminate and without compass; and then there was an affectation in the way in which he modulated its tones. Shelley's was equally extraordinary, be-

\* Not to mention several painters, two sculptors of great repute have made busts of Byron. Thorwaldsen's, (or three years must have changed him indeed) never could have been a likeness. It is impossible to deny this merit to Bertolini's, but there is no soul in it—none of the poetry of marble—it wants the Promethean spark.—ED.



ing what I should call a cracked soprano. We had a very animated conversation, and it ended in the two friends giving up their water-party, and his lordship's inviting me to Diodati, that stood commanding the port, and separated from it by a sloping vineyard. We passed a pleasant evening; and I frequently renewed my visits to Coligny. Perhaps that was the beau ideal of society. Our days were passed on the lake, in sauntering along its banks till the shades of evening set in; then Shelley would read to us his favourite poets, Dante or Petrarch, or explain passages from that romantic and wild drama of Goethe, whence Byron drew the inspiration of *Manfred*, or *he* would charm away the night in recounting his adventures in those lands where he passed the first days of his travels, and indulge in dreams (such we then thought them) of the independence of Greece. Those were glorious hours."

"Was Byron at that time the misanthrope 'Childe Harold' would lead us to suppose?"

"The Byron of Geneva and the Byron of England and Italy were widely different persons. *Certain* family affairs, and the dilapidated state of his finances, caused by a long course of extrava-

gance, had produced in him a despondency sometimes bordering on madness. But he was suffering from wounded pride rather than hurt affections; from a morbid sensitiveness rather than a healthful sensibility. He had more of the misanthropy of the snarling Apemantus, than the injured Timon—the difference between a hatred of his species and their vices. In fact he possessed nothing of that within—

“ Quod se sibi reddit amicum,  
Quod purè tranquillat.”

“ Never were there such different accounts as are given of his person. I have heard from some, that, as to his feet, one could hardly be distinguished from the other in make or shape.”

“ Much was done by Sheldrake towards straightening them. An Aberdeen schoolfellow of his told me, that when he was young they were both turned inwards. A Harrow woman said, that one leg was shorter than the other, and that he used to wear a patten on it at school. There seems to be as great uncertainty on this subject as on his character, which his biographers have found irreconcilable; in fact, he was a riddle, as difficult to solve as the Sphinx’s.”

“ He had the character, when he left England, of being remarkably handsome ; his complexion ruddy ; his hair dark-brown, and glossy, and full of curls as the Antinous’s, or Hyperion’s ; his forehead expansive ; his eyes possessing wonderful fire and expression.”

“ If so, he must have much altered, marvelously. The greatest change, however, took place in him in a few months at Venice, where I saw him in 1818. I should hardly have known him. The life he led there surpassed Rochester’s or Faublas’s, and fitted him well for the Bolgi of the ‘ *Inferno*,’ into which Dante plunges those immersed in such degrading pursuits as he then indulged in. As Chesterfield said of Bolingbroke, his youth was there distracted by the tumult and storm of pleasures in which he most licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum. His fine imagination often heated and exhausted his body in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night, and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagance of frantic Bacchanals. His passions impaired both his understanding and his character.

Venice is a disagreeable winter residence, many of the palaces have no chimneys. The

floors are mostly of stone, the cold intense, or the atmosphere surcharged with vapour. The advantage of the place in Byron's view of it was, that he could pass months there without being seen or known. The gondolas are like one another. Sometimes, it is true, he went to the conversaziones; but few Englishmen have the *entrée*. The society of Venice is, however, perhaps preferable to that of any other city in Italy. The women are, some of them, highly educated, and can converse on other topics than the weather, the opera, or the last Parisian fashions.

“ I like to hear them talk their ‘ soft bastard Latin,’ and they are in general good musicians. Their beauty has been much exaggerated, or they are become degenerate by constant intermarriages, and their complexions, like their pictures, are somewhat *tirés au noir*. But a belle is a belle to the end of the chapter, and does not want admirers or lovers up to seventy. Witness Madame B——, &c.

Of *the* sex he held very strange opinions, and had a horror of ‘ Blue-Belles.’ I remember his designating the female English society in the Italian towns thus:—‘ It consists of mothers with daughters in the despair of virginity, ‘ out’ for

many seasons in London ; and who having gone the round of Brighton, Bath, and Cheltenham, and other watering places, and figured next at race-balls, hunting balls, and that capital contrivance for match-making, archery-meetings ; are now on the look-out to entrap some inexperienced youngster, raw from college, on a continental tour ;—old maids, who hunt in couples—Blue-stockings misses, collecting materials for books of travels. English women have all the same national propensity to quarrel ; but on the Continent the points of contact are drawn closer, the sources of jealousy more abundant—this *amiable weakness* is called therefore into more continued exercise, and it is rare for any two families to remain a winter in the same city without breaking out into open rupture. Precedence is one of the great rocks on which they split. I once wrote to one of *your* compatriotes for the character of a servant. Her answer was, that she discharged him because he never would hand the tea to the ladies according to their rank. Of this vagrant tribe I have a horror. And who has not ?

“ It was the time of the Carnival, when intrigue is the very soul of both sexes among

the Italians. Lovers, who have sighed in devotional constancy for months at the churches, now, beneath the convenient black of the Domino, plead their passion, and reap the reward of their sighs. The mask spares the blushes of yielding virtue — makes bold the timid, and eloquent the silent. Byron was one of the initiated in the *mysteries*. He was then deadly pale, of a leaden hue. Harlowe's portrait of him could never have been in the slightest degree a resemblance."

" You saw him afterwards at Pisa ?"

" Yes, in 1820. He had then grown grossly corpulent, 'vulgarly fat.' His palace on the Lung' Arno was a specimen of the Italian palazzi, large, gloomy, and uncomfortable. Below was a stone hall that struck with the chill of a crypt or catacomb, which its arched roof resembled. A perpendicular flight of steps led to the *primo piano* or *piano nobile*, guarded by Lion. A narrow corridor, which was his den, conducted to another dark anti-cavern, to the end of which the eye could hardly reach. I found him in his sanctum. The walls of it were stained, and against them hung a picture of Ugolino, in the 'Torre della fame,' the work of one of the Guiccioli's sisters,

and a miniature of Ada. The apartment had neither carpet nor mat, and an arm and a few other chairs formed, with a table, the *ensemble* of the furniture; unless some boxes and saddlebags in one corner might bear such a denomination. I there found him a laughing philosopher—a Don Juan.

“ His talk at that time was a dilution of his letters, being full of *persiflage*, and abounding in humour that was not wit. He always reminded me of Voltaire, to whom he would have thought it the greatest of compliments to be compared, and if there was one writer more than another whom Byron admired, perhaps envied, (for he was even jealous of Shakspeare), it was the author of *Candide*. Like Voltaire, he never argued, looking upon converse as a relaxation, not a toil of mind; or he might think that reasoning sterilized the fancy, and rendered less vivid the imaginative faculties. Both possessed the same speculative, I was nearly saying, sceptical turn of mind; the same power of changing at will the subject from the grave to the gay; the same mastery over the sublime, the pathetic, and the comic—no! in one particular he differed from Voltaire, he never scoffed at religion. His organ

of veneration was strongly developed, and had he returned to England, he would, I have little doubt, have died as Rochester died, and as Tommy Little lives—in the odour of sanctity. He was a disciple of La Rochefoucault and La Bruyere, and had no faith in virtue for its own sake—in love, undivested of the animal passion ; or of friendship, if disinterestedness and self-sacrifice form its essentials. Friendship, he used to say, according to an Englishman's definition, means men eating and drinking together ; and he frequently quoted (no one more echoed himself) Walpole's *bon vivant*, who, having lost his friend, said, ' I will go to the club and find another.'

“ At Geneva he was a great dandy, but his dress at this time resembled more that of some Bengalee officer in *mufty* than an English nobleman. His clothes were of a strange and anything but a Stultz cut, and were quite innocent of a fit. He wore a green *redingote*, with metal buttons, hanging below the calf of the leg, whose nap betrayed considerable antiquity ; a white waistcoat very short, from having shrunk in many a year's washing, sailor-like blue pantaloons, and between them and the waistcoat was appended an immense bunch of seals.



“ His face, that was pallid and fleshy, betrayed no signs of a single hair, being closely shaved up to his ears, giving his visage an unmanly and unbecoming appearance, rendered still more so by the downward fold in his collar, and the lowness of his white cravat, that showed a considerable portion of his neck, of whose bull thickness he was not a little vain.

“ In the afternoon we rode together. Though the Cascine was only distant two miles, where there is excellent turf to gallop on, and beyond a pine forest, through which roads are cut of great extent, bordering the sea, it was strange that he should invariably take the same monotonous round.

“ His stable was at this time numerous though not very *nobly* supplied; and where he picked up such a set of dog-horses is amazing. The animal that carried him was loaded with fat, and resembled what we call a Flanders mare. She was encumbered with a hussar saddle and holsters, a standing martingale, and breast-plate. Though skittish, she was only remarkable for the lowness of her action, and, what made her a favourite with her master, the consequent ease of her pace, the amble, her ordinary one. A brown

gawky leggy Rozinante, very long in the tooth, and showing every bone in his skin, was generally ridden by his courier, though occasionally, by way of variety, and to show the extent of the stud, he was mounted on a black, entire, forest pony, who had acquired the *mauvaise habitude* of having his own way, and would frequently take it into his capricious head to quit the cavalcade, and return to his stable. His own calash horses were of the true Italian breed—their years might not be conjectured—and they could never have been whipped into a ten-mile stage.

“The pair he lent the Guiccioli were better to look at than to go. These we met with his ‘Coupè’ and the fair Ravennese *en route*, and stopped to hold a short parley with the Contessa. When she was gone, he said, ‘I loved her for three weeks. What a red-headed thing it is! I am much obliged to Lady Byron because I cannot marry while she lives!’ She little knew that the object of her Lord’s visits to the farm was a rustic divinity, called Francesca, who might be about eighteen or nineteen. She was an Italian in face, form, and figure. Her hair was black as jet, and through her clear

brown complexion shone the light of health, and a certain expression. Shyness is not the characteristic of the Tuscan 'Contadine,' and this girl had sufficient self-possession, for, after presenting her bouquet, she would put herself by Byron's side, and remain a looker-on during the pistol practice. The spot is present to my memory. It is about two miles from the Florence Gate, shut out from the road by fruit-trees, and an outhouse that received the balls. On one side was the farm-house.

"We fired at scudi and pieces of five pauls, giving the farmer the counterpart of those struck, which Byron kept as trophies.

"There were few days that the Contadino did not receive several of these coins, a very seasonable rent for the use of his orchard, and no small tax on the party. Byron had some excellent pairs of pistols, about most of which there were histories, and their merit in his eyes was that the implements had been deadly in the hands of their former owners.

"It was always a matter of wonder to me, how Byron ever struck the mark. His aim was long, and his hand trembled as though he had St. Vitus's dance. Shelley's was firmness itself, and

his shots quite as good as Byron's. He took a boyish interest in the sport, and would, after the discharge of the pistol, run up to see the success of it, and was as delighted as a child at a good shot.

“ Byron's duelling stories were numerous. I have heard him more than once tell of his rencontre with an ex-flogging Secretary at War, who, he used to say, was a man without a spark of imagination, and a very doubtful patriot. He knew mankind well. I am told that his old fellow-traveller denies the fact of the duel.

“ Speaking of his illustrations of Childe Harold, Byron observed, ‘ That specimens of worse style do not exist in our language, and have defied translation in any other.’ He was right. The air of pedantry and self-sufficiency—the affectation of learning, the fruit of some half dozen walks through Rome, with Nibbi the Ciceronet—he solemn dogmatism unleavened by one spark of genius to lighten the dough, which reign through them, is very remarkable. As a specimen of confusion of metaphors, Byron pointed out a passage, in which the commentator speaks of Eustace. It begins with ‘ The style which,’ &c. ; but I refer my readers and Cobbet

to the *original*. It will be worth more than half a dozen King's Speeches to him in the next edition of his Grammar."

"Dallas's 'Corr  pondance, &c.' is not more dull, I observed (for I know nothing of English books but through translations); the old twaddler talks with much complacency on the society Lord Byron is to meet in heaven. The passage is curious:—

“ ‘ Si dans l'autre monde on conserve la m  moire des choses terrestres, Lord Holland, Rogers, Davies, et *Hobhouse*,—(what a partie quarr  e!)—avec la g  n  rosit   des esprits c  lestes (si toutefois les leurs le deviennent) (unkind parenthesis!) pardonneront sans doute au po  te estonn   (astonished at what?—finding himself in such company?)—avec les ouvrages duquel leurs noms doivent descendre le torrent des ages. *Lui et eux* recevront aussi une *signe d'attention* de ma part dans cette occasion.’ ”

“ How condescending! I have frequently thought that Byron's *society* at Pisa pleased him better than any he met with on the Continent. He looked forward to our daily visits as a recreation after his severe poetical labours. Most of his friends there had seen much of

the world, were fond of literature, and capable of appreciating his talents, and Shelley's varied and transcendent acquirements proved a never-failing source of conversations the most animating. His daily regular rides were a stimulus, and a source of health to him."

"Pisa," I remarked, "is indeed a delightful winter residence. The climate is a perpetual spring. The sunsets rival Titian's in gorgeousness. Often and often have I stood with Byron at a window of the Lanfranchi, gazing on the Arno, when it was a flood of glory, reflected from clouds of crimson and gold. Insensible to the beauties of nature must the heart be, unmoved with wonder and delight at the spectacle."

"When I was there," continued R——, "news came of Allegra's death. Byron sent directions that her corpse should be transmitted to Drury, and buried at Harrow, where it now lies. It was a strange caprice to commit to English ground, one whose fortune was to have been forfeited in case she married a person of that nation. He told me it was his intention to have divided his property equally between Ada and her, had she lived; though only a few weeks

before, he, by a codicil to his will, bequeathed her, with the condition I mentioned, five thousand pounds, leaving the bulk of his estates to his sister, and disinheriting Miss Byron.

“ At Florence I met several times the mother of this child, then living *en pension*. She was a brunette, with very dark hair and eyes that flashed with the fire of intelligence, and might have been taken for an Italian. Her history was a profound secret. As she possessed considerable talents—spoke French and Italian, particularly the latter, with all its *nuances* and niceties, she was much courted by the Russian coterie, a numerous and fashionable one in that city. Though not strictly handsome, she was animated and attractive, and possessed an *esprit de société* rare among our countrywomen. She might be about twenty-five or twenty-six, and supposing me unacquainted with the particulars of her unfortunate connection with Byron, never mentioned his name, or that of her daughter.

“ No part of his conduct is more mysterious than his neglect of this interesting young woman ; and the reason of his abandoning the mother of his child after withdrawing it from her care, is one of the many problems I leave others to solve

in this enigma. I have often heard Byron speak of Allegra. The little creature took a violent dislike to him, as it was just she should to one who so cruelly renounced and injured her who gave her birth. I do not accuse him of seduction as regards this lady. She was of a fearless and independent character, despised the opinions of the world, and looked upon the law of marriage as of human invention, having been early imbued with the doctrines of Mary Wolstoncraft, and entertaining high notions of the Rights of Women. The sex are fond of rakes—a strange infatuation. It is said that Byron's attentions were irresistible, and when these were enhanced by verses, the very essence of beauty and *feeling*, C——'s fall from virtue was inevitable.

“The little affection he felt for this hapless infant is shown by his wishing to make her over to a stranger,—an intention Shelley, I believe, prevented from being carried into effect; and to have left her in a convent at her early age, on his leaving Ravenna, was a barbarous act. Her fate might have been anticipated. Unaccountable being!”

“You know,” I interrupted R—— by saying, “my enthusiastic admiration of Byron. Who



can analyse the particular causes which influenced his conduct? He is not to be weighed in scales with other men, or to be measured by the standard of ordinary mortals. The world will soon cease to canvass his feverish existence—to speculate on his intrigues—on his separation, or to think concerning Lady Byron more than it now does about Mrs. Milton or Martha Blount. It is as a poet, and a great one, that we are to consider him. Poetry died with Byron, and is not likely to have a second resuscitation. He is as popular now as he was in his lifetime; and speaking of the last edition of his works, is it not a sign of the times, when a coronet ostentatiously displayed on them could enhance their sale, or give it any eclat? Were Byron less noble, had none of the blood of the Birones and the Gordons flowed in his veins? But does not the same depravity of taste reign all in all with us? Brass glistens more than gold. Sound literature is exploded: the classics a dead letter, and held in sovereign contempt. Nor is it to literature alone that this corruption is confined. The modellings of Wedgwood from the drawings of Flaxman, the Grecian designs of the author of *Anastasius*, have given place to the vile and tawdry deformities of

Louis Quatorze, and bear the same relation to the profligacy of the age as the monstrous figures called Arabesque did to the brutal vices and killing luxury of the degenerate Romans."

"You are become a satirist, Stanley, and have merged the patriot in the cosmopolite."

"I am very curious," remarked Charters, "to learn some particulars of Byron's friend, Shelley: can you not gratify our curiosity?"

"The next time, I met him was at Florence. I happened to go into Delesseau's Library there, and heard in the English room some one laughing almost hysterically. On entering the Salon Littéraire, I perceived a person reading a review, and at intervals laying it down to indulge in a fit of merriment which convulsed him. It was Shelley. He had met with an article outrageously vehement in its abuse of him and his books.

"The writer would have been disappointed had he conceived that his venom would have produced the effect it did on the author. I accosted him, and after some time he read me the paper, with the most amusing comments. You remember his 'Lines to a Critic;' they were occasioned by this Crispinus's gall.

“ What erroneous opinions exist in the world as to the poet and the man.

‘ Ingenio numen, simplicitate puer.’ ”

“ Manly wit and sense were never combined with such ingenuousness and trust and confidence in mankind, and unacquaintance with the world, as in Shelley. His boyish appearance, as I said, little accorded with the metaphysical subtleties, the close reasoning, the various and extensive reading, and sound classical learning, which he displayed ; and of him it might be remarked, with more truth than was said by Lord Orrery of one of his cotemporaries, “ that the wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace, appeared in all his writings and conversation.” He was, as Cowley says of Pindar, ‘ a vast species alone,’ a genus of himself, all enthusiasm ; and when anything particularly interested him, he felt a tremulous shivering of the nerves pass over him, an electric shock, a magnetism of the imagination. He was the most amiable, gentle, generous, and benevolent of human beings, and Byron used to say, the most moral. His taste was refinement itself. After our laugh was over, I shall never forget a walk we took together in the *Uffizii* Gallery.”

“ His remarks on the Niobe, and some of the other statues, have already appeared. Can you not remember any of his observations on the other master-pieces of sculpture in that divine collection ?”

After a pause R—— said—“ Yes ; his remarks occur to me on ‘ The Bacchus and Ampelus,’ and you shall have them in his own words. Winkelman’s and Cicognara’s descriptions are cold and lifeless common-places compared with his glorious burst of enthusiasm as he stood entranced before this celebrated group :—

“ ‘ Look ! the figures are walking, as it were, with a sauntering and idle pace, and talking to each other as they walk ; and this is expressed in the motion of their delicate and flowery forms. The arm of Bacchus rests with its entire weight on the shoulder of Ampelus ; the other, the fingers being gently curved, as with the living spirit that animates their flexible joints, is gracefully thrown forward, corresponding with the advance of the opposite leg. He has sandals and buskins, clasped with two serpents’ heads, and his leg is cinctured with their skins. He is crowned with vine-leaves, laden with their crude fruit, and the crisp leaves hang with the

inertness of a faded leaf over his neck, and massy, profuse, down-hanging hair, which gracefully divided on his forehead, falls in delicate wreaths on each side his neck, and curls upon his breast. Ampelus, with a young lion's or lynx's skin over his shoulders, holds a cup in his right hand, and with his left half encircles Bacchus, as you may have seen a younger and an elder boy at school walking on some grassy spot of the play-ground, with that tender friendship for each other that the age inspires. The countenance of Bacchus is sublimely sweet and lovely, taking a shade of gentle and playful tenderness from the arch looks of Ampelus, whose cheerful face turned towards him, expresses the suggestion of some droll and merry device. It has a divine and supernatural beauty, as one who walks through the world untouched by its corrupting cares. It looks like one who unconsciously confers pleasure and peace. The countenance of Ampelus is in some respects boyish and inferior; that of Bacchus expresses an imperturbable and godlike self-possession; he seems in the enjoyment of a calm delight that nothing can destroy. His is immortal beauty.'

“ You may from this specimen judge of his feeling for this branch of the fine arts.

A singular circumstance happened to Shelley, as he was coming abroad. The night before his departure he received a visit from a lady,—young, handsome, and of noble connexions. Byron and myself have often discussed this strange event. The force of love could go no further, when a person, so richly endowed as Shelley used to describe her, could so far forget the delicacy of her sex, and the reserve due to the character of woman, as to make the following confession:—  
‘ I have long known you in your works ; in the impassioned tenderness of their language I have read the heart that inspired them ; in your ardent love of liberty—your benevolence for all mankind—your virtues removed from all selfish considerations, and a total disregard for the established maxims of the world, I have found the beau-ideal of what I have long sought for in vain. I am come to tell you I have renounced my husband, my family and friends, to follow you through the world, in spite of all the obloquy which may be cast on my name and fame.’ But the tale is a long one, and the denouement of the piece was as protracted as a three-volume

novelist could desire. I have no time to dramatize it. Casanova, when asked to relate his escape from the 'Piombi' at Venice, used to say, 'Have you two hours to spare?'—So say I; I will only add, that the innamorata traced him to Secheron, used to watch him with her glass in his water-parties with Byron; followed him to Como, where she had a villa on the lake; often lodged at the same auberge with him *en route*; resided at Venice when he did, and finally, arrived at Naples on the same day as himself."

"He must," remarked Charters, "have been more or less than man to have been unmoved by the devoted attachment of this infatuated woman."

To which R—— replied,

"Eran amanti, eran in fior degl' anni."

"But to return to Byron; with all his faults he had a saving one—an ardent love of liberty. Carignan was then a resident at the Tuscan court. The mock attempt at a revolution in Piedmont had just failed through the pusillanimity or treachery of that prince, who passed all the winter at the palace. He was in great disgrace, and so limited in his pecuniary resources, that he had not even a horse to ride, but when

he went hunting used to borrow a cart-mare of a farmer. I was present at one of the court-balls, and observed the great coolness with which he was treated by his father-in-law the Grand-Duke. In person he was tall and exceedingly thin, and had a melancholy air. A traitor to the cause he had embraced, he had denounced, as the price of his reconciliation with the Holy Alliance, all the friends who had confided in him. They were rotting in the dungeons of that inquisitorial power Austria, and he in daily apprehension of falling by the hand of some assassin. Byron's hatred of him was extreme, and the terms of his reprobation of his infamy unmeasured.

“ But the night is far spent. More of the ‘ Byronic energy,’ as Shelley used to call him, to-morrow.”



## TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

Vixen.—Byron at Genoa.—Missolonghi.—Byron at Missolonghi.—Quarantine regulations.—Portrait of Maurocordato.—Byron's gaiety at Missolonghi.—Byron's menage.—Press in Greece.—Maitland's administration.—Pistol Practice.—Another Portrait of Byron.—Pronunciation of his name.—Sibileth.—Scotch accent.—Projected expedition against Lepanto.—Cause of Byron's separation.

WE found Vixen, as we expected, stiff and cold this morning, and have been employing ourselves in burying her on the banks of the river. Charters has since *sniggled* abundance of trout :

\* \* \* \*

Our Byronic *noctes* were resumed.

“ I saw Byron (some months after his Pisan affray) at Genoa. He had then reduced himself, by a strict system of regimen as to diet, to a perfect shadow, a mere skeleton, as may be judged from Count D'Orsay's sketch of him. He was become, in fact, the thinnest man I ever remember. The Guiccioli used to put her finger in her

cheek to intimate that the hollowness of his visage kept pace with his general emaciation; she did not by any means approve of his Pythagoreanism—his ascetic diet.

“I found him very uncomfortable; he was become tired of the Contessa, and he had also a very *great annoyance*. He was anxious to get to Greece, and full of preparations for his departure—When we parted, I knew it was for ever.

“Nothing can be more dull and unsatisfactory, flat, stale, and unprofitable, than all the accounts we have as yet had of him in Greece.”

“Forrester, however, afterwards surgeon on board of the Convict ship lost off Boulogne, and who went down with her, poor fellow! wrote two very interesting letters describing a visit to him at Missolunghi, a few weeks before Byron’s death.

“Missolunghi is just as wretched a collection of houses and huts as can be well imagined. It stands in the recess of a large and shallow bay, upon a morass which extends from the bay to the foot of the hills, which rise two or three miles inland. The season was very rainy and the houses were insulated among mire and water, the communication being kept up by stepping-stones and attempts at *trottoirs*, which resembled

low walls, in passing over which, the least loss of equilibrium would plunge the unfortunate peripatetic in deep mud. A visit to Lord Byron was our first step in landing; his abode was a tolerable house close to the part of the beach most convenient for landing or going afloat. It had, for the place, great *pretension*, and was approached by a gateway opening into a little miry court-yard, surrounded by a wall, with some small offices on one side. The principal and only tolerable room was approached by an outward stair. Three sides were furnished with sofas in the Turkish taste. A deal shelf, apparently stuck against the wall, was loaded with books; the floor was encumbered with packing-cases, some nailed down, some opened; the latter filled with books, as, I took for granted, were the former. Round the walls were appended to numerous nails and pegs, fowling-pieces and pistols of various descriptions and nations; sabres and yataghans. The corridor or antichamber, or whatever else it might be termed, swarmed with Mainotes and others, armed to the teeth. We were ushered in by Tita, his Lordship's chasseur, who reminded me of the French Sapeurs, as he wore a bushy beard, with his livery,

which was set off by two silver epaulettes. He was an immense fellow, upwards of six feet in height, and although well-proportioned for such a herculean figure, his frame was too large and heavy, for his stature too came within the description of elegant. His page was a young Greek, dressed as an Albanian or Mainote, with very handsomely chased arms in his girdle, and his *maitre-d'hotel*, or fac-totum, an honest looking, though not remarkably elastic Northumbrian, named Fletcher, who seemed, and doubtless with reason, a great favourite with his master.

“I have often seen engravings prefixed to the works of his Lordship; and one which was vaunted as a most striking likeness, had not long before met my eye in every print-shop in London. Of course I entered his house as in a certain degree familiarised to the appearance of its master, but great was my astonishment, although prepared to make a fair allowance to artists, to see before me a being bearing as little resemblance to the pretended fac-simile, as I to Apollo. True, by the representation which had been palmed upon the world, I had certainly been taught to expect one thing which I found—

a long oval face with a handsome nose, and a kind of rapt expression of thoughtfulness, blended with a cynical hint amounting to 'don't think me thoughtful for want of thought;' but instead of the specific style of feature, the absent, unsociable, and supercilious deportment I had been prepared to meet, we were presented with the personification of frankness itself; his countenance enlivened with smiles, and his whole manner the very reverse of anything like abstraction, not to say misanthropy. On the principal of our party, who was a friend of Lord Byron, mentioning our errand, his Lordship immediately volunteered to accompany us to Maurocordato. He asked us to return thence with him to dinner, which we of course accepted; our intercourse was under some ludicrous restrictions. Any communication with Turkey would have classed us among the unclean at any of the Ionian islands, or other parts where certain precautions against the plague are attended to; therefore, as wood has been pronounced a non-conductor, we made it a sort of quarantine case of conscience to sit on a wooden stool and packing cases, and to deny ourselves the luxury of his Lordship's Turkish cushions and sofa.

“But now for our call on Prince Maurocordato. We found him a strong-built man of about five feet seven, of a grave and thoughtful manner; his complexion was of that dirty pale hue, without an approach to red on his cheeks, which every one who has had that opportunity may have remarked to prevail amongst such subjects of the Turkish empire as are in easy circumstances, or not subject to hard labour. His features were large and of a flabby plumpness; forehead high and broad; eyes large, black and expressive; nose aquiline; mouth and chin regular. He wore a black coat, a drab cloth waistcoat, greyish mixture trowsers, with boots; his dress was very threadbare, and obviously not from any excess of brushing; a quantity of strong bushy black hair fell down on the collar of his coat upon his shoulders. His outward man had much the appearance of the inferior class of excisemen in England, or of foremen among mechanics, whose situation and income make it necessary for them to wear a suit for a twelve-month, after it can no longer appear on Sunday and other great occasions. The reason for his wearing this garb is, probably, because the assumption of a Frank dress bespeaks the wearer

in some degree unamenable to the government. For instance, those who are employed by and under the protection of foreign powers, all mount it as a badge of independence ; besides, were Maurocordato to appear in the oriental costume, it would put him to very considerable expense, not to be eclipsed by some in immediate attendance upon him. In communicating with Maurocordato, Lord Byron spoke French, but oftener, Italian, the latter beautifully. As there arose some demur at the idea of restitution, he became warm, and even went so far as to declare that rather than not have it made, he would advance the money out of his own pocket. This of course was instantly declined ; the interview ended in a promise from the prince, to send the sum required at a specified time to the house of Lord Byron.

“ On returning, his lordship went into a very animated and desultory conversation, which savoured much of Beppo and Don Juan, more than of his other productions. Far from showing any of the gloomy misanthropy or wayward shyness he affected in most of his writings, he rattled away in such a harum-scarum manner, that it required an effort to recollect that he had ever

written on a grave or affecting subject, and with such a profusion of smiles upon his countenance, as seemed to leave no space where care might throw in a single sable touch. Now and then, indeed, in efforts to recollect anything, or when arguing with Maurocordato, four or five very expressive furrows would streak his forehead, but they disappeared with the fleeting rapidity of the Aurora Borealis.

“On sitting down to dinner, which, to deliver us from plague and pestilence, was set on a deal table, without the intervention of a cloth, he laughingly apologised for his table, which, from the circumstances wherein he was then placed, was not, as he said, *trop bien montée*; but he felt the less annoyed when he reflected that persons of our profession understood those things, and were of course prepared for all sorts of privations. He then bustled about, actively assisted by Fletcher, who was but poorly aided by the Greek menials in placing the dishes to the best advantage, drawing corks and all the *et cætera* of the table. To dispose the table was rendered a service of some difficulty by its compendiousness. On opening a bottle of wine, and inspecting the complexion of its contents, his lordship question-



ed Fletcher as to its name and lineage. ‘I really don’t know, my lord;’ was the reply. ‘Then away with it,’ he rejoined; ‘I hate anonymous wine.’

“We were five at table, and Count Gamba, the proscribed Neapolitan (*Romagnese*), whose sister the Countess Guiccioli is more familiar to the spreaders of *scandal*, when Lord Byron happens to be the subject, was one.

“I shall spare you the detail of what was said.

“The Greek cause, of course, was expatiated on largely. His Lordship was extremely amusing on the subject of an impression on the minds of some, that Greek liberty was to be achieved by the establishment of a printing-press, which had been sent out by the Greek Committee from London.

“‘To be sure,’ he said, ‘the danger of dealing with them in the style of an English newspaper would be reduced by the general incapacity of the patriots to read what might be written. But still there were not wanting those who, upon a second-hand report of a petty critique, would announce it by tying the machine whence it had issued, round the poor printer’s neck, and dropping both into the nearest pond.’

“One observation of his I must not forget to notice. When speaking of the Ionian Islands he observed—‘On returning to them, I formed a very different, and a much more favourable opinion than I had before entertained, and expressed, of Sir Thomas Maitland’s administration. In short, I found them getting rich under it.’—On being asked if he had seen him when at Corfu, he said—‘I called on him, and he was in the country.’

“This shows that, if he occasionally expressed himself with severity, he was too upright, when he found his opinion more poetical than just, not to confess it; and in this instance, he did so spontaneously, for neither Parga, nor any allusion to the Lord High Commissioner, had been introduced at the time. But his writings vouch that this is not the only instance in which he has shown, as Sir Lucius O’Trigger says, ‘An affront handsomely acknowledged can be made an obligation.’

“On looking over the arms about the room, his Lordship asked the principal of the party if he would like to try a shot with pistols? On his answering affirmatively, they walked up to the landing-place of the outside stairs, from

which they fired at Maraschino bottles, placed on a pilaster in the court, upwards of twelve paces off. They had an equal number of shots. Byron struck each time. His antagonist missed once, although a very good shot. But one of Lord Byron's was excellent :—the upper rim of a bottle which his competitor broke, fell on the top of the pilaster, and remained there, reduced to a size not much larger than a finger-ring. Instead of having another bottle placed, he took aim at this fragment, and reduced it to dust. His precision was the more surprising, because his hand shook as if under the influence of an ague fit, and the time he took to take aim would have made any other man's hand unsteady. On trying at the same marks, placed out of everything like pistol-range, neither succeeded. As each fired, a large Labrador (*Bull*) dog, named Lion, ran and picked up the bottle, which he laid at the bottom of the stair. I remarked to Lord Byron, as we were laughing at his officiousness, 'That is an honest tyke of yours.'—'Oh! oh!' he replied, 'I find you are half a countryman of mine.'—'I answered I was a whole Scotsman.'—'Then, we are half countrymen,' said he; 'my mother was Scotch.'

Forrester's second letter draws another portrait of him, which if faithful, he must be one and several "gentlemen at once."

"Lord B—— is, as near as I can judge, about five feet nine inches in height, and of an athletic make, which is most apparent from the loins downward. The breast having suffered from the attitude acquired through his lameness, which has occasioned a slight stoop in the shoulders in walking, and a correspondent cavity of the breast. His face is pale, and from the angle of one jaw to the other unusually broad. The forehead is remarkably striking and fine. It is very high and convex, and tapers considerably at it ascends. The hair receding at the temples; its surface as smooth as alabaster, except when a moment of abstraction leaves it with lines of thought. His eyes are strikingly expressive, although the colour is not in much *démand* among those who attempt to paint or describe these organs to the most advantage, it being somewhat between a light blue and grey. His eyelashes are long and thick; eyebrows distinct and finely arched, both nearly the colour of his hair. His nose, so far from aquiline and thin, as represented in plates I have seen, rather

inclines to turn up at the point; it is of moderate length, somewhat broad between the alæ, and its ridge rounded, and by no means sharp; in fact, I do not know how I can better characterise it than by saying it is fleshy, and much of that style which is found among athletic, full-faced highlanders of a fair complexion. The upper lip rather short than otherwise; the mouth well proportioned, the lips round and plump without being thick, with a pleasing curl or curve outwards, which, on their being separated in speaking or smiling, display to great advantage a beautifully white, regular set of teeth. His chin is dimpled, and of a paleness which harmonises well with the rest of his face, the point pretty broad, and projecting forwards sufficiently to form an agreeable concavity between it and the upper lip. His hair is parted all over the head into innumerable small spiral curls, about three inches long, which is somewhat surprising, as it is as fine as silk. The effect is very becoming. Its colour light auburn, or perhaps it may be more properly described as light brown, inclining to auburn. It is very glossy, but neither this nor the natural colour of the hair can be perceived, except when seen close, at the distance of

a few yards (five or six); it has a *blond* or light fair appearance, produced by a thick sprinkling of white hairs, which amount to about one-fourth of the whole, and which certainly do not owe their transmutation to the agency of time. It is 'grey but not with years.' His beard is shaved all over the face, except the upper lip, but his *moustache* is certainly no ornament, as it is of a flaxen whiteness, which does not proceed from any change it has undergone like the hair of the head. The head is rather large than otherwise, circular in its horizontal section, and its diameter is long from the base to the vertex, which last is very concave. Complexion fair and florid.

“ The attempt at describing the physiognomy of this great genius, though drawling and inelegant, is, I hope, at least intelligible. At all events, if it can be understood, it may be relied on as correct. His countenance certainly belonged to neither of the styles called Greek or Roman, so much affected by the artist. Yet its *tout ensemble* of contour and expression has more of pleasing and intelligent, than might be found in a dozen of those insipidly regular faces of which every tyro in modelling or drawing can form a given feature at any time desirable for himself

with a pair of compasses. His hands are exquisitely formed, very white, and the \**nails beautiful*. Of the feet I cannot judge, as he wore boots; that on the sound foot was clumsily made, with the view, I suppose, of rendering the shapelessness of the other less apparent by comparison; the right foot, as every one knows, being twisted inwards, so as to amount to that description of distortion generally known by the appellation of club-foot, and though not so deformed as many I have seen, yet it is sufficiently so to occasion a considerable limp in his walk.

“ He wore a deep green hussar jacket, with black woollen shag collar and cuffs, with a profusion of cording, braid, and frogs, a plain black waistcoat, blue trowsers with a broad scarlet stripe on the sides, and a blue foraging cap with a scarlet border and leathern shade.

“ He told me he had for field duty two fancy uniforms, besides that of Lord Sligo’s militia, and he showed us three ponderous helmets, with blue silk starry crests, his arms in front, *Crede Biron*. And this reminds me of a circumstance which, though of little moment, sometimes I have known gives rise to disputes, namely, the pronunciation

\* He must have given up biting them then.—ED.

of his name, some pronouncing it in the French manner, whilst the greatest number adhere to that authorised by the English orthography. His Lordship gave countenance to the former, from a document which he read to us (a manifesto addressed to the Provisional Greek Government, explaining his motives for taking such an active part in support of the cause, disclaiming all selfish views, and declining any denomination of rank or station, civil or military): his name, as it was written in the third person, occurred several times, and this he constantly pronounced in the French way; and, by the by, there existed a *sibileth* in his enunciation. He had a slight burr in uttering words when the letter *r* occurred, such as in Corinth, for instance, and it was far from disagreeable. His voice was sweet and sonorous, his most prevailing mode of expression deliberate, though not slow, and I thought I detected a slight touch of a Scottish accent, which, however, I could not quite satisfy myself existed.

“After whiling away six hours in this highly interesting way, the time fixed for Maurocordato’s ultimatum arrived. Lord Byron was the first to allude to it, by wondering that the answer had



not come. On our leader saying that perhaps he might not send an answer, Lord Byron said —“ O yes ! he will.” A moment after, he left the room for an instant—it struck me, to send a message by way of stimulus, for, in about a quarter of an hour, a young man, whom his Lordship laughingly styled Secretary of State, made his appearance, with a canvas bag in his hand, containing the dollars in question.

Byron laughed at the grave carriage the man put on while counting them, and said —“ Well, I am wronging the poor devils if each dollar is like a drop of their heart’s blood.” My firm opinion is, that the sum ultimately will be made up from his coffers, and I think that was the purport of the message, I believe, he sent. He now said that an attack on the Castle of Lepanto was meditated, in which he was to act as commander-in-chief, which post was thrust upon him on the plea that the troops would be more subordinate to him than any of his countrymen, as Maurocordato said, he had no dependence on any of them except Lord Byron’s Mainotes, amounting to five hundred, unless they could be acted on by the respect they had for him.

“ ‘ I do not know how it will end,’ said his Lordship, gaily ; ‘ but one thing is certain, there is no fear of my running,’ at the same time glancing at his lame foot.

“ He wanted our ship to enter the Straits and go up to the castle to see the result : which the captain said he would do by all means, but was in the first instance under the necessity of running over to Zante for water, which obtained, he would immediately go to Lepanto. Night was advancing, we were forced to bid his Lordship good bye and return on board. This interview took place on the 23rd of January 1824. On the 11th of May following, when at Malta, I heard of his death, which took place at Missolongi on the 19th April 1824.”

“ I have often wished,” said Charters, “ to know the cause of Lord Byron’s separation from Lady Byron, and his self-exile—circumstances that have given rise to so many varying conjectures, and excited so many dark suspicions.”

“ Like Ovid’s banishment, it will perhaps always remain a mystery, at least till the present generation is past. That secret is only known, from Byron himself, to one person, though there is another now in America, into whose hands

his papers fell at Missolonghi, and who may perhaps have discovered in them evidence of this interesting event. But question me no more on the subject. From me, at least, inquiry will be vain. This much I will tell you, that no one who has as yet written on the subject, has afforded the least clue towards the unravelling of the knot. All the arrows shot have fallen wide of the mark."

Thus ended our *noctes*.

## TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

Viper lost.—R.'s return to Bhilt.—Death of Viper and the Otter.—Scenery of Tivy.—Shelley's *Terza Rimas* from Dante.—New Devil's Bridge Hotel.—An Innkeeper's Bill.—Effect of the Welsh Language.—Welsh Funeral Sermon.

Lampeter, 29th June.

WHEN we arose in the morning Viper was missing. R. has been sending messengers in all directions in search of him, but without success. We thought he might have been found at Vixen's grave. There he had certainly been lying, numerous marks of scratching being apparent in the newly turned up earth. After the lapse of several hours his master gave up all hopes of recovering the lost favourite, whom he naturally concluded to have been stolen, and secreted in the town. His otter expedition being thus completely frustrated, he "girded up his loins," and took leave of us to

return to head-quarters at Bhilt, promising to meet me in three months at Geneva.

After breakfast we retraced our steps on the banks of the Tivy, now much swollen by the last night's rains.

We came at length to the spot which had been the scene of the otter hunt, so fatal to the brave little Vixen.

Curiosity led me to look if any fresh *swages* of the dourghie were visible, or if he had forsaken his kennel. To my surprise I perceived some drops of blood—these we followed—they became more numerous, and led to—what do you suppose, reader? Yes, rolled up together, and stiff and cold, were discovered in the embrace of death, the otter and Viper. From the appearance of the ground, the battle had been a desperate one,—the turf was reddened with their gore.

We stood for some time gazing at them in silence. We could not help admiring the determined courage of the otter, but still more the affection of his adversary, and the feeling which led him to brave danger, and revenge the death of one he loved.

It was a memorable incident—a proof of sagacity—an instance of memory, thought, and rea-

soning, combined in one of the canine species, which proves their intellectual superiority (if I may so designate it) to all other animals.

With our spikes we contrived, with some difficulty, to dig a hole large enough in which to deposit the remains of the terrier, and bore off the otter with us as a trophy. I shall retain his skin for R. and give him an account of the occurrence on my arrival at Llandyssil.

We soon reached Pont Gogoyan, and crossing it proceeded leisurely along the banks of the winding river, where we did not cast line this day.

Nothing can surpass the scenery of the Tivy ; the character ever changing—now broad and placid, it walks with a *signorile passo* through meadows green as emerald—now almost stunning with its deafening torrent, and shouting “with a giddy and frantic gladness,”—sometimes confined to a channel of a few yards,—now eddying and boiling like a cauldron in a basin it has worn for itself among the rocks—now shadowed by woods of oak that overhang the whole stream, and make more dark the water, itself of a pitchy blackness, reminding me of Dante’s lines, in the “Purgatorio,” admirably translated by Shelley ; and as the version has never been published, it will serve to

fill up my day's journal better than I can do. I have marked in double inverted commas the words most appropriate to this subject. In no language has inspiration gone beyond this divinest descriptive passage :—

And earnest to explore, within, around,  
That divine wood, whose thick, green, living roof  
Tempered the young day to the sight, I wound

Up a green slope, beneath the starry roof,  
With slow slow steps, leaving the mountain's steep ;  
And sought those leafy labyrinths, motion-proof

Against the air, that in that stillness, deep  
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare,  
Like the sweet breathing of a child in sleep :

Already had I lost myself so far  
Amid that tangled wilderness, that I  
Perceived not where I entered, but no fear

Of wandering from my way disturbed, when nigh  
A little stream appeared ; the grass that grew  
Thick on its banks impeded suddenly

My going on ; “ Water, of purest dew  
On earth, would appear turbid and impure  
Compared with this, whose unconcealing hue,

Dark, dark, yet clear, moved under the obscure  
Of the close boughs, whose interwoven looms  
No rays of moon or sunshine would endure.”

My feet were motionless, but mid the glooms  
Darted my charmed eyes contemplating  
The mighty multitude of fresh May-blooms

Which starred that night; when, even as a thing  
That suddenly for blank astonishment  
Charms every sense, and makes all thought take wing,

Appeared a solitary maid,—she went  
Singing, and gathering flower after flower,  
With which her way was painted and besprent;

“Bright lady! who, if looks had ever power  
To bear true witness of the heart within,  
Dost bask under the beams of love, come lower

Unto this bank,—I prithee, let me win  
This much of thee. Oh come! that I may hear  
Thy song: like Proserpine, in Enna's glen,

Thou seemest to my fancy, singing here,  
And gathering flowers, as that fair maiden when  
She lost the Spring, and Ceres *her* more dear.”

But this is copied at Lampeter, the University  
of this part of Cambria, which we reached at a  
late hour.

There we got into a second *Devil's Bridge*  
hotel—English comforts—port (no English port)  
—English man-waiters, (give me your little Welsh  
*helps*, as the Americans say); and to sum up all,  
English prices, and only the caterpillar in the



heart of the cauliflower forgotten in the bill. Thereby hangs a tale. I was dining at the Castle at Brighton, many years ago. The bill was, as usual, none of the most reasonable. Before the President calculated the quatum to each of the party, he sent for Mr. Tilt, the landlord, and said, loud enough for the whole room to hear,—“Mr. Tilt, you have forgotten an item in the bill?”

“Have I, sir!—I am much obliged—what may it be?”

“You should add,—To a large caterpillar in the heart of the cauliflower, so much; it is the only thing come to table uncharged for in the account.”

We soon found that we were sitting in the Commercial room; our host naturally enough concluding, from our external appearance, that our pockets were not superfluously lined.

In the afternoon came in a rider, dripping wet. He was a short, pursy, laughter-eyed middle-aged man, with a face whose rubicundity did ample credit to beefsteaks and port, of which he was almost a concrete. He had some humour and talent for mimicry, and seemed quite *au fait* in all that related to Wales.

Mr. Bags was in fact a wag, and a considerable acquisition. Speaking of the language of the

ancient Britons, he said, "What I most admire in it is, its virginity, which has remained undeflowered by the admixture of any other dialect. The purity of the Latin was debauched by the Vandals, and Hunned into corruption by an equally barbarous people, but the maiden integrity of the Cymry remains inviolate. It is a tongue, to be sure, not made for every mouth ; as was instanced by a friend of mine, who, having got a Welsh polysyllable in his throat, would have been inevitably choked with consonants, had I not clapped him on the back, made him disgorge a guttural or two, and so saved him."

Among other buffooneries he, in the course of the evening, repeated to us the following orthodox funeral sermon, which he pretended to have heard delivered last Sunday ; but I mightily suspect I have seen it in print, and that it has passed through several editions, which, indeed, its intrinsic merit deserves it should. *Le voilà :—*

"Tearly peloved prethren, I am here among you to make a creat preachment upon a tead body. My text is in the ten and twentieth chapter of *Macabes*, the ferse, indeed, I cannot fery well remember, but I am sure it was there ; the worts are these, *figitate* and *orate*, that is to say,

*watch and pray.* I will stick to my text, I will warrant you.

“ Our creat crand-father Adam was a fery cood old man, inteed, truth he was, and lif’d in Cod’s own house, in Paradise, a fery fine place, I will warrant you ; he had all things profided to his hands ; he needed not to puy a spoon or a stock-ing ; he hat all sort of trees, as plumb-trees, pear-trees, sherry-trees, and codling-trees, but for want of cood-take-heid, hur was fall. Our creat crand-mother Efe, a plague take her, must needs go rop an orchard, the tephil shew’d hur the way, for there is no mischief on foot but tephil and the woman must hafe a finger in the pie ; so hur was come home, and persuade hur husband to eat some of hur stolen apple—it was Cod’s mercy it did not stick in hur throat and choak him. After this, she was profe with child, and prought to pet of prafe poy, and call hur name, I cannot fery well remember—Oh ! Cain, aye, Cain ; it was this prafe poy, but unlucky rogue, like hur mother. After this, hur was prought to ped of another prafe poy, and call hur name Apel, oh ! that was cood lad ; and now I come to part with my text ; hur was pray, and had hur watch too, pefore Cod, hur prother Cain had not come behind hur

pack and knock hur prains out. This was mur-thering fillan, so hur was forced to out-run hur country, and go into a strange land, which taught hur strange tricks. O this sin of murther, my peloved, prought heafy shudgment upon the earth; and what do you think it was? I will tell you then. It prought these lawyers, and pum-pailiffs to rop the people of their estate and money. After this, my peloved, was come another sin upon the earth, and prought heafier shudgment along with it; and what do you think that was? I will tell you then. It prought these consuming catpillars—these destroying locusts—these hellish vermin, joined together with excisemen and custom-house officers, to pry into every nook, and look into every corner for trop of cood trink, marry; Cod confound them all, and from them *libera nos Domine*, that is to say, cood Lord deliver us.

“My peloved, peware, I peseech, of this loathsome sin of trunkenness, for our creat crandfather, Noah, had no sooner scape scouring in the ark, and cot safe to land acain, put he went to the first ale-house he could find, and then was trink, trink, trink all day, and all night, and then come home trunk, and apuse hur family; so I

doubt it is with too many of you. My pelofed, at the treadful day of shudgment, when the pastors shall be called to gife an account of the sheep delifered to their sharge, and when the poor unworthy Parson of Llangwilliadurnog, shall be call to gife an account for the sheep delifer to my sharge,—when the Lord calls I will not hear, and when him call again I will not answer; and when him call a third time, I will say as old Eli bid Samuel say, Lord, speak, thy servant heareth thee; and when he ask me for the sheep delifered to my sharge, pefore Cot, I will tell him flat and plain, you are all turned coats (*i. e.*) goats.”

“If Julian were here,” I said to Charters, “I would beg him to send this fine specimen of pulpit eloquence to the Cheltenham ‘Qui Hi,’ or his fat friend.”

“Thanks to the stranger,” replied Charters, (addressing him;) it has proved an excellent *Closer* to our *soirée*.”

## THIRTIETH DAY.

A large Otter. — A Welsh Curate. — Tale of the Twin Brothers.

Llanwnnen.

WE have weighed the otter, and find that he exceeds 30lbs.; it is the largest the Tivy has ever produced, says one of its oldest fishermen here.

Charters declares, that were he in Lapland, he would hire a witch to bring good weather. It has poured all day, and two miles and a half have been the extent of our march.

We met at the Inn with a venerable-looking man, his hair silvered by years more than travels by sea and by land, or the troubles of life, for he prided himself on two things, — never having been fifty miles from his own house, and at

having escaped that “*pace divortium*,”\* — marriage. He was the curate of the parish. Was it possible to find a better chronicler? I asked him if he could amuse us with no tradition of Llanwnnen? He replied in the affirmative, but that the tale would be long; a hint which we understood well, for it implied a wish to partake of our punch. It was not till he had discussed several glasses, (not Irish, but wine glasses,) that he felt disposed to gratify our curiosity. The circumstances he related having occurred in the place, added, doubtless, to the interest of his simple, though not short annals. Interest they did us, (who were disposed to be pleased,) whatever they may the reader; though certainly thus much is to be said in favour of the village historian, that he told the story in his own way; I mean to tell it in mine:

“THE TWIN BROTHERS.

“Little would you imagine, gentlemen, that this quiet village has been the nurse of great crimes. I am told that the savages make a demon the object of their idolatry, with the view of depre-

\* So says Petrarch. It is not generally known that he is the author of the most “*sanglante*” satire on the sex, ever written. Vide “*De remediis utriusque fortunæ*.”—ED.

cating his wrath; and we still are forced to admit in our church and dread the immediate agency of Satan, whose power would appear to be undiminished, notwithstanding the great redemption. Such at least is the inference you will draw from my narrative, and agree with the Psalmist, that ‘we are born in sin.’

“I was trying to remember some dates, but they have escaped me. Dates are written in in sand, whilst facts (with me) are traced in bronze; and those in this case are as fresh as though they had been engraven yesterday.

“To distinguish characters and letters at a distance which are invisible near the eye, is a proof of its defect; so the vivid recollection of long by-gone events, whilst every-day occurrences leave no memory of themselves, is the mark of the mind’s decay. Such is mine; old age creeps upon me apace. But I am forgetting my story.

“As far back as I can remember anything, a Sassenach and his wife came to reside at Llanwnnen. He had purchased a small estate on the banks of the river about a quarter of a mile down, and built a cottage there in the English style;—to-morrow I will take you to the spot. It was the neatest and prettiest abode in all this



part of the country, and possessed what you call comfort, of which our Gwalladwrs have no idea, our language no word to express. It is now a ruin; the fences down, and the cattle browse there at will; but it was a pleasure to see it in those days: the walls nicely whitewashed; the porch with its double bench, the sides and roof covered with woodbines, and here and there a festoon hanging over the arched entrance; the flower-plot divided into equal compartments, and the garden behind, containing, besides such esculents as we are too idle to cultivate, many fruit trees, planted by the proprietor's own hand. I should have spoken of him first, but you must let me ramble on in my own way.

“I will tell you how this family happened to make choice of our village for their residence. The new comer had wedded a Welsh girl, (a native of Cardiganshire,) and having few relations of his own in England, had been persuaded by his bride, (for such she then was,) to settle in Wales. We Welsh are very inquisitive: I remember hearing that, like his father before him, he had been from boyhood in the service of Lord Arundel, at Wardour, and had quitted the castle on his marriage with two thou-

sand pounds of savings in the funds—a considerable fortune. He was a tall, slight-built man of forty years of age, with a strongly-marked countenance, and a complexion dark as a Spaniard's; and we supposed, from his being a Papist, that he was of foreign extraction. Three or four years after his arrival, his wife bore him twins; and about the same time an old lady, a connexion of his, with her niece, an orphan child, also arrived. These latter lived in the village, and made a pleasing addition to the strangers' circle. They were obliged to depend on their own little colony for acquaintanceship,—for if it be a fault among us Britons, we are strongly prejudiced in matters of faith. One reason these were looked upon as infidels was, that they made no difference between the Lord's day and any other day in the week; and it was only once a month that they had service performed, (or rather went to mass,) when an itinerant priest officiated, never failing to think of their spiritual welfare, on his way from Barmouth to Monmouth, where there are chapels. They were very hospitable, and no doubt the good padre found it an excellent resting-place for man and horse. Our neighbours will hardly admit Catholics to be Christians; they

thought the crucifix at the head of the bed a profanation, and the Madonna and Child, in the niche of the wall, a species of idolatry. I am of that opinion also ; but this I will say, that if the sect to which they belonged all resembled them, it would have been as well that some of our scoffing drunkards should have become converts to their mode of belief.

“But to return to the twins, for thereby hangs my tale. Never were there two boys, not to say brothers, in form and feature so different as Ferdinand and Frederick. The elder was the miniature of his father ; his complexion Moorish ; his locks curled over his neck, black as the plumes of a raven ; his eyes were of a corresponding colour, and a gloomy fierceness lurked in them which showed the embryo workings of those passions which afterwards made him a terror to others and a misery to himself. The younger was a fair pale boy. Partiality is blamable in parents when it is regulated by the personal qualities of the object ; but the violence of temper in the one, his stubbornness and love of mischief, could not but be the more obvious from that comparison which the docility, meekness and affection of the other naturally challenged,

making him at least the favourite of his mother, to whom he bore a striking resemblance; and whilst the first-born came into the world with a strong and hardy constitution, the second was weak and puny, and I have heard a gossip say, he was at first judged by some, hardly worth the trouble of rearing. Not so thought she who gave him being; and this her maternal solicitude and the fine air of our hills made him soon, if not robust, healthy.

“The love and affection of twins has been almost proverbial; so devoted, indeed, is frequently their attachment, that instances have been known of one dying of grief for the loss of the other. These had drawn their life’s blood from the same fountain; had eat out of the same bowl, and slept on the same couch; yet, from infancy, Ferdinand was observed to exhibit an aversion he did not attempt to conceal, for Frederick. Cruelty in the former might be said to be second nature; his delight was, as soon as he could go alone, to torture every insect or creeping thing, however harmless, chance threw in his way: to spin cockchafers, to crush worms, or thread them; to listen to the shrill plaintive buzz of flies in the fangs of spiders — these were his early sports.

When tired of agonizing the brute creation, he would love to torment his brother,—waken him by running needles in his flesh when he was asleep; do mischief, and then tax him with the commission of it, and long himself, when he got him punished, to inflict it.

“And here I must repeat the remark with which I set out, that vice seems to be innate; for it is else unaccountable whence Ferdinand inherited his evil dispositions, seeing that his parents were excellent, charitable people both, that the same pains were taken with the education of the two children, that they were subject to the same influences, and exposed to no associations which could corrupt their minds or morals. Never, in fact, were human beings so dissimilar; they might have passed for the embodiments of the good and evil principle.

“There is another of the *dramatis personæ* in this tragedy, to whom I must introduce you. It is the niece of the good dame of whom I spoke. Unlike our peasant girls, who lose all the gentler graces and attractions of the sex by hard labour and exposure to the sun, she was of a slender, delicate, and sylphish form, and like the woodbine on the porch I spoke of, seemed to require

support. Her artless innocence and gentleness gave her an inexpressible charm ; so that, as she grew up, the prejudice against the strangers on account of their religion was not extended to Agnes. Never had modesty and beauty a fairer shrine ; the whole village almost adored her.

“I shall make a long span in the strangers’ lives and bring the three young people to seventeen. At this critical period, when the girl expands into the woman as the bud into the flower, I observed in May, (the year I quite forget,) Agnes, following the course of the Tivy, or wandering among the hills, in ‘twilight converse hand in hand,’ with a youth, whose beauty was almost feminine, but the elasticity of his gait, the nobleness of his gestures, and the fire in his eye, showed a fearless independence of spirit, at variance with the delicate slimness of his form, and the fair and silken locks which profusely shadowed his blooming cheek. There is a language soothing yet melancholy, in the sound of falling waters, and the murmuring of the leaves in spring, which speaks irresistibly to young hearts and is the food of love. The mind, it is said, when left to its own choice, naturally seeks its antitype ; no wonder, then,

that these two beings, brought up as they were from infancy together, should have mutually contributed to nourish in each other a resemblance they could not fail to discern; that they should have been drawn together by a mutual sympathy of tastes and feelings; that they should have loved each other unconsciously, without telling their love. If to be sad when absent; to part with regret, and meet with rapture, be love: this did Frederick and Agnes. Their parents could not fail to observe, and saw with pleasure this ripening attachment; and as she daily replenished with fresh flowers the vase before the shrine of the Virgin, and offered up prayers to her whom she looked upon as the mediatrix with the Son, and to whom she could mentally confess every secret of her soul, Agnes never omitted to mingle another name with her own orisons.

“We have for some time lost sight of the serpent in this paradise, for such it might have been but for Ferdinand. There is an old saw, that ‘idleness is the root of all evil.’ Though it was not the root, it gave additional vigour to his passions and maturity to his vices. Instead of improving his mind, as did his brother, by reading

and listening to his father's experience and instructions, and assisting him in the culture of his little farm and garden, he roamed the country round, in the prosecution of low amours, in frequenting the neighbouring fairs, and associating himself with dissolute and idle characters, who were not wanting among the assembled multitudes on these occasions. It was a mystery how he contrived to obtain money for the indulgence of his excesses. He frequently slept out of the cottage, and it was suspected that his nights were not solely occupied in laying springes for the Squire's hares, or in shooting by moonlight his pheasants. He had frequently been summoned before the magistrates for these offences; had been fined; and once only escaped imprisonment on account of his youth. But the warnings of the Bench served to excite his derision. He called law the tyranny of the strong over the weak, and hardened daily more and more — looked upon crime undiscovered, as no crime! Such was Ferdinand ere he had attained his eighteenth year.

“After an absence of some days from home, as the evening was just closing in he had



crossed the ford and was treading the path which wound from the church to his home, when he perceived two persons seated on the greensward. The air was still, and the blooms of the white thorn, that formed their canopy, mingled its odours with the violets, which thickly carpeted the bank. They were so earnestly engaged in conversation, so absorbed in each other, that they were insensible to the stealthy step of the wolf that was so near the fold. It was not so dark, but Ferdinand recognized at a glance, Agnes and his brother. Locked in his arms was one of her hands; she held in the other the strings of her straw bonnet, whilst her head, with its profuse and massy ringlets, rested, in the abandonment of confiding affection, on the half-hidden shoulder of her delighted lover. Our great poet has shown us Satan in the garden of Eden, when he saw the innocent dalliance of our first parents: not much less harrowing to the envious and malignant soul of Ferdinand, was the sight of this loving and beloved pair.

“ His slumbers that night were broken by the vision of the fair Agnes. It was not that he loved her. A heart so hard, so depraved as his,

was incapable of love ; but her charms, to which he had till then been insensible, roused his passions, and his brain, fertile in evil, suggested a variety of schemes for their gratification. The next morning he betimes visited her cottage.

“ Perhaps a finer specimen of manly beauty did not exist than Ferdinand. He had as yet never sued in vain ; and, despising the inferior pretensions of his brother, with a confidence that his addresses would be irresistible, he openly declared his passion ; but all he met with from the terrified girl was, the rejection of his suit.

“ You must excuse here my making some reflections, which a coming scene suggests.

“ There is a difference between a *divine*, and a religious man. The first understands the scriptures, the other practises them. Thus religion and morality are terms that have nothing in common among the Catholics. Religion with them is a form, a ceremony, a rite ; but no tie, no pledge of virtue, no check to vice ; and a man may be constant at mass and confession whose heart is black with every crime. Thus Ferdinand was at that time not only a *good* Catholic, but a believer in all its superstitions. There

is a strange custom, once prevalent in this country, but now happily almost abolished, called ‘the offering of an enemy.’\* Incredible as such wickedness may seem, this unnatural brother resolved to perform the Druidical vow. For this purpose he set out the same day for Barmouth. Having reached that place, he repaired without delay to the chapel, and on his knees, and with great earnestness, making an offering in money, invoked the saint, before whose shrine he had prostrated himself, to hear imprecations and curses at which the soul recoils, and my tongue dare not repeat, on the head of his brother, and the innocent object of his affections, and ended with for ever disclaiming all the ties of blood, and dooming them to his unremitting vengeance here, and to that of the saint hereafter, whom he fancied he thus had not only pledged to the accomplishment of his vow, but had made a participator of every crime he might commit.

\* The Welsh language is strong in curses; that in “Kehama,” the “Giaour,” or “Tristram Shandy,” are trifles in comparison. The vulgar one is called “Offrwn Gelyn;” the classic, “Melldith Galon;” that of a witch, “Rhaib Gwrach;” and the sacrifice of an enemy, such as is here mentioned to be made, “Aberth Galon.”—ED.

“ This diabolical rite concluded, he found, on coming back to the place of his birth, preparations making for the nuptials of those whom he had by a solemn mockery of religion devoted to destruction, and, fertile in expedients, after abandoning several, one of which was *murder*, he hit upon a scheme suggested by the Devil, that was crowned with perfect success. He concealed himself for three days in the neighbourhood, before he could carry it into effect.

“ His father had, a short time before, received his dividends. The place where he deposited them was known to Ferdinand, and by a false key, from an impression in wax, one night, when the family were locked in sleep, he entered the cottage unobserved, stole a considerable portion of the guineas, and deposited them in his brother's trunk.

“ The loss was immediately discovered, and in the midst of the trouble, occasioned by this unaccountable event, he showed himself. His indignation and abhorrence of the crime were well assumed. The hypocrite! Can we judge by the minerals on the surface what the centre of the globe contains? By his innuendoes he excited suspicions against Frederick. A search was

made and the lost gold, together with the false key, found hidden among his linen.

“ Against such damning evidence of guilt what protestations of innocence had availed? The seeming culprit had not a word to say in his defence,—stood staring in the vacancy of idiotism. But who, at that trying moment, can paint the heart-rendings of his parents—the affliction of his betrothed? Suffice it to say that he was thrust by his satanic brother, ignominiously, like our first parents, from Eden—Were his sufferings less? No.—A few posts brought the intelligence that he was at Portsmouth, had enlisted himself as a soldier, and was about to embark on foreign service. Two letters announced this event; one was to Agnes. He in them, without accusing any one, solemnly protested his innocence, desired her to forget that such a being as himself had ever existed, said that he should never cease to pray for her happiness and that of his deluded and adored parents, and concluded by taking of them an eternal farewell.

“ I shall not detain you, as I might do, with a list of the miseries that were entailed on these two families during fifteen years subsequent to this memorable circumstance; nor enter into the

adventures of the young exile during his campaigns. He distinguished himself in the regiment into which he entered by his bravery and good conduct, and long before he obtained his discharge and pension, had had his jacket ornamented by the honourable addition of the badge of a non-commissioned officer.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ It was on the 29th of November that a sunburnt, soldier-like man, of a middle-age, with a broad scar on his cheek, was crossing the wild and desert tract, called Alti-Wallis,\* that lies between Pencader and the Gwilly. There was at that time only a cattle path over the mountain, and the road that has since been cut through the solid rock was not begun. He appeared lost in thought, and heedless of the precipices which yawned around him on every side. His countenance and appearance betrayed rather fatigue of mind than body, and it was late in the day when he entered a public house, near Llanwilly, and not very distant from where New Inn now stands, to take some refreshment. A party, very boisterous in their cups, were assembled round a table in the kitchen, and

\* Supposed to be derived from Alta Wallia.—ED.

a dark ferocious man, in whose cheek the jaundice of evil passions had supplanted its natural hue, was exciting the vociferous applause of his pot-companions by recounting a recent affray in which he had been engaged with the revenue officers in assisting to land some kegs from a smuggling cutter. The cruel delight with which he minutely circumstantialized that scene of bloodshed, excited in the stranger a disgust he could not altogether conceal. Yet though he shrank from the language of the orator, he was obliged to listen to it; the tones of the man's voice and features also struck him as not unfamiliar, and made him conclude they had served together in one of his campaigns, but where he could not call to mind; and when his eyes met those of the ruffian they reflected a glance which seemed to say that he was considered a spy and an intruder. Having quenched his thirst with a draught of ale, the traveller prosecuted his journey.

By the time he reached Pencarrwg, the sun had set in a thick bank of vapours, and the dark, like that in tropical climes, 'came at one stride.' His road lay across a dismal waste, and the blasts that howled rustlingly over the dry heather and

withered grass, seemed to him the footsteps of departed spirits. There are certain moments when the mind is peculiarly alive to such chimerical ideas, and the stranger, whom you may conjecture to be Frederick, was not undivested of some of the superstitions of that country which had been his foster-mother. As he continued to follow almost mechanically what he thought the path, he observed, or thought he observed, a *canewelly corff*, or coffin candle, which you call a will-of-the-wisp, flitting with a dubious and dancing light before him. It retired as he advanced, and led him into a quagmire, from which he had some difficulty in extricating himself. On emerging from it, the lost track was at length regained, and he calculated that he was only three miles from the ford at Llanwnnen, where the river flows peaceably along as might have done the current of his days but for one whom I have had too often occasion to mention—his brother.

“ His mind gradually concentrated itself in one thought—in one object—that most unnatural brother—until a series of portraits, like the ghosts in Macbeth, passed in review before his eyes, and at length assumed the shape of the ferocious smuggler at the inn—when—he suddenly felt



his hand in another hand. The person, whoever it might be, that seized it, seemed to him, as well as he could distinguish objects through the gloom, of gigantic stature and superhuman strength, and his bewildered imagination conjured up in the mysterious being some infernal dæmon. His fingers were icy cold, and Frederick shrank from their pressure as from the paralysing touch of a torpedo. His efforts to disengage himself from the grasp of the unknown were feeble and unavailing, and, like a canoe within the drift of an unnavigable cataract, he was dragged resistlessly along, and fancied himself, like its fate-devoted boatman, rushing to inevitable destruction. Horror tied his tongue. His incomprehensible guide preserved an obstinate silence. At length he faltered out some inarticulate words. A laugh of scorn, which echoed like the yell of a \**ubain* among the mountains, was the only response.

“ They were now on the edge of some lofty and broken rocks. Their bases met in the narrowed channel of the Tivy, whose raging torrent, as it flashed in a sheet of foam through the chasm, revealed the height at which they stood, and set

\* A *ubain* is a ghastly tall female spectre, supposed to stand at cross-roads howling.—ED.

up a hoarse and subterranean voice, whose tones sounded in his ears like the tolling of a funeral knell. The spot was three miles below Llanwnnen; it was familiar to him, for when a boy he had often hurled stones over the precipice, and listened to the splintering of the fragments against its iron-bound sides, till they were absorbed into the gulph.

“‘ You will never see Llanwnnen,’ with a deep unmodulated voice, in concert with that of the torrent, roared the mysterious stranger.

“‘ Who art thou?’ gasped convulsively the soldier with accents faltering from indescribable emotions, in which some superstitious fears still mingled : ‘ Who art thou?’

“‘ Who?—thy evil genius, sent into the world at the same moment as thyself to be thy tormentor, thou my victim,’ with a wild ecstasy, rejoined the unknown. ‘ Dost thou not know by the pressure of my hand how I love thee?’

“‘ Who art thou?—speak,’ repeated the other, in a voice almost inaudible through its tremulousness, as the hand that grasped him almost forced the blood through his nails.

“‘ Ha! ha! ha! What! not know me yet? Has time obliterated all my boyish kindnesses to

thee—my matured affections? Unnatural and ungrateful, hast thou renounced one of the dearest ties—disownest thou thy brother?’ (The same infernal laugh ended as it had begun the sneer.)

“ The strangeness of the adventure had so disordered Frederick’s faculties, his brain was so dizzy from the rapidity with which he had been whirled along, that though his imagination had conjured up on the heath Ferdinand in the person of the identical ruffian at the inn, as actually appearing by his side, reason almost immediately rejected the idea as suggested by supernatural agency. The withdrawal of the film from his eyes diminished none of the horror which inspired him—as well might words such as brother never used to brother; yet strange to say, so strong was the tie of blood—of that blood which once circulated in their joint frames—such was the goodness of his heart, that he felt at this moment he could have forgiven him all his wrongs, and with an accent which betrayed this feeling—all he could articulate was

“ ‘ My brother !’

“ ‘ Yes, thy brother !’ (ironically, and laying a stress on each syllable of the word, howled Ferdinand,) ‘ thy brother who loves thee as Cain

did Abel. Dost thou remember in what way *he* showed his love?’

“ ‘Talk not so wildly,’ expostulated Frederick, more in sorrow than anger; ‘fifteen years have passed since we met, Ferdinand; and is thy heart the same—unchanged by my long absence?—Has all that I have suffered—you have suffered—divorced from it none of those evil passions of your boyhood?—abated none of that hate thou knowest I never in word or deed provoked, a hate which ‘grew with your growth, and strengthened with your strength,’ till it became, in its rankness, the poison of your being—till, in order to sate its venom, you did not hesitate to spurn the laws of nature and of God, to affix on my good name the stigma of the worst of crimes—for ever sunder the ties that bound a son to a father—till you drove me from my native country, from my home, and more than all—,’

“ ‘All this is nothing,’ interrupted the other, ‘my abhorrence of thee rankles in me still; a strange delight runs tingling up and down my veins to feel that thou art in my power.’

“ ‘—More than all,’ added the younger brother, unattending to his words, ‘blighted all my hopes of happiness—crushed in the bud the affections of

two fond hearts—eternally tore me from my first, my only, my devoted love?’

“ ‘*Thy* love!’ (echoed contemptuously the wretch.) ‘*Thine*! Say mine, rather. No, I never loved her; should not have sought her love, had she not loved *thee*. Yet, she was fair. Do you remember one May-day evening, when you half-encircled her, nay, when your lips met, on the banks of the Tivy?’

“ ‘It was the evening of the mutual acknowledgement of our passion, the seal of our love:—Why dost thou plunge a poniard in my heart by the remembrance?’—A deep groan followed the words.

“ His tormentor was silent, as if mentally enjoying and not wishing to interrupt the bitter thoughts with which he had racked his victim, and at last said—

“ ‘Imagine how the first Tempter looked and felt when he witnessed the embraces of the first pair, and you may judge what those caresses worked in me. You remember my five days’ absence from home. I then pronounced on you both ‘the curse of an enemy.’ The solemn vow was registered above—shall be ratified. *Thy* time is come. For *her*! The frail thing has even glutted *my* thirst of vengeance!’

“ ‘Fiend ! thou mean’st not what thou sayest ! Never could the atrocity of guilt’ (gasped Frederick, as the dreadful conviction of the truth of his brother’s words flashed on his mind) ‘harbour aught against the virgin innocence and purity of Agnes !’

“ ‘Fiend ! sayest thou ?’ (with a guttural and inwardly suppressed rattle, that bespoke his exultation, ejaculated the dæmon,) ‘I thank—thank thee for the word ; ’tis well applied. It sounds like a term of endearment. Invent for me some new phrase of execration. Invoke on me some unheard-of unimagined curse.—Wouldst thou know the fate of thy beloved ?’

“ There was no reply ; for Frederick, struck with the numbness of one who has been bitten by some deadly reptile, and is conscious that all medicines are vain, that the mortal venom is momentarily working its way to the heart—awaited the revelation.

“ It was not long delayed. With a quiet, composed, apathetic delivery, as though he were relating some indifferent occurrences, the elder brother continued :—

“ ‘I construe your silence into an affirmative. You shall be gratified. It was not till you had

been chased from home with infamy, that I was sensible to the charms of Agnes, to the dove-like tenderness and softness of her eye—to her budding beauties—the luxurious symmetry of her rounded limbs. Love, in my definition of the word, means passion, and such I madly felt for her. She was long inconsolable at your loss; but the certainty of *your* crime—the unworthiness of the object—shame—by degrees wore away your impression from her fair and guiltless bosom. It is said, that a woman crossed in love is ever alive to a new attachment, and that, either from hurt affection or pride, her heart yearns to have the void filled up. Thus, her step regained its elasticity, her eye its fire, her cheek its bloom. These signs of her convalescence I marked. It was then that I devoted all my time and attentions to her, pleaded the ardour of my passion, and perceived, with a malignant pleasure, that she daily listened to these protestations with less impatience. At this time her relative died. I had already buried the other two.—She *was now* an orphan. I sympathised with her. We mingled our sighs; sometimes our tears. Her's I wiped away with kisses. What a frail, feeble thing is woman! We naturally adopt the habits of the country in which

we live. Here nothing is more common than that the ceremony of marriage succeeds the consummation of the rite. Overcome by my vows of eternal regard, she, in a moment of weakness, yielded to the seductive and resistless empire of the senses. How worthless is the flower once plucked from the stalk! Such she seemed to me. The tie of marriage ill suited the roaming, and somewhat *strange* life I led. When she spoke of our wedding, I derided her credulity. The shock occasioned premature delivery. The child was stillborn. She *did* partly recover her *health*; but her mind—her mind—was irrecoverably gone. Would you hear more?’

“ Like the ‘ wedding guest,’ who was forced to listen to the tale of one who had been transformed into a fiend by misery, being held by the spell of ‘ his skinny hand and glittering eye,’ or as a bird is fascinated by the rattlesnake, till it falls to be enveloped in its folds; so this unhappy man could not ‘ choose but hear read’ the catalogue of these cold-blooded villanies. He staggered as one who had received a death-stab from some unseen assassin. A weight was on his brain, oppressing him with a sense of suffocation—a cold—a creeping of the flesh—like that felt by the



Arabian Prophet when touched by the hand of a supernatural being. Savage, vindictive, obdurate in cruelty, as he knew this blot on humanity to be, Fancy, in all her miscreations, could not have pictured to him the capability of such an execrable crime.

“ Frederick at length recovered from the shock his reason had sustained — disengaged himself from the viper’s grasp, and vented on him the outpourings of his soul in words which would have been daggers to all but this wretch ‘ without a name.’

“ A laugh, like that of some fallen angel over an extinguished world—a long, loud, dæmoniac laugh, mingling strangely with the roar of the fall, and seeming to have with it a mysterious sympathy, told that the ‘ denouement’ of the scene was not far distant.

“ ‘ Thy curses,’ shouted Ferdinand, ‘ have been the sweetest music to my ears. You can guess why I have dragged you hither. Hark!—the cataract sends up a voice of reproach—chides my delay—is impatient to receive you. Sound not its measured pauses like a death-watch?—Now will I hurl thee down, and store up the memory of this hour to be among the comfortable of my

after-thoughts. You are here a traveller, unknown—a stranger—no eye sees us.’

“‘Yes!’ awe-struck, gasped Frederick; ‘the eye of God.’

“‘Little recks he of our deeds; think you, in the care of so many worlds, and of existences to which we are perhaps worms, that he finds leisure to think of such as thee and me?—I have no remorse, and know no natural fear of that bugbear, priest-invented—that hereafter, about which such as you prate, and in which I was once so besotted as to believe.’

“‘To these scoffs, and the killing blasphemy of words, at which the soul recoils, the tongue falters to utter, the younger brother made no answer, but mentally addressed a prayer to the great Author of his being, and that done, felt a confidence in his superintending providence. The designs of this new Cain were no longer a secret, Frederick felt himself armed with power from on high to make a determined effort for the preservation of that life to which, though it may have nothing further to live for, he, in common with all in such a moment, instinctively clung. He had by a miracle escaped every other wound than that in his cheek, during the numerous pitched

battles in which he had been engaged ; his muscles were steel-hardened by service, and fortified by constant exercise ; whilst debauchery for two days at the Inn had somewhat unbraced the nerves and diminished the else superior energies of his enemy. Ere he could fold him in his arms, Frederick had retreated seven or eight paces, and as good luck would have it found a ledge of rock which offered a good arena. He had been in the habit of wrestling with a North-countryman in the regiment to which he belonged, and, this his antagonist being taller and stouter than himself, had learnt by experience those artifices which were requisite to make the contest equal ; he therefore prepared his mind for the onset, and was resolved to put in practice arts to which he had often owed the victory.

“ It was well that the night shrouded this mortal and unnatural conflict. It was begun by Ferdinand, who, confident in his superior strength, and thinking he could lift his brother with the ease a mother lifts a three years’ child, with that view seized and clasped him in a muscular embrace. But other legs were twined about his own ; and making up by suppleness and agility for some inequality of weight and height, Fre-

derick succeeded in throwing him a heavy fall on the rock. Had the former possessed himself of the advantage gained, he might have prevented the adversary from rising again, but whilst he stood irresolute how to act, the savage sprang up, and rushing at him with redoubled venom, enclosed him again in his arms. The struggle this time was long protracted ; on one side stimulated by deadly animosity, and thirst of blood ; on the other, it must be now confessed, by a sense of injuries such as no brother ever received from brother, so that both were inflamed with an almost equal rancour. Their arms, legs, and bodies were confused together, till they resembled, in the complexity of their folds and contortions, two serpents interlaced. The comparison, however, only applies to that reptile in human shape, Ferdinand, who, feeling that his strength gradually began to fail, endeavoured to extricate himself, and succeeded, and being on the side most distant from the precipice, and having longer arms, now threw himself with all his might against his brother : he staggered with the shock, and for three paces was obliged to give way, till a projecting mass of stone at length afforded him a footing-place. He stood firm, and making a buttress of

his left leg, and lowering his head, drove it like a battering-ram against the other's chest. He recoiled; the head now became a lever or pivot on which to whirl Ferdinand round, who, changed in his position from rear to front, was driven step by step backwards towards the chasm. The danger now was, lest the victor should be involved in one fate with the vanquished. The latter felt his end approaching; a panic seized him, whilst Frederick, exerting all his last remaining energies, threw him off with a sudden jerk — he lost his balance beyond recovery, made one reel, and, with a yell of execration, toppled over the yawning abyss. A heavy sound and then a deep sullen plunge broke the monotonous roar of the torrent, and proclaimed that it had sucked him into eternity."

The good curate here made many moral reflections on the sin of fratricide, into which I shall not ask my readers to follow him, particularly as it was evident that they had formed part of a sermon on the Death of Abel. The only way in which we could hope for any end to this out-of-place and edifying less than amusing homily, was to question him as to the sequel of the tale. He continued it thus:

"At midnight Frederick found himself at a

cottage in the village; the door was half open—he entered. A dying lamp was disposed in a niche of the wall, and shed an ambiguous light, which, as it flickered, served to show the Mater Dolorosa with her eyes turned towards a crucified Saviour, chased in ivory. On her knees before this well-known shrine, was bent in adoration a female figure. Her dress was strange and negligent; her hair, fantastically wreathed with pansies, streamed in dishevelled strings over her shoulders, and across her breast hung trailing on the floor a massy cross of ebony, attached to a row of beads of the same material. So profoundly wrapped in her devotions, so motionless was that faded image of poor Agnes, that she looked as though she had been carved ‘in monumental stone,’—transformed into a statue by grief. At length, deep sighs seemed to rend her bosom; she wrung her pale thin hands in despair, and with the clear and plaintive voice whose familiar tones thrilled to the very bottom of his soul, sang the following prayer, which, learnt at the commencement of her malady, she, poor maniac, had continued mechanically to repeat.

Oh! graciously incline

On me one look of thine!

Lady of many griefs, remember mine!

No mother grieved as thou hast done ;  
Deep in thy soul the sword is gone !  
Thy looks are fix'd upon thy dying Son !

Thou to the Father turn'st thine eyes ;  
Thy bosom sends up sighs on sighs  
To Heaven, for him thou lovest, and thine own agonies.

My wounds—what power can heal them !  
My pangs—what tongue reveal them !

The deadly pangs, that rack me to the bone !  
How keen this poor heart's anguish is,  
For what it throbs, pines, languishes !

Thou only know'st—none other, Thou alone !

'Tis woe ! 'Tis woe ! 'Tis woe  
Follows where'er I go !

To quit my side no more ; oh ! never more !  
I moan, and moan, and moan,  
And alway am alone !

This broken heart is aching at the core !

The shatter'd vase that 'neath my window lay,  
I water'd with my tears ! Ah ! well-a-day !  
How happy were the hours  
When on the May-day morn I cull'd those flowers !

A sleepless watch this bosom since has kept,  
For ere the sun peer'd through the panes, I wept ;  
Uprose in wild dismay ;  
Sate on my couch, nor knew when it was day !

Save me ! O save me ! Hear my prayer !  
Help ! or I die in my despair !

Oh ! graciously incline

On me one look of thine !

Lady of many griefs, remember mine ! \*

“ Having concluded, she wept bitterly, then rose and taking the withered flowers from the vase, pressed awhile to her heart, and replaced them at the foot of the Virgin. She now turned her face towards him. That hollow cheek — those glassy sunken eyes — the wildness of her air and features, told too well her tale of woe.

“ As soon as she discovered the stranger, for all faces were alike strange to her, and most she shunned that of man, she rushed past him, terror-stricken, and fled through the night, uttering unearthly shrieks, which grew fainter and fainter, till they were lost in the distance.

“ Alas, poor Agnes ! On Christmas eve her name was audibly heard whispered in the Church-porch,† and on the 1st of May following, I interred

\* I am no German scholar, but have a shrewd suspicion that this prayer is a translation from Faust.—Ed.

† The names of those parishioners who are destined to die during the coming year are believed, in Wales, to be whispered in the Church porch on Christmas eve. The Germans have a similar superstition, on which that greatest of tale-tellers, Hoffman, has founded a beautiful story.



her on the south side of the churchyard, where already slept her three relatives, who had sunk into untimely graves.

“And Frederick?” I asked.

“Was haunted by the spectre of his brother. The apparition crazed his brain. He still lives, —if, with the non-perception of life, he can be said to live, — an inmate of a lunatic asylum. God rest his spirit, and grant, that separated in life from those he loved, he may be united to them in another and a better world !”

\* In Wales the south side of the churchyard is crowded with monumental stones, whilst the north has only a few scattered graves. A prejudice confined, I believe, to the Principality.—ED.

## LAST DAY.

Llandyssil.—Miseries of a Bookseller's hack. — Limit of our Tour. — Our fair Hostess. — Carmarthenshire Belles. — Beautiful Spot. — A tempting Brook. — A rustic Tyrant. — Flies. — My sport. — Forgetfulness. — Mary's Tombstone. — The Sexton. — The Church-yard. — Reflections. — Visit to the Pool. — Reach Carmarthen. — Farewell to Wales.—Start for Cheltenham.

Llandyssil, 1st July.

HERE we are — my descriptions of the Tivy are quite exhausted, like those of the bookseller's hack, who was dismissed by his *reader* because he could not add another panegyric to a book already puffed fifty times. In order that I may avoid a similar fate from *mine*, I will only say, that we have reached the “ultima Thule” of our tour.

Yes, we are at Llandyssil, and Pennibont — only think of our being at Old Humphrey's Pen-

nibont ! Strange to say, the name of the present Tavanwr is Jones, and that there is also a Mary, not the Merch, but Grig (wife) of our host.

There must be something in the air, the climate, or the place, or perhaps beauty is demic or epidemic here, and has been caught from the fair damsel of the Inn's still haunting it, for our hostess is one of the prettiest blue-eyed creatures I ever set eyes on, and so gentle and obliging, I think I could pass a second month here — though it might be dangerous ; and I am sure that were I another Horace, I should renew his fate at Brundisium — but I, alas ! *vixi puellis nuper idoneus*,—and cannot say, nor would wish, in this instance, to add the *militavi*, for it would be *sine gloria*.

The Carmarthenshire belles are a different race from the Welsh highlanders,—of a softer mould, made of tenderer stuff. Byron is right ; the warm south is the right latitude.

Humphrey's picture of the place is somewhat overcharged, but it is a remarkable spot ;—the village—the church—the river—the rich meadows through which it placidly flows, and the woods it loves, leave nothing but himself and Mary to be desired as a foreground to the picture—it would

then be perfect. That idle fellow Charters won't make a sketch, even in crayon, so I am forced to give one in ink.

But I hardly know the Tivy. It is running down, as the old fisherman would like to see it, dark and troubled with the last four days' rain. I mean to try a tempting little brook that concubinate, or more politely speaking, in the language of a fair poetess, *odalisques* and dances along like a Bayadere into the arms of the great Bashaw, only a stone's throw from the Inn. Salmonius is gone to bob and dabble in the mud, for he has learned that a young lout of a squireen took yesterday, with worms, (*quelle horreur!*) thirty pound of trout in one rapid.

Talking of squires reminds me of the avenger of outraged innocence who repaid with a just death the little 'tyrant of his fields;' and I am told that the last tenant of the inn, if not actually turned out, was menaced to be, having given umbrage to the proprietor, by harbouring some of us brethren of the *rod*.

But this is an "exceptio probans regulam." We at least owe an ovation to Welsh "squires."

"But my flies. I have none that will do for this little stream, and must first manufacture a few. A

blue gnat is on the water.”—A dozen were soon made, and my shortest rod put in requisition. Pannier on my back, I sallied forth, for I knew that when the great river is discoloured, the tributary rivulets are not, but generally crowded—quere whether the tenants of the former get sick, and shift their quarters—“*Mais à nos moutons.*”

\* \* \* \*

I am returned, having beat the brook up till it would not afford swimming room for a minnow, and returned gluttled with sport, and my shoulders aching with the weight of six dozen trout, some of them very good, and one, I measured him, fifteen inches. I took him three miles up, in a very shallow pool, but he is as narrow as a pike in the love season, and only weighs two pounds and a half, so much for length being a criterion of weight. One might as well say, that a man of six feet must be so many more stone in proportion to one of five; or that a woman's waist (as a friend of mine affirms) is known by the span of her wrist.

\* \* \* \*

I now walked to the village across the bridge : I tried to make out the cottage where the old fisherman was born, but in vain. As he was no more, I alluded to his story, but it was forgotten. My enquiries after the Sassenach Squire were equally unsuccessful. And have two short generations, the brief span of less than forty years, thought I, obliterated the memory of an event, so tragic, so worthy of being chronicled in the annals of this little world ! Yet so it is with these poor ignorant, besotted creatures, who are taught by a set of fanatics, or hypocrites, interested only in filling their own garner, that terrestrial affairs are chaff, and that all we are sent into this world for, is solely to lay up wheat for that which is to come. How well does the witty and sensible Madame de Sevigné describe the righteous-over-much in her times. What is the history of all times, but a repetition of the same lesson—only learnt to be forgotten ?

Thus musing I walked through the street to the eglwis, and passing into the monwent, thought of Humphrey as I looked from over the wall upon the meadows, the river, and the white house peeping through the plantation. I next read over the humble records of the dead, in the hope of finding

that of the little Mary. There were so many inscriptions on persons, young and old, of her name, that my search long proved abortive, but after patient examination, I discovered a plain erect slab, on which was rudely carved, "To the memory of Mary Jones"—no more of the letters were visible, from the circumstance of the tomb-stone being deeply embedded. I removed the earth from about it with the spike of my rod, and was then enabled to decypher the remainder of the epitaph. It indeed recorded the death of Mary Jones, spinster, of Pennibont, aged twenty-three, with the date of 1795; and I no longer entertained a doubt that it indeed marked the spot where rested one who had little rest on earth—the dear, faithful, gentle, noble-hearted creature, who never forgot her vows, and would not survive her shame.

The next grave was of recent date, where slept a girl of eighteen, but, unlike Mary's, it was as if by some affectionate lover newly hoed, and decked with such flowers as are appropriate emblems of one cut off in untimely youth and virgin purity. I was reminded of Fidele. The sexton, a man of middle age, at this moment approached, and, putting a piece of money in his palm, I desired

him to clear away the weeds and rank grass which deformed with their unworthy covering as fine a piece of clay as went to the moulding even of that loveliest of our immortal bard's creations, and to plant the 'mouldering heap' in the same manner as her neighbour's.

Byron's—

“There weeds or flowers at will may grow  
So I behold them not,”

seems anything to me but an 'Euthanasia.' Who wishes to die and be forgotten? The best proof of our immortality is the ambition of leaving behind us a memorial of ourselves; still more does it take the sting from death, to think that some beloved hand will close our eyes, and shed a tear over our remains. It is perhaps a foolish notion, but I have ever had a horror for lying pent up and prisoned in a vault, and wish that the sun may shine on my grave—that my body, unimmured in shell or coffin, may sooner mingle with the elements of which it is composed. A great poet has said, that there is “not a speck of earth but was once a portion of man;” and a still more beautiful fancy is it of a French writer, that every particle of the air we breathe, is peopled with the spirits of the departed.



Should Mary's hover nigh, may 'the tear shed by the sole-surviving remembrancer of her blighted love, and justly avenged wrongs, prove no unwelcome tribute to her shade !

My next visit was to the pool — this I had no difficulty in discovering. Whilst all has perished — the name — the memory of him who destroyed with a rude hand that fragile and delicate vase of exquisite workmanship — and of the two devoted lovers in the place of their nativity — the alders yet fringe the bank that overhangs the watery tomb of one, and the little heap of gravel so fatal to the other, still remains to tell his tale. The Tivy flows on as wont, and in its melancholy murmurs, and dark and gloomy stream, seems to sympathise with their fate and sing their obsequies. Yes, it still flows on, unchanged and unchangeable —

*“Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.”*

Nature is ever the same ; not so all human things. And as I gazed on the spot where the Plas once stood, and brooded over the just extinction of its owner's race, I could not help changing the words of the Psalmist, and wishing that only the seed of the wicked had perished from the face of the earth.

\* \* \* \*

Late in the evening we reached Caermarthen, where I read to Charters my Journals, and we talked over the varied events of the days and nights of our ‘horæ piscatoriæ,’ to which he affixed his *recensui*; (for whatever the reader may be sceptic enough to think, every incident occurred, every anecdote was related during our tour.) We next packed them up, and directed the parcel to Julian, with all the drawings; but before we put ourselves in the mail, for Cheltenham, re-opened it, to *tag* to the end, *à la manière de la Vestris*, these words:

Those who travel in order to enjoy the beauties of nature, and who merely wish to find a comfortable shelter for the night, and a sufficiency of wholesome food, may be well accommodated at almost every inn in Wales, may proceed fearlessly night or day, from mountain to mountain, from lake to lake, from river to river, as fancy, or inclination directs—may even, if penniless, enter into any cottage, and share the peasant’s humble meal, and find himself, “though a stranger,” in the words of a Welsh poet, “kindly greeted.” \*

\* Onid cyvarwydd cyvarch.

Let the valetudinarian, the *malade imaginaire*, and the epicure, and those who make their happiness to consist in indolence, and what they call *comforts*, remain in their easy chairs at their clubs; to each of them I would say in the words of Horace: — “*tu nidum servas.*” They are unworthy to breathe the pure mountain air, or to revel in the varied delights that are to be found in the wild and wonderful of Nature—to trace the Tivy from its source, or to see the sun rise or set over Cader Idris.

## CONTINUATION OF THE TAL Y LLYN PAPERS.

STANLEY'S LETTER FROM CHELTENHAM.—Editor's Note.—Poetry a drug.—Man a gregarious animal.—Hive without Bees.—Special Jury.—A second Chassè.—Siege.—The Storm.—Capture of the Governor of the Fort.—Durance vile.—Pathetic Speech.—STANLEY'S LETTER FROM LONDON.—English Tongue.—Difference between 'Vale' and 'Valeas.'—Transformation of Charters.—Omelette Russe.—Raviola.—Byron's Monkey.—Soirées in Italy.—Robert le Diable.—Stanfield.—Scribe.—Reform in the Law.—The Cook's Shop.—Effect of Sour Crout.—Bar Stories.—Sergeant \* \* \* and the Jay.—Feeding Turkeys.—Canning's Statue.—Trinity not Unity.—Faggots and Eggs.—Phrenology.—Angling not laid down.—Memoirs.—Advice to Julian.—Editor's Prefatory Note to Poem.—JULIAN AND GIZELE.—NOTES TO POEM.—Conclusion.

July 1.

### EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

I MENTIONED in the Preface, that in addition to the poem, which will be found at the end of this volume (though my publisher rather *wincd* at the length of it, and muttered something about *make-weight*, poetry, and *drugs*,) my host at Tal y Llyn, among the other manuscripts, com-

mitted to my charge two letters. I had for a considerable time much hesitation in breaking the seals, under the hope that I might be able to discover the executors of the mysterious stranger, but having failed to do so, I now open them. The contents are these :—

The Imperial, Cheltenham, 4th July 1832.

MY DEAR JULIAN,

Another post and no letter.—We miss you here sadly, and your curry-dried friend, the Company's General, whom I meet daily at the Montpelier Spa (looking, by the by, more conventicle-faced and atrabilious than ever) reminds me how gay a month ago my friend Julian was at Cheltenham, and how sad and desponding we left him at Tal y Llyn. What can have enamoured you so with the wild desolation of that barbarous Cader? Few minds, believe me, are sufficiently well organized to bear solitude. Man is a social animal, and made to be gregarious. It is better for him to commune with his fellow-beings than with his own mind. So, a truce to sentiment and metaphysics, and back to the cheerful haunts of this hive, if the word be applicable to the *dolce far niente*s, who here *fourmil- lent* thick as bees. I dined yesterday at the Plough

with Charters and another of his brethren of the long robe. I have heard you speak in terms of praise of the Indian forms of justice, and condemn the introduction of our laws into that country of your heart. I am half inclined to think with you, from what I heard over our wine, and shall give you a *resumée* of the stranger lawyer's reprobation of a special jury, impanelled at the Gloucestershire assizes some time back. These were his words :

“It is the pride of an Englishman that every man's house is his castle. Blackstone and De Lolme have vaunted our glorious constitution as *teres atque rotundus*, without flaw or blemish in it. Whether this panegyric be a just one, judge ye.

“An outrage was committed in this neighbourhood, which has been the subject of much conversational discussion.

“A gentleman was residing on his own estate, a very pretty place, well known to the ramblers in the environs of this watering-place. He had incurred debts (though very inconsiderable in amount compared with the value of this property) to a relation of his wife, an old woman bordering on ninety. Not to be tedious, she had a writ issued for the arrest of her nephew : such things

are of daily occurrence in this boasted land of civilization, and scandalize none but foreigners.

“ The *amiable* relative of the gallant Captain (for such he was) looked upon him, it seems, as a second Chassè, and his country house as another Antwerp ; for the execution of the process of law was entrusted to no less than eight tipstaves, selected from different parts of the county for their ruffianly qualities. They opened the batteries about half-past eight o'clock in the morning, whilst the family were in bed. They did not, however, proceed in a *covered* way, or regularly invest the fortress, but came prepared to take the place by a *coup-de-main*, and by open assault. One of the besiegers, by way of a diversion, climbed over the iron palisades, in front of the chateau, leaving part of his clothes on the spikes, while the others attacked on the rear of the villa. The first attempt was to make a practicable breach into the ground floor, but it was protected by iron bars. Some of these they bent, but finding their implements of war not quite equal to the battering rams of old, and that the windows of the buttery were strongly bolted within, they held a *conseil de guerre*, and made a reconnoissance of the place. In an outhouse

was at length discovered a ladder; this was raised against one of the bed-rooms, and they commenced an escalade. Now it so happened, fortunately for the accomplishment of their purpose, that in the window of this back room a pane of glass had been broken, and a piece of strong paper supplied the *vacuum*. The discovery was fortunate enough—and they profited by it. The most daring of the *bomb*-bailiffs, in thrusting his hand through the slight obstacle, had no difficulty in uplifting the latch, and while some of his companions were holding a parley with the governor of the fort, now roused from his slumbers, two of the storming party made good their *entrée*. They then forced with a hatchet an inner door, and captured the head of the garrison. Having made the commandant their prisoner, they placed him in an open cart, and transported him to Gloucester gaol, deaf to the prayers of his wife, and his earnest request to be allowed a Habeas and proceed straight to London.

“ In that most execrable of prisons he was confined for many months, and, when finally removed to the Fleet, was sent there in the company of the female convicts.

“ The consequence of his loss of liberty has



been the utter ruin of this unfortunate gentleman. His estate has been sold by the mortgagee for one third part of what it cost him; and he has been forced to make the last sacrifice to obtain his release from thralldom."

"But," asked I, "had he no remedy?—was there no redress?—would not a jury of his peers have granted him ample justice?"

"You shall hear," replied the Jurisconsult. "He sued the High Sheriff; Mr. Sergeant — was his counsel, and perhaps a more eloquent and feeling appeal was never uttered in a court. But what chance had a *novus homo* against the united and preponderating influence of the numerous and powerful partisans and friends of the richest squire in the county? The cause was preceded at the Assizes by four actions of a similar nature; but these actions were so frivolous as to suggest doubts whether they were not got up wholly for the purpose of biassing the minds of the Jury, and farthing damages were all that the plaintiffs obtained. Mr. —'s address I perfectly remember; it concluded thus:

"It is for you, gentlemen, to say whether a person of the respectability of my client, one who merely owes a debt, is to be placed in the same

situation as those who have committed the most atrocious crimes. I am sure, gentlemen, in the delivery of your verdict, you will disregard those prejudices which my client's misfortunes have produced — misfortunes caused by this arrest. Of this I am quite sure, that you will judge of this case only as the case of a stranger ; that you will judge it unconnected with any feelings which the great influence of his enemies has raised up against him. How can I perfectly describe to you what must have been his feelings?—you only know them as strange things far off from your doors, for they are beyond the sphere of your observation. You may indeed contemplate the circumstances immediately attendant on this outrage ; you may picture to yourselves the misery of the wife and children—you may calculate the desolation of a family thus rudely deprived of its natural protector, but how can you estimate all the hours of lassitude of one accustomed to active occupations—all the head-aches and the heart-aches — all that ‘hope deferred that maketh the heart sick,’—all the desertion of friends—all these—how can they be made intelligible by words? Action, indeed, is short, but that which follows who can tell ! Action is momen-

tary—a wound—a blow—a motion of the hand ; but suffering is long, obscure, and infinite. Into the consequences of that disastrous day I will not, I cannot enter ; but I ask you to consider what a gentleman so injured ought to receive for such a flagrant and outrageous violation of the law.’”

“ And what was the verdict ?” I asked.

“ One shilling damages !”

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“ Your affectionate,

STANLEY.” †

† The remainder of this letter was undecypherable, which seems to prove it had been penned after a more than wonted sacrifice to Bacchus.—ED.

“ Clarendon Hotel, 20th July 1832.

AMICO MIO,

Nous voila à Londres. Pardon! I have been writing so many foreign letters that I have almost forgotten my English. What a poor, barbarous, monosyllabic, runic, unphilosophical, and impossible-to-be-correct-in tongue, it is; and were it not for a tolerable smattering of Italian and French, I must, with Childe Harold, leave many a voiceless thought, rusting, like a sword, in the scabbard of my mind — no, in my brain, which has now been clearly proved to be the seat of, what the Romans had three words to express, ‘mens,’ ‘animus,’ and ‘anima.’ *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Bene—benissimo (as Charters says, ‘over the left,’ or as Terence does, when by ‘valeas,’\* he means—what I shall not say). Here I am, after being ‘*spaed*’ for a week at Cheltenham, where we saw your old gamboogey ‘Qui Hi,’ and his curled, portly Simeon Pure.

\* By the by, the Greek Professor at Cambridge ends his Preface to Æschylus with a “Valeas” to his pupils, for whom a classical friend improvised the following epitaph.

“Cedite Germani! gens Gallica, cede! jacet vir  
Commentatorum pessimus, hic—*Valeat.*”—Ed.

And first, to tell you about Salmonius. Horace is all wrong about his ‘*Cœlum non animum mutant*,’ &c. The Charters of Tal y Llyn, and the Charters of Lincoln’s Inn, barrister-at-law, are not one and the same person, and, were I a Pythagorean, like you, I should believe that he had undergone a trans-figu—or mig—ration. What a chameleon it is!—musician, painter, scholar, poet, though he never wrote but four *verses* (which are the least part of poetry), and, I am told, a great speaker (a great speechifyer we know he is); and to *dry* up all these talents in that ‘seccatura,’—the courts! He wants nothing but more travelling, to make him an ‘Admirable Chrichton’ (if he was admirable, or if there ever was such a person, which I doubt.) I told him, ‘*Vedi Napoli e poi mori.*’ What do you think the ‘*fanatico della Musica’s*’ reply was? ‘*Vedi Paganini e poi Mori.*’ But, will you believe it? even music has no charms for him now; he is become quite as dead to the *beau idéal* as Don Juan; nay, unlike its author, the ‘ripe and real’ has no charms for him. The Bar is his sole passion—Law his only mistress.

I have been able to set eyes on him but once since I came to town, for he lives exclu-

sively with his sable-stoled fraternity, who form as separate a caste as you Hindus. But when I did seize him by the button-hole, I never let him go till dinner-time, and then brought him, *vi et armis*, here.

Talking of dinners—what do you think? the Hottentot of a cook did not know how to make an *omelette Russe*! I was as much shocked as a Parisian bon vivant, who, after his return from John Bull-land (we were dining at the Caffé de Paris), said to his friend—‘Will you believe it?—the barbarians! they imprison pepper in a box!’ He was right; it is a cruel habit. But not make an *omelette Russe*! You know I can (but then one must have a Welsh appetite *exprès*) *feed* on trout fried and trout boiled, as Lord Robert Seymour used to do at Norris Castle, boiled leg of mutton and boiled fowls one day, and roast leg of mutton and roast fowls another, *usque ad ovum*; here, however, *c’est une autre chose*. As for you, caterpillar that you will become, nay, are, you never know if you have dined or not, and run no risk of meeting with the fate of Apicius; but, next to ‘raviola,’ an *omelette Russe* is my *rabbia*. I

ordered both, and neither made their appearance. *Pazienza!*

Do you call this a civilized land? ‘England,’ says a compatriot, ‘would be a very good country if it were not for the natives.’ I agree with him; but by England I mean the uncultivated parts of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, *i. e.* the rivers and lakes, whose inhabitants, the finny ones, are most to my taste. They don’t bother, as Byron said, when he bought the monkey.

Talking of botheration, or any other *ation*—what a detestable, smoky, miry, brick-and-mortar Babylon this ‘Swalool’\* is! I was never a week in it without wishing myself, to my soul, in another place, which it well resembles, by Dante’s lively account. The question is (as was put to a Frenchman when about to take a wife) where to pass one’s evenings? Now, at Naples there is St. Carlo; in most little towns in Italy good music; and *conversaziones* in all. And then at Paris, that darling little Opera Italienne, where one does not miss a note. Not but I like the Scala, too, at Milan, and the dark boxes, and the snug retiring rooms, and—but no matter, or

\* Lord Erskine’s name for Armata.—Ed.

I might mention the 'Cena,' the 'Beccaficas,' and 'Macaroni à la Piemontese,' and the 'Petits Mots,' which none but the initiated, who meet together three hundred days out of the three hundred and sixty-five, thoroughly understand.

Talking of theatres, you know I am a perfect Abderite. Only think (*quelle horreur*) of getting a music-thief to score down poor Meyerbeer's 'Robert le Diable,' and what is still worse, to maim and mangle it (there is an Act of Parliament, Charters says, against maiming and mangling), before it was murdered, so that had it not been for the Nun-scene and the words of the songs (that surpassed the original) I should hardly have recognised it. That's a fine fellow, Stanfield! The *Campo Santo* was magical! like one of Verney's moonlights, or Claude's (no, I believe he never painted one); then the Minors—*chère Paris—pauvre Scribe!* To have those dear delightful Vaudevilles of his, that handle so airily and delicately (like Horace's Satires, where the *ridiculum* and *acre* are so gentlemanly combined) the passing follies of the day, *planked* up with all sorts of loose materials, and odds and ends, as people make rafts in a shipwreck to carry them on shore, and when once



safe, discard the clumsy contrivance ; to see these charming *petites comedies* larded, like *fri-candeaux*, with puns in lieu of wit, and the volatile people of that modern Athens caricatured into heavy John Bulls. Bœotia never matched it. Helas ! *Hola !* as Voltaire said, in the only good epigram since Martial, to a playwright of his times.

But to return to Charters ; what do you think his ‘bald disjointed’ talk was about for two hours ! No Pont-y-garth ; no mention of the cruel Naiad of the stream ; no panegyric of his pet bait, but one incessant jargon about indictments, fines and recoveries, (over which he sighs as he used to do over the memory of the Welsh amazon,) suits of law, actions at law, prosecutions and the Courts of Exchequer and Common Pleas, and other equally *un-dry* topics.

He complains, with weeping and gnashing of teeth, of the big besom, the great and mighty scavenger, who has swept the Augean stable, and threatens to sweep with it all the ordure of the land, the lawyers, off the face of the earth—*tant mieux*. Charters says, that what was law yesterday, is not law to-day ; in fact a revolution in church and state would seem to him a trifle

compared with this dire and radical reform. I thought his Jeremiad would never have ended, but after the second bottle of claret he began to *open out*, and was really a pleasant fellow, and unlocked some of 'the secrets' of his 'prison-house' or cook's shop, the Hall, (he never misses one commons in term-time,) where they assemble to dine three days out of four, on tripe, and peas and pork, about which I think with Goldsmith:—

'Now as to your tripe it's my utter aversion,

And your pork I hate worse than a Jew or a Persian.'

Either are to me as bad as a double dose of sour crout; *δὲς καρβη θανάτος*, 'take it and you're a dead man.' Two or three of his stories were not amiss.

"There is a learned sergeant who is *brought out* at every circuit by some youngster observing to another, 'I saw to-day, one of those rare birds, a jay;' on which the ancient turns round, and says, 'Rare bird, sir! whilst I was shooting on my manor in Kent (he once had a cottage there) I saw fourteen in a tree; I put up my gun and down fell thirteen, and was loading to kill the fourteenth, when he said to me, 'Good morning to you, Mr. Sergeant.' I could not

find it in my heart to fire.' This beats the pie of old, who thus addressed his master :—

“ Pica loquax certâ, dominum te, voce salutât,  
Si me non videas, esse negabis avem.”

“ The same Munchausen (though *he* has told his stories till he believes them) relates also, that at that identical ideal estate, his Arcadia, he used to feed his turkeys on green-gages. He was asked if he thought the questioner *as green*.

“ Talking of green,” said Charters, (“ that colour we assign to jealousy, and the Spaniards to hope,) a learned judge who owes his *soubriquet* to it, observed of Canning’s statue, near St. Margaret’s at Westminster — ‘ It is larger than life, and greener too ;’ — ‘ Yes,’ responded the listener, ‘ but I know some one quite as *green*.”

Two more, and I have done. “ Some present or by-gone judges of the Exchequer were designated thus : one as a gentleman and a lawyer ; another as a lawyer but no gentleman ; a third as a gentleman but no lawyer, and the fourth as neither one nor the other. The same sort of changes on *double-bob majors*, I heard rung on four of our episcopals, about divine, scholar, and gentleman, a trinity in which, however, there was no unity.

“ A certain big-wig of the former bench, known, whilst writing a letter, and uncertain of the spelling of the word, to have rung for the waiter at Harrowgate to know if there was a *w* in it, has the habit of reasoning with himself in a *sotto voce*, and in a cause about the identity of some faggots, said, loud enough for the advocate who conducted the defence to hear, ‘ Why one faggot is as like another faggot, as one egg is like another egg.’ This was not lost on the shrewd quick-eared Hibernian, who, as soon as he had an opportunity, made use of the argument; on which the judge said, ‘ How strange that Mr. —— should have exactly hit what I have been thinking!’ and dismissed the cause.”

“ Laughing is good,” Hippocrates says, “ for the liver.” Your’s, my dear Julian, is a terrible lazaret of bile, and a good cachinnation is better than your twelve grains of calomel, which, unwashed as ours is, contains, I am told, corrosive sublimate enough to poison any but an Indian.

Now, a word about myself. I am off to the Continent the day after to-morrow. I should not have gone so soon, but for Mr. Devil (I beg

his pardon, I believe he spells his name Deville,) the phrenologist, who says, I have got the organ of travelling more strongly developed in my cranium than in any man's he ever met with, except Holman, the blind *circum-orbem-viator*. He is right; not that I like the act, for it is a *triste plaisir*, and the great object is, when one sets out, to get to the end of a journey. Thus, I never stop between London and Paris, Paris and Rome, Rome and Venice, Berlin and Petersburg. But he went on feeling my bumps, one after another, and found, not to speak of the occiput (the animal part), that my organ of veneration is sadly deficient; a hollow, like Godwin's (I wish my head was like his), instead of a swelling, as it ought to be. Only think of being able to hide two fingers in it!

Another craniologist says, too, that my poetical and pictorial bosses have been much enlarged since the last 'tact.' What a conjuror! though, I suspect, my fair conductress had given him a hint about our tour. Will you believe it, there is no vacant corner in the chart left for angling! What an imperfect and incorrect science! This system of materialism does not, I know, chime in with your unbelief in matter; but

I am determined to leave behind me my bust, to swell Spurzheim's collection, and moreover to be a living testimony to confirm my frontal indications, by starting for Geneva on Monday.

And you, "Caro mio,"—rattle as I am, I think of you often, and seriously. Tell me what *you* think of my 'Memorabilia,' and either keep or burn them, as you like. But, take my advice, and commit all your own to the flames. They, it is true, cannot contain the records of one event that ought to leave behind it a permanent sting. But what are mine? A memorial of time misspent; health destroyed—prospects foundered—fortune impaired—and, to crown all, of a killing and deadly blight in love, and an inseparable perpetual-blister in marriage. Whilst you must find the bright spots so predominate over the dark ones, that they ought to eclipse them in your 'Tabulæ;' and yet I perceived that you never rose from their perusal the happier. But, tell me that you have chased away the clouds that overhung you at our parting, which I fervently hope will not be, as you said, for ever. If your cheerfulness is not restored, by a determined effort shake off torpor and lethargy, and, to enable you so to do, lose no

time in quitting Tal y Llyn. Bear in mind, that

‘ Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell ;’

that indolence is an *improba Siren*, and believe, that though I have, as you know, lost all my early friends by neglect, no one has a warmer heart—no one appreciates more the value of your friendship than

Your affectionate

STANLEY.

## EDITOR'S NOTE TO THE POEM.

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*Debita sparges lacrymâ favillam.*—HOR.

THE mention made by Julian of his Indian bride, whose name it seems was Gizele, the allusion to her rescue from the funeral-pyre and premature death, excited in me so much interest, that I was happy to find he had preserved from the wreck of his journals and papers the following poem, of which I have already spoken.

In passing through Cheltenham some weeks ago, I made inquiries of several Anglo-Indians in the hope of getting a clue to the discovery of the poet's real name. and was one day in company with an officer just returned from Bengal who, by the following description he gave me, had, I have no doubt, met Julian at the residency of Delhi. His words were these:—



“ During the hot winds of 1820, on my way to the Green Desert on a tiger-excursion, I visited Delhi, the court and the prison of that shadow of royalty, the descendant of the kings of India, and still mocked with the title of the Great Mogul. The few days spent in that capital, now a splendid ruin, were employed in exploring its antiquities. One evening I happened to dine at the ambassador's, or, as he is called, the ‘ resident's,’ and opposite me was seated a stranger of so remarkable a form and appearance, that he absorbed my undivided attention. He was considerably above the common height, and, though emaciated and darkened by the sun, possessed the outlines of a manly beauty such as I have never seen equalled. His age it would have been difficult to guess, and it was evident that a ‘ winter of strange sorrows ’ had prematurely furrowed his brow and thinned his hair, which had become almost grey. A profound expression of melancholy sat on his fine features, a melancholy so deep, that it acted like a chilling atmosphere on those around him. Shortly after the hookah was introduced, I observed him, as if accidentally, cast his eye on a ring inscribed with oriental—as well I could judge, with Persian characters—and, pressing it to his forehead with a look of unspeakable anguish, he suddenly rose and left the table. His departure excited neither remark nor inquiry ; it seemed

that the sacredness of his grief forbade either. My curiosity was, however, strongly roused, and some days after, an *attaché* to the embassy, who joined our hunting-party, narrated to me a story similar in all its parts to the one you have read me."

EDITOR.

## JULIAN AND GIZELE.

## 1.

Lo ! on the ground, where idling groups, reclined,  
Greet the soft breathings of the evening wind,  
Through cocoa's<sup>1</sup> shell the perfumed weed inhale,  
Or circle round to hear some veteran's tale ;  
Or count their feats of outrage on the way,  
Like tigers dreaming o'er their mangled prey.  
Forth from his turban's twists one draws a prize  
Of coin to feast an envious comrade's eyes.  
Anklets and armlets some, of women wore ;  
And some show'd those of infants,<sup>2</sup> stain'd with gore ;  
Whilst many, from their cummerbunds<sup>3</sup> unfold  
Rings, diamond-sparkling — cloth of tissued gold :  
Cashmere's gay shawls another's temples braid,  
Each shawl<sup>4</sup> a yearly task of one fair maid,  
With flowers embroider'd, that in beauty vie—  
Rare art !—with Nature's every choicest dye.  
What delicate webs from Dacca's looms are here !  
Like woven<sup>5</sup> wind, or films of gossamere !  
There lay a bale, rich-laden with a store  
Of spice, from Lanka's<sup>6</sup> incense-wafting shore.  
Here—sables barter'd 'mid Siberia's<sup>7</sup> snows ;  
There—steeds<sup>8</sup> from where the famed Hydaspes flows,

Whose race in lists of battle far exceeds  
The crest of Cutch, and fire of Katawar breeds.  
All that the gorgeous East of treasure boasts,  
Made up the plunder of those brigand-hosts.

## II.

Till close of day they had not broke their fast,  
Yet ghauts<sup>9</sup> and trackless jungles had been past,  
Unfelt such abstinence—for hope beguiles —  
The hope of spoil—a weary waste of miles.  
And now their hands, in ancient rite, prepare  
A simple feast of vegetable fare.  
Some boil the rice, and to its grains supply  
Arabia's<sup>10</sup> spices, and the turmeric's dye,  
Mix with the mess the consecrated ghee,<sup>11</sup>  
Nor envy the Nawab<sup>12</sup> his luxury :  
Whilst others, on the living embers bake  
The ripening corn, or roast the Atta's<sup>13</sup> cake :  
Beside, each palfrey stands, who shares or steals  
A wonted portion of his master's meals ;  
Slave of his will, companion of his course !  
If aught he loves or worships—'tis his horse !

## III.

Apart, but undistinguish'd, sate their lord,  
Zalim — fit chief for such a bandit-horde.  
In them the blood of wolves and tigers ran,  
Nor did his nature misbecome the clan,  
For stamp'd in every lineament were read  
Those demon-thoughts, a train of crimes had bred,  
Crimes unrestrain'd, that in the flowing tide  
Of a long life's success, seem'd justified.

All ties—if e'er he own'd—had lost their force.  
He fear'd no God—and could he feel remorse?  
Pindarrie-bands a subject train he led  
Beyond the swift Nurmuda's<sup>14</sup> sacred bed,  
Where many a Jaghire<sup>15</sup> bow'd beneath his reign,  
Wrench'd from the Gwalior<sup>16</sup> Rajah's wide domain.  
His name was terror—and his neighbours bought  
With<sup>17</sup> gold, that safety arms had vainly sought:  
Hence distant realms invite—a richer soil,  
And provinces, that promise ampler spoil.  
What though on every hand, or soon or late,  
May wake the thunders of the guardian<sup>18</sup> state,  
Full well, by past experience proved, he knew  
How little care the many for the few,  
And all their wrongs and injuries meet at best  
With empty threats—or pity—unredrest.

## IV.

Small then his gole<sup>19</sup>—but daily, hourly came  
Fresh followers, lured by his success and name;  
Till, as when swoln by Tibet's gather'd snow,  
Streams rise to oceans, widening in their flow,  
His durra<sup>20</sup> thus—when rush'd on every side  
All castes and sects, in one o'erwhelming tide,  
East, west, north, south—a wild and restless flood—  
In nought united, but the thirst of blood.  
No oaths are given, no question made of deeds—  
A claim to brotherhood, their swords and steeds.  
Then many a Spahee left for hopes of spoil  
The slow returns of honourable toil;  
The robb'd, by rapine seeking to renew  
Their broken fortunes, to his standard flew,  
And many a Beil,<sup>21</sup> and Tug, whose evil eye

Spoke the fix'd heart, alike to do or die :  
And Ghebres<sup>22</sup> too were there, a son and sire,  
Best of idolaters, who worship fire :  
And many an outlaw, well prepared to climb  
The desperate steps that lead from crime to crime.  
There too the homeless, childless wanderer—riven  
All bonds on earth, and lost all hopes of Heaven.

## v.

One such I mark'd, and soon the Goorkha knew,  
By his high Calmuc cheek and tawnier hue :  
Ill fit his mountain-garb for such a field,  
His only arms a battle-axe and shield.  
What nerves the hand ? what more the limbs can brace  
Than Alpine air, and wrestling, and the chace ?  
His iron frame that march had fail'd to tire ;  
His sunken eye still flash'd with all its fire.  
Aloof he sat, unheard to breathe his sighs,  
And gaze on heaven, to think of cloudier skies ;  
Gazes on that horizon's boundless blue  
Till fancy sees, what he no more shall view,  
His pastures ever green, and lawny dells,  
And home with all its unforgotten spells ;  
Sees peaks on peaks immeasurably hurl'd,  
The giant barriers of an elder world !  
Above, their virgin realms of glittering snow,  
And all Terhoot's<sup>23</sup> rich rice-grounds stretch'd below.  
That vision wakes from Memory's inmost cell—  
How leap'd his boyish heart with Tartar swell,  
What time, impetuous as their ice-fed rills,  
His hardy tribe rush'd down from all their hills,  
And, like a deluge in the monsoon's rains,  
Swept the ungarner'd harvest from the plains ;

Taught by their sires that slaves should guide the plough,  
 And freemen reap what toiling Helots sow.  
 And what are they?—estranged from home,—and thou?  
 A father's curse pursues, where'er he be,  
 A wretch that sold his tribe, 'vile yellow dross,' for thee!

## VI.

But of all these, the locusts of the land,  
 That swell that robber-chieftain's lawless band,  
 Where, rancorous all, like Arabs,<sup>24</sup> none proclaim  
 So loud their scorn for Issa's<sup>25</sup> hallow'd name,  
 Remnant of Ishmael!<sup>26</sup> nor can time erase  
 The hate enjoined to Hagar's recreant race.  
 Where shall they fly? their huts in ruin laid;  
 War no employment, yet their only trade!  
 Stripp'd of their last-loved all, the sword<sup>27</sup>—disgrace  
 No deeds of future prowess can efface—  
 Oft in that day of fate, invoking death,  
 They call on Vengeance with unwearied breath,  
 Long for their tents, and herds, and desert sands,  
 And curse the hour they roam'd to stranger lands.  
 These join'd his flag, with sheiks, a martial clan,  
 Distinguish'd as an unmix'd race of man  
 By port more lofty, stature more erect,  
 And courtly grace peculiar to their sect.

## VII.

Enforced by Want, the mistress of Despair,  
 Mix'd with the crowd, I see Brinjarries<sup>28</sup> there,  
 Who ill exchange a life of pastoral ease  
 For scenes of blood and fellowship like these.  
 Carriers of India, their associate bands  
 Transport the products of its farthest lands.

Stout Amazonian dames, wherever bend  
Their wandering steps of enterprize, attend  
An equal burden of the march to bear,  
An equal portion of the labour share.  
Nor envy they, content with frugal board,  
Those artificial comforts towns afford ;  
Their flocks with covering, herds with milk supply,  
And others' wants to them are luxury.  
All, too, are equal : no colossal pride  
Tramples a little world beneath its stride ;  
No rich they have, if meant by golden store ;  
If all their wishes crave be wealth, no poor.  
No chiefs hereditary rule their clan ;  
No written laws, for man is just to man.  
Though train'd to arms, no mercenaries they  
To stake their lives and consciences for pay ;  
And yet well skill'd in either hand to wield  
The two-edged sword, or parry with the shield.  
That native courage freedom ever gives,  
Stamp'd in their youth, is mark'd through all their lives ;  
Brave to a fault, with soldier-creed they deem  
Death barter'd well for life's inglorious dream.

## VIII.

Such were his troops ; more dexterous none to guide  
The arch-neck'd courser and to tame his pride,  
Vault from the saddle, mount again at speed,  
Halt in full charge, or wheel the fiery steed,  
Poise the light spear or hurl the rocket-brand,  
Or aim the matchlock with unerring hand.  
Yet all undisciplined their ranks to join,  
Compact, extend, or form the battle-line ;  
Their fields defenceless towns, their march a flight,



And spreads, like summer-frosts, a killing blight.  
No law they own—no master but their will ;  
In wanton waste, with plunder laden, still  
They ravage, torture, murder, burn ; nor cease  
Till all is desert<sup>29</sup>—and they term it peace.

## IX.

But hark ! what mean those voices ? and a cry—  
A buzz of gathering words, “ A spy ! a spy !  
“ Seize him and drag him to our chief !” The throng  
An unresisting captive press along.  
Unbent that stranger’s form with fear or shame,  
No feet unsandal’d to “ The Presence” came ;  
Haughty his mien, and from his eyes’ quick fires  
Flash’d the bold spirit of Bundela<sup>30</sup> sires.  
Once they had groan’d beneath a despot’s power,  
And many a fierce Mahratta rued the hour  
When, bursting each a lion from his cage,  
They taught their tyrants what the noble rage  
Of patriotic feeling, as it broke  
The galling chain and snapp’d the heavy yoke.  
The bandit-chief a moment shrunk askance  
And cower’d beneath the freedom of that glance ;  
Yes, Zalim, crouch’d to man that heart of thine,  
Which ne’er had trembled at the name divine.  
“ Whence com’st thou ? answer, as you hope to save  
“ Your carcass, caitiff, from the vulture’s grave !”  
“—Whence come I ? whence ?—enough for thee to know  
“ Though not a spy, that I am Zalim’s foe !  
“ Once I had all that makes existence dear—  
“ But no ; I must not play the woman here !  
“ Thy savage nature tells me what my fate,  
“ And thee—yes, thee the dogs of vengeance wait ;

- “ Track'd to your lair, on every side beset,  
“ Thou shalt not 'scape, and canst not break the net !  
“ To fly, not fight, is thine ; divided part  
“ Of antelope and wolf, in feet and heart !  
“ 'Tis thine to torture ere you tear your prey,  
“ And prowl by night, for darkness is thy day :  
“ Then shall thy death be worthy of thy name,<sup>31</sup>  
“ And close, as it has pass'd, a life of shame !”—  
“ —False prophet, cease ! and thank thy stars, not me,  
“ You 've lived so long—I listen'd thus to thee.  
“ Is it for thee with Pundit breath<sup>32</sup> to preach,—  
“ Zalim to learn what morals thou canst teach ?  
“ Free as the wind, 'tis ours at will to range  
“ From land to land, new joy in every change.  
“ Fleet, though ungroom'd, our small and hardy steeds  
“ Defy the Kaffir's<sup>33</sup> sleek and pamper'd breeds.  
“ From eve to morn, again from morn till night,  
“ We shape our course as prompts pursuit—or flight ;  
“ No noonday sun, hot winds, or rains, we heed—  
“ No march and halt alternate check our speed.  
“ Where is the stream so strong we cannot ford ?  
“ Here forced the gate—there hews a way the sword !  
“ Let priestcraft prate of worlds of future bliss,  
“ Enough for us—there 's joy to spare in this.  
“ Man's date is fix'd—what matter when, or how ?  
“ 'Tis wiser far to make this world a *now*.  
“ And can, or fairer forms, or brighter eyes,  
“ Than bless our harams, beam in Paradise ?  
“ We envy not the Prophets<sup>34</sup> : Seeva's heaven,  
“ Keylas<sup>35</sup> and Aden, both in woman given.  
“ 'Tis more than Heaven to circle in our arms  
“ An universe, their hemispheres of charms.  
“ To us not different sects, but climes supply,

“ Uncloying, ever fresh variety,  
“ From those wide shores the arrowy Indus laves,  
“ To where the Ganges rolls its yellow waves ;  
“ Gazelle-eyed maids,<sup>36</sup> whose race unsullied springs,  
“ Through a long lineage, from ancestral kings,  
“ And those scarce sweeter flowers, so hard to rear,  
“ That pine with passion for their lov'd Cashmere,<sup>37</sup>  
“ All yield their tribute to our daring hands,  
“ And grace the march of our triumphant bands.  
“ Let others, in the slow pursuit of gain,  
“ Eke out their years, and each an age of pain,  
“ The patient drudges sow, but who shall reap ?  
“ The stubble theirs ;—the harvest ours to sweep.—  
“ Still may each mean and plodding spirit stoop  
“ To drag his chains, or play the willing dupe,  
“ And deem it (sprung from Brahma's feet)<sup>38</sup> his doom  
“ To turn the sluggish soil, or ply the loom,  
“ For what ? — to die, as lived his sire — a slave !  
“ And add another heap to swell his grave.  
“ 'Tis nature's ordinance,—man preys on man ;  
“ Our's not the fault,—condemn the general plan !  
“ Call us Pindarries,<sup>39</sup> Cossacks<sup>40</sup>—to the strong,  
“ All that the weak protect not, should belong.  
“ Kings have no better title than the sword !  
“ What are their armies but a bandit-horde ?  
“ But thou who darest to question or to blame,  
“ Whence is thy title, babbler ! to the claim ?  
“ Hence to the flagstaff,<sup>41</sup>—thus to prove, in spite  
“ Of all thy dreams, that here my *Will is Right.*”

## X.

The moon is up ! and 'tis a time of feast,  
Hoolee,<sup>42</sup>—the Saturnalia of the East.

List to the conchs and cymbals, as they stun  
 The deafening ear :—the orgies are begun.  
 Youth, age, rank, sex, in like confusion lost,  
 As reel some crew in helmless vessel tost.  
 'Tis riot all in that disorder'd rout,  
 And mirth, rude mirth—they shriek—they scream, they  
     shout,  
 Spring forward—dance—vault wildly from the ground,  
 Or wheel in dizzying mazes round and round,  
 Join hands, in multitudinous acclaim,  
 Heri !<sup>43</sup>—Hera !—invoking Vishnu's name.

## XI.

Rolls the dark Jumna in its pride !  
 In his Chabootra's<sup>44</sup> trellised bower,  
 That overhung the deep-blue tide,  
 (Where creepers interlaced on high  
 A star-engemmed canopy,)  
 Soothed by the freshness of the hour,  
 Julian sat listening to the flow  
 Of the smooth current—festive hum  
 Of voices, and the doubling drum  
 That mellow'd o'er the waters come ;  
 Or watch'd the soft and tremulous glow  
 Of<sup>45</sup> countless lamps that floated by,  
 And seem'd as 'twere another sky,  
 A brighter firmament below.  
 But whence ? ah ! whence that lurid gleam  
 Which dies with crimson hue the stream ?  
 Was it a line of lengthening fire  
 That blazed from some funereal pyre ?  
 Or comet streaming from afar  
 That shook its loose and sanguine hair ?

No ! 'tis the beacon-blaze of war !  
 And torches hurry to and fro,  
 And, mix'd with shrieks of woman's woe,  
 The din of conflict rends the air,  
 The sabres clash, the matchlocks flash,  
 And now and then the sullen dash  
 Of corpses, seen by the red glare  
 Of crackling flames that pierce the sky,  
 From boats below, and roofs on high.  
 Hist ! Hark that shout !—in peals it dies away, —  
 Now in the distance melts each fading ray,  
 Till not a spark is mirror'd in the wave,  
 And all is night—substantial as the grave,  
 And silence,—save at intervals, around,  
 As knells the Nobut's <sup>46</sup> faint retiring sound.

## XII.

The deed is done.—And did no arm extend  
 Its succouring aid, almighty to defend !  
 Thus falls the fold to prowling wolves a prey ?  
 Must horror shroud the crime ? nor dawn a day  
 Of just atonement for this night of woe ?—  
 Yet what, alas ! remains ?—No tear to flow !  
 No house to rifle !—none the brand to feed !  
 No heart to break ! no bosom left to bleed !  
 Gizele's native village razed—and he  
 In idlesse lingering thus beneath a tree !  
 Whence is the film that veils his eyes ?—a tear  
 Trembles a moment there—to disappear,  
 The pious drop that pity's fount supplied,  
 A thirst for vengeance in the socket dried.  
 Yes, Vengeance marks her victims ! — sure, tho' late,  
 Rolls back the clouds that brought the storm of fate.

## XIII.

Through the tall casement, where the moonbeam weaves  
 A mellow light, amid the blooms and leaves  
 Of jasmine and the orange, that diffuse  
 Odours concentrated by the midnight dews,  
 Whilst o'er the pavement's rich mosaic<sup>47</sup> play'd  
 A fount, that sleep-inviting murmurs made,—  
 Lull'd by those sounds and sweets, a shape of Ind  
 In infant slumberings on a couch reclined :  
 Pale as the Tajh's<sup>48</sup> marble was her cheek,  
 Her features and her form half-breathing speak  
 The love that animated them, each line  
 Might pass in sculpture's language for divine ;  
 In each harmonious motion was a grace,  
 A gentle beauty beaming from her face,  
 And sighs, through lips like young pomegranates, stole,  
 That half reveal'd what dream had waked her soul.  
 What was the wish on which her fancy roves ?  
 What murmurs she ? The name of him she loves.  
 She starts—'tis he :—her joy-o'erflowing tears,  
 Changed by his look, too soon give place to fears—  
 For kindred hearts, in sympathies unsought,  
 Speak, ere the tongue finds utterance for the thought,  
 And lovers' eyes the inmost soul unfold,  
 Till words too soon confirm'd what her's foretold—

## XIV.

“ *We part!*—this night—part—dearest ! is it meet  
 “ My pulse should throb, when thine has ceased to beat ?  
 “ When once a love like ours is snapp'd in twain,  
 ‘ What power can link anew the broken chain ?  
     “ With none to solace—none to bless—  
     “ Shall one of thy Gizele's race

“ Crawl, self-detested, on the face  
“ Of earth’s wide trackless wilderness?—  
“ Still linger here—condemn’d to cast  
“ A look despairing on the past,  
“ Enchanging for a world of light,  
“ An universe of death and night?  
“ Where could I turn?—nor here—nor there—  
“ Life’s poison would be everywhere:  
“ For what can make the heart forget?—  
“ Yet deem not, love! that this of mine  
“ Would have aught left it to regret  
“ But thee: I did not, could not pine,  
“ For *that*, whose loss has made me thine—  
“ Link’d as it was—is—must be now,  
“ With those who urged the barbarous vow;  
“ For though betroth’d, I was a child,  
“ And therefore easily beguiled,  
“ And till I reach’d the fatal pyre,  
“ I knew not what<sup>49</sup> a Suttee’s rite,  
“ I deem’d not of the harrowing sight—  
“ I saw the crackling flames up-spire!  
“ And on his bed, but now his bier,  
“ Saw cold in death, the form of one  
“ To me no tie had render’d dear,  
“ My own must soon be stretch’d upon;  
“ All that I loathed to be—above—  
“ And all—below—that shared my love—  
“ Yet then so senseless to my cries!  
“ That but for thee, had soon been drown’d  
“ Amid the brazen lotas sound—  
“ For I the pile had circled twice—  
“ And was I spared this sacrifice,  
“ Thus to be torn from life and thee?

“ Is this the death reserved for me ?  
“ For me—who lived not, till I drew  
“ That breath of thine. Dear Julian ! you—  
“ ’Twas you first taught this heart of mine  
“ To throb in ecstasy with thine,  
“ To beat in mystic ebb and flow,  
“ Self-conscious of thy joy, or woe.  
“ Thy very fingers intertwined,  
“ Have each a pulse, a chord of mind,  
“ That wakes in this a kindred tone,  
“ Twin instruments in unison.  
“ Why said I two ? We are but one—  
“ One heart—one mind—one soul—one breath—  
“ And shall we not be one in death ?  
“ One urn should hold, enwrap one flame,  
“ The ashes of our mingled frame.  
“ Is it for souls like ours to range ?  
“ Our natures then we cannot change.  
“ My <sup>50</sup> saumur, when she lost her mate,—  
“ And shall a bird affections prove  
“ More tender than a woman’s love ?—  
“ Remember ! how I wept her fate,  
“ When anguish broke two hearts in twain  
“ That may not reunite again.  
“ Why is a Paradise assign’d  
“ To us, and not the feather’d kind ? —  
“ My darling too, my favourite tree,  
“ Whom I have nursed from infancy,  
“ And water’d thee, and given thee air,  
“ And rear’d thee with a mother’s care,  
“ Thou hast not or a bud or flower  
“ But I have watch’d them hour by hour,



“ Counted thy petals, one by one,  
“ And shielded them from cold and sun.  
“ Think you, my basil <sup>51</sup> does not know  
“ From whom its life and fragrance flow ?  
“ It fades, and it will die with me,  
“ An emblem of my fate for thee.—  
“ I dream’d—an angel with a veil  
“ Appear’d, and hid you from my sight.  
“ I only dream’d,—then why so pale ?  
“ ’Twas but a visionary sprite.  
“ Or, dearest ! it were best to join  
“ Thy creed, and quit my own for thine —  
“ Yet in this amulet ’s a charm  
“ To guard my frame from mortal harm ;  
“ Nay more, a stronger spell, ’tis given  
“ To pave the soul a way to Heaven,  
“ (If words have any spell, they can,)  
“ And claim for us those rights with man,  
“ Untaught, unknown, in the Korān.  
“ Our law, ’tis true, forbids that one  
“ Of <sup>52</sup> us presume such verse to con,  
“ For that on meditation’s wing  
“ Alone should seek the fountain-spring  
“ Of truth, inspired in every line,  
“ That stamps our Shaster as divine.  
“ Ah, no ! I cannot quit my shrine—  
“ Tell me I need not kneel at thine ;  
“ For I’ve been taught to love, and spare  
“ The inhabitants of earth and air,  
“ To view beast, insect, bird, and tree,  
“ As spirits in captivity,  
“ And thus a sisterhood to claim  
“ With Nature’s universal frame ;

- “ Till all I hear, or breathe, or see,  
“ Image her Deity to me.  
“ Yon orb on high, this little flower,  
“ Are emblems of her love or power.  
“ These stars that light the blest above !  
“ These flies that trim their lamps of love !  
“ The birds, that in their slumber dream  
“ Of love with morn’s awakening beam ;  
“ This boolbool, on whose every note  
“ The soul of passion seems to float ;  
“ The fount that stars with diamond light  
“ The raven tresses of the night ;  
“ The stream that ripples by, scarce heard ;  
“ The breeze, amid the blossoms stirr’d,  
“ That pant and tremble with delight  
“ Of their own motion, and the air  
“ With incense breathing everywhere —  
“ In such an hour, in such a calm,  
“ Have each a sense, to feel their balm,  
“ A tongue to speak their love like me,  
“ A soul to thrill with sympathy.  
“ Then by this <sup>53</sup> muntra that I tear  
“ Thus from my breast, this lock of hair,  
“ This token-lock, that must not part,  
“ When throbs no more my widow’d heart —  
“ This mirror-ring,<sup>54</sup> that to my breast  
“ Reflects thine image, fondly prest—  
“ By all that’s dear to me, to you,  
“ Recall—recall that word ‘ adieu ! ’ ”
- “ Hush, my Gizele ! hush those fears ;  
“ Such omens dark, and boding tears  
“ Ill suit with Julian’s bride—with you ;

“ A parting this, and no adieu !  
“ Danger in every strange disguise,  
“ In visions ever haunts your eyes :  
“ In every flower that tells its tale  
“ Of love, some poison may exhale ;  
“ The love-lit sky in night's deep calm  
“ May yield a falsely-flattering balm ;  
“ Each breath of heaven that I respire  
“ May teem with pestilential fire.  
“ Such brooding o'er the land of late<sup>55</sup>  
“ Spread not o'er me its wings of fate ;  
“ And years for both are yet in store  
“ Bright as those hues the sunset wore,  
“ And, like that sun, thy love and mine  
“ Shall still glow on as we decline.  
“ But deem not death our hearts shall sever,  
“ That when we part, we part for ever ;  
“ No—if we should return to earth,  
“ And live again in some new birth,  
“ As thus your creed as taught you, dear !  
“ What is there, life of mine ! to fear ?  
“ Whatever changes we may prove,  
“ Our forms may alter, not our love ;  
“ Whate'er I am, where'er I be,  
“ 'Twill be a paradise with thee !  
“ And if in realms of bliss above  
“ There should be different heavens of love,  
“ Deem not the more that we shall part ;  
“ The pure religion of a heart  
“ So chaste, so innocent as thine,  
“ Might breathe its prayers at any shrine !  
“ That form, with which the antelope  
“ In symmetry would vainly cope ;

“ Eyes tenderer far than hers, that shine  
 “ Bright as the gems of Punna's<sup>56</sup> mine,  
 “ Scarce heighten'd by their fringes' jet,<sup>57</sup>  
 “ The foil that 's to the diamond set,  
 “ Might call a seraph down to save,  
 “ And spare such charms an earthly grave;  
 “ Far more, your spirit one might win  
 “ At any heaven to let you in.—  
 “ But is it that illusive light<sup>58</sup>  
 “ Which cheats the eye while yet 'tis night?  
 “ Ah, no! I hear my charger neigh:  
 “ That signal gun—alas! 'tis day!  
 “ This—this embrace must be the last:  
 “ My heart beats quick, and thine how fast!  
 “ Your tears, too, fall upon my head,  
 “ And mine, I deem'd not would be shed.”

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## XV.

Spurr'd their fleet steeds—lo! ready-marshall'd stand  
 On Jumna's banks, in haste convened, a band.  
 Few, though determin'd, they; each breast inspires  
 That rancorous hate a thirst of vengeance fires.  
 The rapid stream is forded: soon appears  
 A scene, how harrowing! to confirm their fears—  
 A scene of midnight rapine and of blood!  
 It was a village, nested in a wood  
 Of spreading mangoes, whose perpetual leaves  
 Were wither'd when devouring from the eaves  
 The flames flash'd upward, and discolouring threw  
 An autumn on them, of unnatural hue,

Save where in clusters, from some topmost bough,  
 The golden apples hung untasted now.  
 No hand was left to cull that fruit—no bird,<sup>59</sup>  
 That borrows thence its gorgeous plumage, heard;  
 But all was silence—a sepulchral gloom—  
 The mansions of the living made their tomb!

## XVI.

The Fane, that now a tottering ruin stands,  
 Reveals the work of some remorseless hands;  
 A statue's shatter'd fragments strew the bank,  
 And footworn-steps of the polluted tank.<sup>60</sup>  
 In fancy still the maids and matrons seem  
 To throng around the consecrated stream,  
 Perform the ritual at ablution's hour,  
 And pluck from purple stems the lotus-flower.<sup>61</sup>  
 I mark their stately forms of native grace  
 And the full pitcher that o'ershades the face;  
 Whilst half the cheek and half the swelling breast  
 Hides the light drapery of the envious vest,  
 Through whose thin folds in flowing lines are seen  
 Shapes such as Art might choose for Beauty's queen.

## XVII.

Yon benches, where the hoary elders sate,<sup>62</sup>  
 Where oft they held, assembling, high debate,  
 To guard the morals of their little state,  
 To cheer the virtuous with the meed of praise,  
 And turn the wayward back to virtue's ways  
 By mild reproof; that venerable seat,  
 Which in his play the little urchin's feet  
 Dared not to print—that circle's sacred round,  
 Sacred no more, is levell'd with the ground!

## XVIII.

We roam along the solitary street,  
 No breathing thing—save pariahs there to meet.  
 Next sorrowing visit the deserted shrine;  
 Some chumpak-flowers<sup>63</sup> proclaim it still divine.  
 Those holy flowers have lost their scent and hue;  
 Haply the hand and heart are wither'd too  
 That made those humble offerings—none shall bring  
 Such presents more to deck the mystic Ling,<sup>64</sup>  
 Mother or maid. Look on! what form appears  
 By sorrow crazed, with fasting bent and years?  
 Is it a man?<sup>65</sup> So spectre-like, he seems  
 As one who crawls before us in our dreams  
 From mouldering charnels. His emaciate frame  
 Hangs o'er the embers of a fitful flame.  
 The storm that left a wreck, yet pass'd him by,  
 A human step revives to fancy's eye;  
 He starts, and glaring wildly at the sound,  
 With one faint shriek falls lifeless on the ground.

## XIX.

Ill suits the tale—perhaps 'twere slight to boast  
 The foul discomfit of that felon-host,  
 Less fit to grace the annal-lists of fight  
 Than pall of houseless dogs<sup>66</sup> the appetite.  
 What boots to paint how Vengeance loosed the rein,  
 And, leash'd with Carnage, gorged herself with slain?  
 What flocks of ravening vultures fill'd the skies,  
 Or wheel'd and wheel'd to earth, with joyful cries,  
 On those purveyors who for them had made  
 Full many a banquet, as in turn they prey'd?  
 And yet 'twere worth the telling, of that band

How died the leader, struck by Julian's hand ;  
And Singha's<sup>67</sup> fate a pitying sigh might claim,  
Whose feats of valour well had bought his name.  
Worse foes o'ertook them, if from man they fled ;  
The roads<sup>68</sup> are choked or avenued with dead.  
'Twere vain to count their numbers, or record  
Who fell by plague, who perish'd by the sword.  
These had their victims: more in the unequal strife  
With Nature linger'd out the dregs of life.  
Some sank a ghastly prey to that disease  
Whose torturing gnawings on the vitals seize ;  
And some in writhing martyrdom to thirst,  
Of woes embittering man's last hour the worst,  
That makes more difficult the thick-heaved breath  
And racks with fire the fluttering pulse of death.  
Stretch'd in the dust, outworn with toil and pain,  
The enduring camel strives to rise in vain ;  
Here with long sobs the o'erlabour'd courser lies,  
And here with equal pangs his master dies.  
All forms, and sights, and sounds, are there to fill  
The black account and catalogue of ill ;  
And pang severer far than any there,  
The conscious stings that make the worst despair.  
No quarter's given ; 'twere vainly ask'd of those  
Who treat as fiends in human shape their foes,  
Give scope to rage not blood itself can sate,  
Nor deem, while one remains, complete the task of fate.

## XX.

But Rumour soon with pestilential breath,  
With Singha's, noised the news of Julian's death—  
The wound, the weapon that had pierced his side,  
And e'en the very hand by which he died ;

Nor were the hour of conflict or the spot  
In circumstantial falsity forgot.  
Soon met the sad detail Gizele's car,—  
For one who loves is ever first to hear,  
To read in looks what words would ill conceal,  
And what that mirror fails to image, feel.  
Scarce had she borne her Singha's loss, who fell  
Protecting one by duty proved too well ;  
For in that brother's memory centred all  
Which blood endears or childhood's dreams recall ;—  
But Julian was a tree, round which her form  
Had clung for refuge, sheltering from the storm,  
And with it, branchless, leafless, sapless, sunk  
The ivy that had leaned upon its trunk.  
There is a woe, far, far beyond the source,  
The shallow-channell'd seat of tears, whose course  
Flows, healing balm that many a wound relieves ;  
But what can heal the broken spirit that grieves  
O'er all it loved ? No tear was in her eye—  
Her bosom inly bled, but heaved no sigh ;  
To none she told her pain ; for words, how weak  
To soothe an anguish *all* had fail'd to speak !  
From morn till eve it works its cankering way,  
Till, like a flower which dies with dying day,  
Fled her sweet spirit—whither ! who can tell ?—  
Rest evermore a heart that loved too well !

## XXI.

The Durra routed, and their chieftain slain,  
Julian his sabre sheathes and quits the plain,  
With noble pride disdains to lift his hand  
And crush the remnant of a scatter'd band.  
This to his followers—back he wends his way,



Much musing on the horrors of the day,  
Oft o'er his Arab's neck is seen to bend,  
As swells the sad remembrance of his friend :  
A brother's fall he mourns—in thought repairs  
Gizele's loss by softer, tenderer cares ;  
Then rise the unforgotten scenes of home,  
Spells of the heart to exorcise its gloom—  
The festive offerings for his safe return ;  
The countless lamps, shrined each within its urn ;  
The mogra-wreaths about his neck entwined,  
Those flowers the emblems of as pure a mind ;  
The delicate attentions ever new,  
Slight to repeat and understood by few ;  
The tear unshed that glistens in the eye,  
The sigh of joy, whose echo is a sigh ;  
Limbs trembling, lips with passion quivering through,  
Where soul and spirit intermingle too :  
One hour like this (how rarely given !) requites  
An age of dreaming days and sleepless nights,  
Brings fairy visions back to Fancy's eyes—  
Makes coming years in bright perspective rise.  
Ah ! why recall — anticipate these charms ?  
An urn—her dust, is all that fills his arms !

## XXII.

Then in his bosom Julian more and more  
Cherish'd a snake, long coil'd about its core,  
Whose fangs, too deeply printed, left a woe  
That time in its obliterating flow,  
Which blots all memories else, could not efface ;—  
Estranged from man henceforth he ran his race.  
One must have known a loss like mine, to know  
How much such woe surpasses other woe,

Who envy here a brother's happier lot—  
He sleeps without a stone to mark the spot—  
I—thrilling once with all love's eloquent force,  
Must bear an unendearing intercourse  
With those who make of life a cold pursuit,  
And laugh at feelings in their bosoms—mute?

## XXIII.

Year after year, waned lingering moons away,  
And Julian's hair turn'd prematurely grey :  
Grief has a hand more furrowing far than Time's,  
A fire more wasting than the worst of climes ;  
'Twas this, like wax before the taper's ray,  
Made all that cheer'd existence melt away.  
Then grew his form attenuate, and the store  
That fed the lamp diminish'd more and more,  
Till, in the socket glimmering, it but threw  
On the dark future a despairing hue,  
A dull and melancholy-tinctured gloom,  
Where, in the dim horizon seen, that tomb,  
However sought or sigh'd for, none have yet  
View'd free from doubt, or terror or regret.

## JULIAN'S NOTES TO THE POEM.

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### *Note <sup>1</sup>, page 295.*

The hubble bubble, or goor-goorie. The common pipe used by the lowest caste of Hindoos.

### *Note <sup>2</sup>, page 295.*

It is the common practice with these barbarians to cut off the legs and hands of infants and children, to enable them more easily to obtain these ornaments.

### *Note <sup>3</sup>, page 295.*

The girdle about the loins.

### *Note <sup>4</sup>, page 295.*

Many a Cashmere shawl is said to occupy a year's labour of the delicate hands employed in its embroidery.

### *Note <sup>5</sup>, page 295.*

Ventum texticulum.—Apuleius.

### *Note <sup>6</sup>, page 295.*

Lanka.—Shanskrit.—Ceylon. The cinnamon, after its transport to Calcutta, is sent up the Ganges to Mirzapore, and thence conveyed on Brinjara bullocks to the inland provinces. I remember overtaking in my

overland journey a herd of Brinjaras thus laden, whose freight perfumed the air to some distance.

*Note <sup>7</sup>, page 295.*

A considerable trade is carried on between Siberia and the shores of the Caspian, in sables, Russia leather, &c. which find their way to Hindostan in barter for cotton cloths.

*Note <sup>8</sup>, page 295.*

The caravans are on these occasions accompanied by Turkoman horse-dealers, who supply our cavalry with chargers of a noble and original breed. Some also are brought from the Seik country, the Punjab, or Five rivers, one of which is the Greek Hydaspes. The Provinces of Katawar and Cutch furnish the Dukkin, or Western part of India, with its best horses.

*Note <sup>9</sup>, page 296.*

A ghaut is a chain of mountains, a mountain pass, or ford of a river.

*Note <sup>10</sup>, page 296.*

Curry.

*Note <sup>11</sup>, page 296.*

Ghee. Clarified butter.

*Note <sup>12</sup>, page 296.*

The Nawab, now King of Oude. “Que de plus ridicule en effet,” (says Niebuhr,) “que de voir cinq ou six employés, apres avoir manié les estoffes pendant toute la matinée, assembler le soir pour nommer (he might have said here, *faire*) des rois !”

*Note* <sup>13</sup>, page 296.

Atta ; coarse flour.

*Note* <sup>14</sup>, page 297.

The Nurmuda, or Nerbudda ; one of the sacred rivers of the Hindus.

*Note* <sup>15</sup>, page 297.

A district granted to a military commandant for the payment of his troops.

*Note* <sup>16</sup>, page 297.

Scindia.

*Note* <sup>17</sup>, page 297.

The Rajahs of Gwalior, Nagpore, Jubbulpore, Rajhpootana, and others, paid tribute to the Pindarries as an insurance against their aggression, similar to the Black Mail once levied by the Highlanders, that of the Barbary States, and the Wahabees in the Persian Gulph. Immemorial custom seems, in the minds of the natives of this country, to have established, or at least reconciled them to such a right.

*Note* <sup>18</sup>, page 297.

The Company.

*Note* <sup>19</sup>, page 297.

A troop of Pindarries.

*Note* <sup>20</sup>, page 297.

A predatory horde.

*Note* <sup>21</sup>, page 297.

Beils ; associated bandits. The Tugs are an equally

daring band of assassins, who infest the upper provinces of Hindustan. They frequent the principal roads, and join company with any travellers they meet, ingratiating themselves with them till they discover what property the strangers are possessed of, and then take a favourable opportunity of strangling and robbing their victims. A curious confession was made to the judge at Minpoorie some years since by a lad of seventeen, who turned king's evidence. He gave a circumstantial detail of having been present at no less than sixty murders, and afterwards pointed out the spots where the dead bodies were hidden. It appears by his account that the gang murdered his father when he was only three years old, during a journey from Cawnpore to Meerut, and sparing his life on account of his tender age, brought him up to the *profession*. Most of these daring villains were by his testimony brought to justice. This profession, like that of the Gulph pirates, is not considered by the nation as other than honourable, and is one of prescriptive right. Similar notions are entertained at the present day by the Albanian robbers in the Greek islands, as Thucydides says were held by the Æolians, the Acharnanians, the Epirotes, and other nations. The Hindus have this proverb:—"A musket to the Sphaee, a dagger to the Beil."

*Note* <sup>22</sup>, page 298.

When I was at Bombay, I collected from an old resident there much information respecting that singular and interesting people, who compose the most intelligent and active part of its population—the Parsees. At the close of the sixth century, after the final destruction of Persepolis, the seat of the ancient

Persian empire, and the sanctuary of the Magian religion, and on the extinction of the race of Chosroes in the person of Yestezerd, the last of the Sassanian dynasty, vast multitudes of the Ghebres fled from the sabres of the Arabs, beyond the banks of the Oxus and the Jaxartes. At this period also an inconsiderable emigration took place to the island of Ormuz; but soon ceasing to find it an asylum, the refugees retreated thence to the Western Coast of India, where they established themselves in the vicinity of Surat, at a village called Oudwarra. Of all these exiles, none seem to have preserved the pure faith of their ancestors but this latter colony, and Oudwarra is still venerated as the sanctuary, the oracle and depository of perpetual fire of Zurdūst (Zoroaster).

To adore the Supreme Being under the symbol of fire, to marry and people the earth, to succour the needy, to plant fruit-trees, to till the ground, to destroy no other than noxious reptiles and insects, and carnivorous and ferocious animals, were the first precepts of the wise and beautiful morality of the Magi, which constituted, according to Newton, the oldest, and Sir William Jones, the noblest of all religions. Their philosophy was intimately connected with their worship. Careful observers of the luminaries that were the objects of their adoration, they became at a very early period acquainted with the true system of the universe; and it was to their discoveries that China was principally indebted for her early progress in astronomy. The ancient languages of Iran, the Zend, and the Pahlavi, are now extinct, whilst that now in use among the Parsees bears a striking similitude to the Sanscrit, of which it had been supposed the parent.

Whatever claims in point of maternity this nation may arrogate to itself in language or science, there is one point on which I entertain no doubt—that the religion of the Magians and Hindus was originally the same, and that the solar orb was alike the primeval object of devotion with the followers of Zurdūst and Brahma. Certain it is, that the conviction of their affinity gave a keener edge to the sword of Timour, who, with a sanguinary fanaticism worthy of the early Moslems, entertained the same hatred and hostility to the fire-worshippers that had subsisted in the days of the Caliphat, with this difference, that he exhibited a much more inveterate spirit of animosity and intolerance to those who persisted in an adherence to their ancient superstition, which he considered to be derived from the same source as that of Mythra. Almost all traces of the antiquities, arts, sciences, philosophy, and literature of the ancient Persians are now lost; even the most enlightened of their descendants are ignorant of the metaphysical tenets or doctrines of their theology, whilst they adhere to a few traditional institutions, and practical rites and observances. Discarding Zurdūst the First as a fabulous lawgiver, the Parsees consider Artesir the second (Artaxerxes) the greatest of their kings. This monarch, whose memory they still cherish, convoked from all parts of his dominions, then extending from the shores of the Mediterranean to the confines of India, the Magi, many thousand in number, for the purposes of rectifying the abuses and corruptions that had crept into their faith. From this multitude of priests seven were selected, to whom the great work of reformation was entrusted. Of this reduced number, one who had a superior character for sanctity was



made to fall into a trance that lasted several days, at the end of which he awoke from his divine dream, and declared the will of Heaven, or rather gave out a code of laws, civil and religious, which had been previously new-modelled and dictated by Artaxerxes himself, by the faint light of whose tradition they are at present guided.

The few particulars I have been able to collect of their doctrines are, that the world has been eternal, and governed from all time by two opposite principles, called Ahriman and Ohriman. To reconcile the existence of evil with infinite goodness, has been one of the points that has engaged in useless and unsatisfactory controversy the metaphysicians and divines of all ages. Firm predestinarians, the Parsees consider good and evil as names alone, and, like the Hindus, attribute all the crimes and virtues of mankind to a ruling and uncontrollable fatality. Hence they do not assign eternity of torture, and denunciations of unquenchable fire and sulphur to the souls of the departed, but make them pass progressively from one state of probation or purgatory to another, till they arrive at final beatitude and perfection. They conceive that there are nine infernal abodes, where, for a certain term of years, proportionate torments await the wicked, and an equal number of heavens or regions of space, placed one above the other, like the layers of an onion. In the first, which is in immediate contact with our globe, is the common atmosphere, clouds, &c. In the second, the moon. The sun, which they consider an orb of fire, is placed in the third, and the stars are fixed in the others. These latter bodies they conceive to be mirrors of polished steel, which derive their splendour from the

reflection of Horshed, or the sun. Differing from all other Asiatics, they possess an extraordinary attachment for the canine race, which may be thus accounted for. They have an opinion that the access to these Elysian fields is guarded by a Cerberus, who is placed as sentinel over a bridge many millions of miles in length, formed of an edge of sharpened steel ; and hope to propitiate this monster on their journey to the next world by kindness to his species in this. Perhaps also their respect for this animal may flow from a different cause—its utility. It is well known that the Parsees expose their dead to the beasts of the field and the predatory fowls of the air, and the destruction of one of these would be considered equal to the murder of a human being. Some years since, the governor of Bombay was, from an apprehension of the power of the irritated Parsees, obliged to rescind an order which had been issued for the destruction of the dogs in that island, a measure deemed indispensable from the increase of their numbers and the presence of hydrophobia. In order to rid the state of this nuisance, a vessel was expressly hired to convey these animals to the north of Surat, where they were disembarked.

The doctrines of Zurdūst the Second are very ambiguous, and can only be collected from some fragments of his writings, contained in a work published some years ago in Bombay, called *The Desatir*. This bible of the Ghebres is composed of scattered passages and chapters from the works of the Magi, whom they consider inspired. It consists, however, rather of prayers and addresses to their deities, than of institutions legal or theological. The Parsees are indebted for these scriptures to the labour of a learned priest of their religion, called *Mūla*

Ferouse, who undertook a journey into Persia, for the purpose of collecting any memorials relating to their faith, that might have survived the wreck of ages and the fanaticism of their conquerors.

A small remnant of the Magians is still said to inhabit the city of Ispahan, and to be scattered through the province of Kerman, and along the banks of the Indus — a considerable number of Ghebres under a sovereign pontiff once possessed Mount Elbourz, near the city of Yezd, but they have insensibly melted away, and amalgamated with the prevailing faith of the Arabian prophet. Here was said to be deposited the sacred books of Zoroaster, and the Mula to have found them. These writings, whether genuine or apocryphal, not unfrequently rise to great sublimity of thought and language, being for the most part composed of fervent and animated appeals, and invocations to their principal divinities, the Sun and Moon; they contain also several remarkable prophetic denunciations, particularly one of the advent of Mahommed, the destruction of the empire, persecution and exile of the Parsees, and finally the overthrow of the religion of the Koran, and restoration of their own. There is also a prediction of the coming of Christ. The greatest objection that can be made to these Scriptures is, that they are not sufficiently *obscure* to be genuinely prophetic.

The cemetery of this sect is situated on an eminence near the Malabar point road, about two miles from the town of Bombay. It consists of oval compartments, which belong, like our vaults, to particular families. Each of them has iron bars at the bottom, and is open at the top. Beneath is an excavation or receptacle, in which the body in a state of putrefaction falls, if

undevoured by the vultures, dogs, and jackalls. The higher classes, however, after these 'living sepulchres' have done their work, inter the remains of the corpses; most probably an innovation. The Parsees entertain a singular superstition respecting the dead; the vulture, it appears, makes the first choice of the eye, and it is the business or office of the relations of the deceased, or their priests, to watch the manner in which the bird devours his prey. If he selects the right eye, it is looked upon as an omen that the soul of the dead is happy—if the left, a presage from which they are led to form a contrary presumption.

Close to the cemetery is a plain unadorned building, containing the sacred fire of Zurdūst, said to have been brought from Persia at the period of their emigration. Into this sanctuary the profane are not allowed to enter. A certain number of priests, as was the case with the vestals, is appointed to perpetuate the flame, and take care that it is not extinguished,—a circumstance that, though it occurred frequently to the virgin guardians at Rome, either has never happened to, or has been carefully concealed from the Ghebres.

The Parsees at and in the vicinity of Surat amount to near one hundred thousand, and in the island of Bombay to upwards of twenty thousand, an industrious, active, and enterprising population. They are very skilful in the mechanic arts, all of which they follow, except working in the metals, which their religion forbids. They may be considered the most peaceable subjects in the Company's dominions.

They are the soul of trade at Bombay, and possess an immense capital, particularly the Lowgie family, at the head of which is, or was, Hormagee, one of the

partners in the principal house of agency at Bombay, and who is said to be worth fifty lacs of rupees. A story is told of this man which shows their delicacy of feeling, or rather jealousy, with regard to their women. Sir E. Nepean, the governor, had a custom of saluting the brides at all marriages, whose celebration he attended: being present at Hormagee's, he availed himself of his usual privilege; this the bridegroom much resented, and afterwards consulted the Advocate General of his Majesty's Court in that island, whether he could not bring an action against the governor for the disgrace inflicted on his family. Polygamy is common among the Parsees, but no one can take a second wife without the concurrence of his first, a consent seldom obtained or applied for, except in case of failure of issue. The Greeks probably derived from the Persians a similar custom. See Euripides' *Medea*, 490.

The women, though exceedingly fair, are not remarkable for beauty either of form or features, nor is there a single instance of their infidelity with Europeans, but amongst themselves they are not highly distinguished for chastity. The Parsees have fallen into our customs and manners, and in fact adopted every thing but our religion and dress. They are generally well educated and informed. They are munificent even to ostentation, and treat charity as the first of all virtues, and the expiation of all sins. At the famine of 1804, their subscriptions alone amounted to a lac and 70,000 rupees, and many of their merchants privately subscribed 1000*l.* to relieve the pecuniary distresses of Lord Melville, in 1805, when a paper was circulated at Bombay by Mr. Duncan, and headed by 6000*l.* on his own part.

In the plainness of their dress they resemble the Quakers, nor in this respect alone: the destitute part of the population is supported by the community at large, nor is a beggar of that sect ever seen. They are also under the jurisdiction of elective elders, and it is the dread of their censure, and of bringing disgrace on the character of the sect, that incites to good conduct and renders them the best of citizens and subjects. Like the Jews, their objection to the military profession is rather referable to their condition of colonists than to any religious restrictions, though the use of fire-arms would be inconsistent with their faith.

It has been much doubted whether, at the Mahomedan invasion, the women accompanied them to India. The fairness of their complexions, and peculiarity of their forms and features, seem to prove the genuineness of their descent; for the Mussulmans who have intermarried with the natives, are now hardly distinguishable from them, nor is their degeneracy marked only by their colour, whereas the uniformity of character and figure sufficiently attest the unmingled purity of the blood of the Ghebres.

*Note <sup>23</sup>, page 298.*

The predatory excursions of the Goorkhas on this fertile district, which lies at the foot of the Tibet mountains, was the ostensible pretext for the Nepaul war.

*Note <sup>24</sup>, page 299.*

The body guards of the Mahratta confederates consisted principally of Arabs, on whose fidelity the Peeshwa, their head, mostly relied, in the campaign of 1817, which ended in his dethronement and exile to Benares—the Mecca of the Hindus.

*Note* <sup>25</sup>, page 299.

Jesus.

*Note* <sup>26</sup>, page 299.

And he will be a wild man, his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him.—Genesis, chap. xvi.

*Note* <sup>27</sup>, page 299.

During the campaign of 1817, the Arabs were driven from their village huts at Poonah, Nagpore, and elsewhere, thus fulfilling the last part of the prophecy, or curse, pronounced against the offspring of Hagar. At the capitulation of Muligaum they were deprived of their arms ; a disgrace felt as I have described.

*Note* <sup>28</sup>, page 299.

The Brinjarries are, perhaps, the bravest of all the tribes in India: though they make no profession of arms, they are remarkable for their skill in horsemanship, and the dexterity with which they use the sabre, wielding it indifferently in either hand. Like the Arabs of the Desert, they principally live in tents, and are confined to no particular districts, being scattered all over the face of India, and frequently changing their place of abode for the convenience of pasturage, or water. Their religion is Hindoo, and their tenets are as peculiar as themselves. Every clan is perfectly distinct, and acknowledges the authority of an elective chief. Between these clans the most deadly feuds frequently prevail, and they carry down their resentment to distant generations, being constantly involved in petty wars with each other. Instances of this kind are of common recurrence: but a desperate battle between two of the tribes was fought in 1815 in the vicinity of

Seroor, that marks the spirit of inveterate hostility which sometimes animates them. It seems, that a neighbouring chief had been accessory to a murder committed twenty-five years before, and that some trifling cause had occasioned the revival of the quarrel. One of their forces consisted of eleven hundred men, and the other of fifteen hundred. The inferior number formed a trench round their encampment, and awaited the onset, which thus became somewhat equalized. A most desperate conflict it is described to have been, the engagement lasting nearly the whole day, and the camp being taken and retaken several different times. Night only separated the combatants, when upwards of five hundred were left upon the field. So much for their bravery. All their mercantile transactions are made through the medium of their Zemendars; and so remarkable are they for the correctness of their dealings, and such implicit faith is placed in their honesty, that Lord Wellington during the Mahratta campaign advanced one of them, on his own responsibility, three lacs of rupees for the purchase of grain, nor was the confidence misplaced. Their wives and families accompany them in all their journeys; the former are perfect amazons, loading and unloading the paniers, and performing the most menial and laborious offices. Though conscientiously observant of contracts, like the gypsies, to whom they bear a striking resemblance in other points, they make no scruple of appropriating to themselves anything they meet with in their travels, and of purloining and kidnapping children, of whom they make slaves. Such are a few of the characteristics of this singular people.

*Note* <sup>29</sup>, page 301.

Quando solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.—TACIT.



*Note* <sup>30</sup>, *page* 301.

The Bundelies are certainly the finest race of men in the Upper Provinces, and consist principally of the Rajhpoot, or military caste. Considering their innate turbulent spirit and impatience of masters, it is astonishing what peaceable subjects they are become. Since the annexation of their fine country, nearly one hundred miles square, by the Company to their territories, the revenues have been more than doubled, the population nearly tripled, and vast tracts of waste land brought into the highest state of cultivation. The soil being of a rich and soapy nature, retains so much moisture as hardly to require irrigation, and when it does, the Persian wheel, that greatly diminishes manual labour, is almost in general use. Not a mendicant is to be seen, and the inhabitants are well clothed in cotton dresses, the produce of their own looms and dyes. How different the condition of the Bundelies under the Mahratta rule! “The effects of tyranny,” says a Javanese writer, “are as the tears of a young virgin in the arms of decrepit age. The assailant multiplies his insults on her charms, and meets with the same return that the oppressor does from his subjects, abhorrence and contempt.” To show the Roman spirit that actuated this people, a Zemendar, whom I knew, rather than enter into a composition with an extortionate collector, suffered the tips of his fingers to be burnt off; a common mode of torture, and effected by attaching to them pieces of folded wax cloth set on fire.

*Note* <sup>31</sup>, *page* 302.

Zalim means a tyrant, or oppressor.

*Note* <sup>32</sup>, page 302.

A learned Hindu of a religious order.

*Note* <sup>33</sup>, page 302.

An infidel ; a title applied to the British.

*Note* <sup>34</sup>, page 302.

The principal deity of the Hindus—the first person of their Trinity.

*Note* <sup>35</sup>, page 302.

Aden, Paradise of Mahommed ; Keylas, of Seeva.

*Note* <sup>36</sup>, page 303.

In the district of Benares, as well as in the Dukkin, is a caste of Rajhpoots who claim a descent from the kings of India of the Hindu dynasties, and practise female infanticide, on the plea that their families may not be disgraced by inferior connexions in marriage. Such exposure is, however, uncommon at the present day.

*Note* <sup>37</sup>, page 303.

Many of the Knautch or singing girls are Cachemirians. They are chosen for this profession from their beauty, and are in general domestic slaves, being brought into Hindustan, and sold as such, when children.

*Note* <sup>38</sup>, page 303.

The lowest castes are said to be sprung from the feet, as the Rajhpoot or military castes are from the head, of Brahma.

*Note* <sup>39</sup>, *page* 303.

Synonymous terms for banded robbers.

*Note* <sup>40</sup>, *page* 303.

An idea borrowed from the First Philippic of Demosthenes.

*Note* <sup>41</sup>, *page* 303.

The usual place of execution.

*Note* <sup>42</sup>, *page* 303.

The carnival of the East, and resembling in many respects the Saturnalia of the Romans. These orgies are celebrated with the utmost dissonance of vocal and instrumental music. The greatest licentiousness, riot, and debauchery then prevail among the lower classes of Hindus, who besmear their persons and clothes with a red dye called Huldee, and even have the insolence to throw it on their masters and all who approach them. On these holidays the lowest menial servants of the Peeshwa intruded themselves into his presence, and even entered the durbar, where they indulged in as great a liberty of speech as Davus did to Horace on a similar occasion, and with the same impunity. — Hor. lib. 11. 7.

*Note* <sup>43</sup>, *page* 304.

Heri is a title of Vishnu, the second person of the Hindu Trimourtee, or Trinity.

*Note* <sup>44</sup>, *page* 304.

An elevated terrace or pavilion.

*Note* <sup>45</sup>, page 304.

Lamps on certain days of Hindu festivals are floated down their rivers in small earthen vessels called chatties, which make the water appear like another heaven of stars.

*Note* <sup>46</sup>, page 305.

The kettle-drum. Every Durra has its kettle-drum, as every regiment has its drums, or trumpets, or standards with us. Some of these tintinnabulary trophies were taken by one of the divisions of the army, in the Pindaree campaign, or Dour.

*Note* <sup>47</sup>, page 306.

The Zenanas (Gynæcea) of the rich are often paved with mosaic. That on the tomb of Shah Jehan's empress in 'pietra dura' has nothing in Europe to compare with it.

*Note* <sup>48</sup>, page 306.

The Tajh Mehal at Agra, the celebrated mausoleum, if such a word be applicable to a female tomb.

*Note* <sup>49</sup>, page 307.

Although this sacrifice is made a voluntary one by the Puranas, instances are not wanting of relatives binding the infatuated widow to the funeral pile, as soon as she has expressed a wish, or been forced into a promise of performing the dreadful rite. That such is not invariably the case I was myself an eye-witness; and it proves that a devoted attachment, accompanied by a mistaken sense of religion, sometimes leads to the commission of this self-immolation. Having heard that a suttee was about to take place at Mundelah, I hastened down to

the spot with an intention of preventing, if possible, the horrid suicide. On my arrival I saw the corpse of the husband laid on a pyre built of the fascines of one of the batteries (for the place had only fallen a few days), raised about four feet from the ground by a gabion, and but slightly furnished with fuel, and that full of sap.

Round it were assembled several Brahmans, and the widow, a girl of about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, exceedingly fair and interesting in her appearance. Most of her relatives were also present, and appeared in extreme affliction; particularly the father, whose heart-rent groans and grey locks excited a general feeling of pity. They were all using their utmost endeavours to divert her from her purpose; but she remained inexorable to their tears, and deaf to their entreaties, though urged with many offers of all their property if she would relinquish her design. Being a proficient in the Hindustanee language, I joined in their earnest solicitations, accompanying them with the most liberal pecuniary promises.

She told me, that since her lord and master was gone, she had no inducements to live; that existence had no longer any comforts in store for her, and that she was determined to abide by the resolution she had formed. She added, that she would not remain here a useless burthen to her relations, who had great difficulty in providing for their own wants, and might abandon her to the world; that it was with a view of avoiding the temptations that might assail her virtue that she made suttee; and ended with expressing a confident hope of immediate happiness after death, in being re-united in another state of being with the lost object of her affections. During our conversation the priests stood aloof and did

not make the slightest attempt at interference. Finding her inexorable, I ordered some more fascines to be brought, in order that her torments might be shortened. She now went down to the Nerbudda, on whose banks the pyre stood, and performed her ablutions. I then made another unavailing attempt to dissuade her. Whilst I was doing so, a Brahman came up, and begged me not to pollute her by my touch, as she was now purified by the sacred waters of the stream. The priests, as she advanced with a composed air and collected step, struck their lotas, or brass pots, and made repeated acclamations of Seta Rama! Seta Rama! The pile was now lighted. In a moment she sprang upon it and threw herself on the corpse. There were no pots of 'ghee' to feed the fire, as is usual in the suttees of richer natives; for the want of which, and in consequence of her wet clothes, it was perceived, after many minutes had elapsed, that animation had not ceased. The blisters were observed to rise upon her face, and once she half raised herself as in agony on one knee with her head bent over the body. She uttered no shriek or lamentation, and as if sensible that the attitude betrayed a want of firmness, again stretched herself on her husband's remains. The struggle was soon over. Suffocation almost immediately succeeded.—I almost forgot to mention, that as she was about to enter the flames, after encircling the funeral pyre the last time, she divided among her relatives all her armlets, anklets, necklaces, and trinkets, accompanying each gift with some expression indicative of her regard for each. Perhaps no instance of heroism could be greater than this. The only noise that was made, and that not a loud one, was from the brass pots of the Brahmans. Certainly she was not inspirited to the deed by opium or other intoxicating drugs.

*Note* <sup>50</sup>, page 308.

A species of thrush, whose note almost equals the nightingale's.

*Note* <sup>51</sup>, page 309.

The sweet basil, or toolsee, is a sacred plant. Tooloosee was the Daphne of the Hindus. It is a similar fable.

*Note* <sup>52</sup>, page 309.

The excuse the Brahmans offer for not allowing the Vedas to be perused by the vulgar. A similar reason is urged by the Roman Catholic priests against the indiscriminate reading of the Bible.

*Note* <sup>53</sup>, page 310.

A spell.

*Note* <sup>54</sup>, page 310.

The Hindu women use a ring with a speculum.

*Note* <sup>55</sup>, page 311.

Alluding to the epidemic the cholera.

*Note* <sup>56</sup>, page 312.

Punnah is in the province of Bundlecund; it has been immemorially celebrated for its diamond-mines. The ground within several miles of the city resembles the tumuli of a large burying-place, and appears unfit for the purposes of agriculture; indeed, as far as the eye can reach, not a trace of cultivation is visible, but were it of a different quality, the Rajah would of course prohibit such a use being made of the land. The dia-

monds are found very near the surface: persons employed in these researches dig up a space of two or three yards square, and about a foot in depth. By careful washing, the earthy particles are then separated from the gravelly ones, and the latter sifted through different-sized cullenders, a slow and tedious operation. The extensive scale on which the mines of Brazil are now worked, and the superior lustre and value of the diamonds, have almost spoiled the Indian market. The Punnah mines are, however, said to be nearly exhausted, and few adventurers are now found to farm them: those who do, purchase a certain number of superficial feet, all stones beyond a fixed weight of carats being reserved to the Rajah, who employs inspectors or overseers to superintend the works.

*Note <sup>57</sup>, page 312.*

The Hindu women rub antimony on their eyelids.

*Note <sup>58</sup>, page 312.*

The false day common in the east; the Persians pretend to account for it by the rays passing through an aperture in the mountains before the sun is above the horizon.

*Note <sup>59</sup>, page 313.*

The mango-bird, said by the natives to owe its bright yellow plumage to the juices of that finest of fruit.

*Note <sup>60</sup>, page 313.*

An artificial pond or pool generally faced with stone.



*Note* <sup>61</sup>, page 313.

The lotus is a sacred flower. Brahma is represented as springing from the calix, an emblem of the fertilizing power of water.

*Note* <sup>62</sup>, page 313.

Punchayet, an assembly or jury of five, much resembling our Saxon Wittena Gemote. This beautiful system of internal police, which had place under the Native governments, has been nearly abolished, even if it exists at all in the Company's states. A foreign gendarmie may prevent the concealment but not the commission of crimes, which, in fact, these sbirri encourage, in order to make a parade of their zeal to their employers: thus a hatred of the instrument of oppression destroys all sense of moral virtue, which is sustained by love, and not by fear—by prevention, and not by punishment.

*Note* <sup>63</sup>, page 314.

Botanicè, Chumpaka.

*Note* <sup>64</sup>, page 314.

The great object of Hindu adoration.

*Note* <sup>65</sup>, page 314.

Of all people the Hindus rest more confidently than others their hopes of salvation and future beatitude in the endurance of voluntarily imposed tortures and penances, thinking by the sufferings of the flesh to purify the spirit, and obtain a complete victory over all the sensual passions. This severe discipline which they undergo proceeds, however, oftener from motives of vanity,

pride, and worldly consideration, than any view of propitiating the Deity or expiating their sins; and perhaps no religion has more impostors than the Brahminical. Col. S——, who has a blind attachment to every thing Hindu, says that the example of these ascetics must be highly edifying and salutary, and that they are calculated to enlighten by their discourse, and excite emulation by their piety. I have had an opportunity of meeting in all parts of India with many of these itinerant monks, and cannot speak very favourably of their order.

Some of them are such hypocrites as to pretend to be completely absorbed in mental abstraction, and seldom speak, and then in monosyllables. Their piety consists in the repetition of a few prantras, and the mummerly of certain ceremonies and ablutions. Others have a practice of keeping their lips in constant motion, as if giving utterance to prayers. I observed at Cawnpore an ascetic, who employed himself daily in making a certain number of circles in the sandy bed of the Ganges. He had a pair of rude compasses, and if, after the number was complete, he discovered one circle that was the least irregular in figure, he would recommence his labour. This wretch was stark-naked, the most disgusting object I ever beheld. His beard and hair long and matted, and of a withered yellow, and his whole body besmeared with ashes. Nothing could surpass the sanctity in which he was held by the natives. It was in consequence of a vow that he was engaged in that absurd occupation, which was to last for five years. With all his mechanical patience he had not learned to command his temper, for I one day accidentally put my foot in one of his circles, and never

heard such volleys of abuse as the holy man poured on me, and I fully believe he would have murdered me if in his power. Mr. E—— told me, during his embassy in Caubul, that he met a pilgrim measuring his length to a temple in Malwa, who at the rate he was travelling, would have been fifteen years in accomplishing his journey. I saw two munies, who had withered arms from holding them in one posture for several years. They were then resident at Bombay, and held in such extraordinary sanctity that they received upwards of a lac of rupees annually in alms. There are only a few days in the year that they would condescend to accept the offerings of the charitable. One of them had his nails growing through the back of his hand. Their insolence was only equalled by their pride and ignorance.

There was a man then lying in harrows, about fifteen miles from that presidency; and I saw at Mynpoorie, one of these devotees, who had been living in a hole about four feet deep for three years; his penance was to last five, or until he had obtained money enough, by begging, to build a temple. This sum I am told was raised, and he murdered by the Tugs shortly afterwards, on his way back to his native village. Passing one day by a hill in Bundelcund, I took notice of one of their travelling Franciscans sitting on the top, and found on inquiry that he had vowed to remain there fasting till a certain sum was collected for him. To save this mendicant from threatened starvation, the inhabitants from all the neighbourhood were running in different directions to raise the money he required. A levy of this kind can scarcely be called gratuitous, from its being strictly enjoined by their

religion, and falls much more heavily on the people than any systematic contribution could do. Such are these rogues or impostor priests, who, according to Col. S——, are to make men better subjects of the state, and worthier members of the community.

*Note* <sup>66</sup>, page 314.

The dogs in India are undomesticated ; they are kept for their utility, which nearly equals that of the vulture and the stork, called, *vulgariter*, ‘ the adjutant.’

They are the scavengers, and throng the streets and environs of every village ; they are cowardly creatures, but frequently become dewana or mad, and the consequences are, as may be conceived, dreadful.

Hydrophobia is indeed of common occurrence, and not a year passes but numbers of the natives fall victims to that horrible disorder. The only application they make to the recent wound is chunam (or quick-lime), but this, though an active caustic, does not seem sufficiently powerful to obviate the poisonous effects of the bite. It was long supposed that the tooth of the snake and those of the mad dog affected the frame in a similar manner ; but late observation has refuted that idea. It is now well known that the venom of the serpent acts immediately on the blood, and through the medium of that fluid destroys the irritability of the muscular fibres, the suddenness or protraction of dissolution depending on the size of the veins which the tooth happens to come in contact with, and their communication with the vital parts. This was discovered by Fontana, whose work on this subject has set aside the fanciful notion of the bite acting on the nervous system, a notion that had long had its advocates.

Such being the case with the bite of the snake, it seems almost useless to adopt cautery or cutting out the wounded part; but the different nature of the canine virus is proved by the successful adoption of those very means in the one case that have invariably failed in the other. Certain it is, that it does not possess the same active and searching principle, and there is every reason to believe that it operates solely on the humours of the body. There is one remarkable circumstance attending the wounds of the mad dog, that they are difficult to cure, remain long open, and even when closed are scarcely ever soundly healed; a redness generally remains, and a scorbutic eruption makes its appearance; the patient at intervals often complaining of pain and spasm in the whole limb where the morsus occurred.

I will mention a few facts communicated to me by a medical gentleman:—

“A mad dog bit two Europeans and several natives at Jaulna; the wounds of the former were laid open and cauterized as soon as possible, but an interval of half an hour had elapsed. The natives made use only of the lime—they all died of hydrophobia; but the Europeans were unattacked by it. Another remarkable instance occurred in the case of two gentlemen who had been bit when surgical aid was not attainable for several hours, and when it was thought too late to apply the caustic. They were put under a strict regimen as to diet, subjected to a severe course of mercury, and took a vast quantity of digitalis, which completely succeeded in repelling the disease that proved fatal to several natives bit by *the same dog*. He also mentioned the name of a patient who had been affected by hydropho-

bia, after a lapse of several years from the bite. It is scarcely conceivable that the venom could have lain dormant in the constitution so long. In a confirmed stage of the malady, all remedies seem to fail. Bleeding, which is so much recommended by Dr. Shoulbred, has never been known to succeed; and there are strong reasons for concluding that the cure he states to have been effected by the lancet was a case of spurious or pseudo-hydrophobia. Phlebotomy has the effect of lessening the symptoms of the patient by exhaustion, but renewed strength always brings them back.

*Note* <sup>67</sup>, page 315.

Singha means a lion.

*Note* <sup>68</sup>, page 315.

The cholera morbus. One march I shall never forget, it has haunted me to-day. I was in the rear-guard, and did not get to my new ground till night, and then left eight hundred men, at least, dead and dying, on the road. Such a scene of horror was perhaps never witnessed. The disease first made its appearance among the coolies, next our servants were affected, afterwards the Sp'hees, then the European soldiers, and last the officers; reminding me of Homer's account of the pestilence among the Greeks in the first book of the Iliad, except that the animals escaped with us. We lost a whole troop. During the first few days, every man who went into hospital fell a martyr to the epidemic. So partial was it at this time, that though so virulent in our camp, the neighbouring villages escaped; and what is very remarkable, only one battalion in General Marshall's division suffered, and that lost nearly

half its strength. A similar plague (though there are conflicting opinions as to this being infectious) made its appearance about fourteen years ago, at which period it was aggravated by a famine. A Persian writer says, that the natives of India have been from time immemorial visited every fourteen years by these *twins*. A pleasant country to have come to. I often think of poor Leyden's lines to a gold-mohur. What pathos in every word ! How they come home to my heart ! How keenly I feel the truth of

I cross'd the tedious ocean wave  
To roam in climes unkind and new,  
The *cold wind* of the *stranger* blew  
Chill on my *wither'd heart*. The grave  
Dark and untimely meets my view,  
And all for thee, vile *yellow slave* !

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#### EDITOR'S CONCLUSION.

There is no date to this Poem, but it appears to have been written soon after Julian's arrival in India, when his fancy, like Leyden's, turned back to the friends and scenes of his youth. How much this attachment was weakened, if not destroyed, by his long residence in the East may be judged by the regrets expressed in his and Stanley's journal—regrets which in a great measure led to his untimely fate. A few words will suffice.

On the fatal 25th of June Julian fell into a state of mute melancholy, and having refused to take any nourishment for many days, passed, for the most part, in wandering about Cader Idris, expired of inanition.

Peace be with his manes!

FINIS.

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ERRATA.

- VOL. I. Page 6, line 5 from bottom, *for Colone read Colne.*  
133, line 16, *for them read him.*  
187, line 3, *for posts read forts.*  
245, line 12, *for Misen read Niesen.*  
VOL. II. Page 4, line 13, *for calcum read calcium.*  
62, line 22, *for time read evening.*  
119, the note relates to the foregoing page.

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